



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



an 5074.6

B



HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

DRAMAS OF CALDERON,

TRAGIC, COMIC, AND LEGENDARY.

Translated from the Spanish,

PRINCIPALLY IN THE METRE OF THE ORIGINAL,

BY

DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY, ESQ.,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

AUTHOR OF "BALLADS, POEMS, AND LYRICS," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES,

VOL. I.

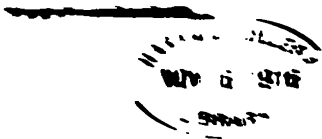


LONDON:

CHARLES DOLMAN, 61, NEW BOND STREET,

AND 22, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1853.



24.

RECEIVED
U.S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
JAN 12 1971

CONTENTS.

PREFACE	<i>Page</i> iii
A LIST of such Comedias or Autos of Calderon as have been Analyzed or partly Translated into English	xxvi
INTRODUCTION to the Constant Prince	xxix
THE CONSTANT PRINCE (El Principe Constante)	1
THE SECRET IN WORDS (El Secreto a Voces)	113
THE PHYSICIAN OF HIS OWN HONOUR (El Medico de Su Honra)	281
NOTES to the Constant Prince	417
NOTES to the Secret in Words	418
NOTES to the Physician of his own Honour	419

1

2

3

4

PREFACE.

CONSIDERING the undoubted brilliancy and beauty of Calderon's poetry, the pre-eminence which he holds in the dramatic literature of his own country, and the conspicuous position which must ever be assigned to him in the general literary history of Europe, it appears singular that, up to the announcement of the present work, no attempt at anything like a complete or adequate reproduction into imitative English verse of even one of his remarkable dramas should have been made. This deficiency seems the more remarkable from the number of writers, many of them apparently fully competent to supply the omission, who have from time to time enriched the periodical literature of the empire during the last thirty years, with occasional papers on the subject. The grace and beauty with which detached passages in several of those essays are rendered from the original, make one regret that there was not enthusiasm for the labour equal to the ability to execute it; and that to the capacity of appreciating what was beautiful in the ideal region they undertook to survey, there was added the conscientious examination of the less inviting, but not the less characteristic features of the landscape.

[illegible]

many men in this way — the gathering and the
 numerous shifts of these political waters has been
 as they have drawn so many waters to serve their
 many and shifting, but with this difference at least,
 that while others looked at them from a distance,
 taking in but the more striking and prominent cir-
 cumstances of the various groups, I had the business to
 attempt the ascent—expending, perhaps, as much labour
 in wading through the quagmires and wildernesses at
 the base, as in ascending the acclivities of their purple
 cones,—if it should be allowed that I have ever reached
 those elevated regions. In a word, I have unhesitatingly
 to execute my self-imposed task honestly, conscien-
 tiously, and strictly. Hoping that I have not very
 much dimmed the brightness of the original, where it is
 worthy of its author, and trusting that I may escape
 without much censure in the lustre that must steal out

in those passages, in spite of the possible obscuration of my rendering, I have been equally scrupulous in preserving what may be considered his defects. I have not attempted to expedite the action where it appeared to move too slowly, or to exclude the pleasantries of the *gracioso*, when they seemed forced and out of place. As I have endeavoured to be faithful to the spirit of my original, so have I been scrupulous in adhering to its form. Of every species of versification used by Calderon, that seemed capable of being reproduced in English with a sensible harmonious effect, I have thought it my duty to attempt the imitation, and I have, therefore, copied all of them but *one*, namely, the assonant or vowel rhyme. If this truly Castilian measure, which even in the original Spanish is scarcely perceptible to our northern ears, had any higher value in English than as a mere proof of verbal or literal dexterity, only to be detected by the eye, I would have been induced to try and carry out my idea of the closeness which should exist between the translation and the original to that extent also. The attempt (within certain limits, to be sure*) has been found to be practicable, but the continuance of the same assonance through an entire scene, or even act, as is sometimes the case in the original, while greatly increasing the difficulties and labours of the translator, would in most cases, be scarcely perceived by the reader; except, indeed, by an awkward stiffness in the versification, and an accumulation of ungrammatical inversions, the cause of which even would not be clearly understood. The rigid and inflexible assonance therefore, I conceive to be nearly impracticable in English. At the same time, I feel convinced that an ear tolerably familiar with

* *Retrospective Review*, vol. iv. p. 35.

harmonious rhythmical combinations, and accustomed to preserve the recurring melody of versification, will unconsciously and unexpectedly produce this very effect, at irregular intervals no doubt, but with a frequency that appears to have its origin in something beyond mere accident. Thus, if I may be allowed to refer to my own imperfect attempts, I have not unfrequently been surprised to discover on re-perusing some long passage of this work, that I had written assonant rhymes without intending to do so; and that in more than one instance, the vowels *e e*, for instance, are found to recur in the terminating syllables of about twenty-five lines out of a hundred. This proves how naturally and almost unavoidably the graceful effect of the assonance is produced in a language so flexible and rich in polysyllabic-terminating words as the Spanish. In fact, it is this very artlessness and apparent impossibility of avoidance that constitutes its charm in the original, and which would totally destroy its effects in English if forced beyond those unpremeditated occurrences to which I have alluded. For this metre I have, in most instances, substituted the unrhymed trochaic of eight syllables, usually preserving it strictly, but often varying it with alternate monosyllabic-terminating lines, and occasionally increasing the number of syllables when the measure became too monotonous, changing its beat and flow to a quicker time. In one play, "The Constant Prince," I have alternated the unrhymed trochaics with rhymed lines; and in one scene of "The Purgatory of St. Patrick," and for a brief dialogue in "The Secret in Words," I have introduced blank verse. A noble measure truly, but generally speaking, quite unsuited to the lyrical form and spirit of Calderon's poetry.

I have thus alluded to what I have wished to effect, not,

of course, to what I have done. Whatever may be the opinion of the public in that respect, I shall cheerfully receive; satisfied that even the unsuccessful attempt to supply what, if successful, would be considered a valuable addition to a laborious department of our literature, not particularly well worked, and which, as far as the Spanish drama is concerned, takes possession of almost unoccupied ground, will be received with some appreciation of the motives that suggested it, and the labour and perseverance that carried it out.

In alluding to the previous writers who have occasionally worked in this field, there is one to whom I should, perhaps, more particularly refer, as it is to his resplendent pages that I am indebted for my first introduction to the, till then unknown, world of Calderon's poetry,—I mean Percy Bysshe Shelley. It is to be regretted, for many reasons, that this great poet did not yield to that strong temptation to which he refers in one of his letters to Leigh Hunt. While endeavouring to dissuade his friend from translating the "Aminta" of Tasso, when he had the capacity "to *write* Amintaa," and thus exercise his fancy "in the perpetual creation of new forms of gentleness and beauty," he thus alludes to the fascination which he then thought himself strong enough to resist, but to which he afterwards submitted, too seldom indeed, for his own enjoyment and popularity.

"With respect to translation," he says, "even *I* will not be seduced by it, although the Greek plays, and some of the ideal dramas of Calderon (with which I have lately, and with inexpressible wonder and delight, become acquainted), are perpetually tempting me to throw over their perfect and glowing forms the gray veil of my own words." That this modest figure is totally inapplicable to the translations which Shelley afterwards produced, is now well known. His trans-

in particular, delights to indulge in, seemed at least very doubtful. The sturdy independence of the English muse was, it must be confessed, national and characteristic. What George Wither wrote of himself is equally applicable to her :—

“ For I will for no man's pleasure
Change a syllable or measure ;
Pedants shall not tie my strains
To ‘your foreign’ poets’ veins—
Being born as free as these,
I will sing as I shall please.”

And, accordingly, acting on this principle, no matter what the external form of the few foreign visitants from the land of song, which the sturdy muse thought worthy of naturalization within her own dominion, instead of allowing them to move about in the flowing and graceful costume in which alone they would feel at ease, and look to advantage, they had to assume the stiff and awkward dress which the intolerance and tyranny of English fashion pronounced to be the *ton*. The English muse, too, allowed herself a variety of motion and a range of enjoyments that it did not grant to her foreign sisters. She had the clear, picturesque, narrative style of Chaucer, blended, as it were, of the graceful *abandon* of the older *fabliaux*, and the characterization of the great native drama which was then unborn. She had the quicker rhythm of Gower, and in the lyric lightness of Herrick and Carew's love songs, some faint prophetic scintillations of Prior and Moore. For tragic elevation she had “Marlow's mighty line,” softened and modulated by others ; and for the purposes of a less appalling interest, or for a comedy in which passing events and ordinary passions were elevated into the ideal region of poetry, bounding and leaping with the exuberance of young life and animal spirits, in the careless and loosely cinctured blank-verse of Beaumont

and Fletcher. Shakspeare "warbled his native wood-notes wild," as if it were great Pan himself that had reappeared among men, whose presence was announced by such enchanting melodies as had not been heard on this earth since happy shepherds in Arcadian woods could see

"The hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken."

Would that there were now any means to woo him back any invocation to which he could listen! Then would we say with Keats—

"Be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine."—

With Milton, the muse, to harmonize with his great theme, "moves in melodious time" its deep solemn peals of sustained harmony making us fancy that we hear

"The bass of Heaven's deep organ blow."

It was thus capable, so far as original composition went, of every variety of expression, of every form of grace, and every degree of power and elevation; but, from some cause or another, this versatility seems to have utterly abandoned it when attempting the labour of translation. Any adventurous spirit who would have the courage to examine the five or six awful volumes of translated verse, in Johnson or Anderson's collection of the "British Poets," will have the melancholy spectacle of beholding one of the most fearful limbos to which the unfortunate

"Souls of poets dead and gone"

have ever been doomed by the cruel ingenuity of man. There they lie—Greeks and Romans—satirists and

songsters—sharp-tongued epigrammatists from Arragon, and honey-sweet Sicilian idyllists from the shadows of Mount Hybla—inspired Lusitanian creators of epics, and love-languishing Italian narrators of the tales of chivalry—all undergoing the same strict and excruciating purgatory of “the heroic couplet.” No wonder that between the narrow edges of this sparingly-opened measure, the spirit of foreign poetry should charm us so little, confined, as it is, like the dainty Ariel, under the tyranny of Sycorax, within the rift of this “cloven pine.” To set it free, and restore it to its proper shape—“to make gape the pine, and let it out”—to change those “groans” that

“Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears”——

into the heavenly sweetness of the same spirit’s varied song, when at liberty, floating on “the bat’s back,” or resting in the “cowslip’s bell,” must be the work of many poetical Prosperos. No knight of poesy’s faëry world had ever a more benevolent achievement before him than to liberate those captive minstrels from the leaden fetters and narrow limits of this dreary and monotonous versification. To give back into their longing hands the native instruments, to whose accompaniment their songs were originally sung, the harp and the lyre, the lute and the guitar, and to substitute for the “creaking wire” of the English imitators of Boileau, the soft and varied melody of “flutes and soft recorders,” are labours of necessity and love, which must be achieved ere English-translated verse can compete, either with the perfection of English original poetry, or with the photographic fidelity of German translation.

The great poet—a few of whose most beautiful dramas

I now venture to offer to the public in an English form—presents, perhaps, at the same time, a greater amount of difficulties and rewards to the translator than any other foreign writer of equal rank. To reproduce the varied measures of his versification—to supply some equivalent for the long-continued series of assonances, and to imitate the polished rhymes in which, says an acute German critic, Calderon's language rings forth, as it were, in ever-changing peals of harmonious chimes,* is an attempt which no writer, however eminent, could despise; and which, as far as I am myself concerned, I would absolutely shrink from making, but for the wonderful fascination and pleasure of the employment. To translate Calderon—to clothe, in English words, his poetry—which, as Schlegel truly says, "whatever the subject may ostensibly be, is an unceasing hymn of joy on the splendours of creation," seems to awaken all the glow and rapture—the enthusiasm and excitation of the most fervid original composition. As it is an intense and irrepressible admiration of all that is beautiful, sublime, and beneficent in nature itself that impels the true poet to express his gratitude and wonder, so in reading the magnificent descriptions of those same attributes in the ever-vivid delineations of Calderon, we forget the artifice of the poet—we forget that it is a picture, and not the reality, that we are surveying. We forget everything but the wondrous melody of the versification, which, however, even adds to the delusion, falling on our ears, as it does, like that sweet and solemn accompaniment which the ever-musical wind—the Æolian harp of the world—breathes continually forth, as the great panorama of creation revolves before us. In his pages we

* Ulrici's "Shakspeare and his Relation to Calderon and Goethe," p. 547.

feel the dazzling glory of the sun that we can scarce behold, the deep blue of the sky, the azure freshness of the sea, the snow-white foam of the waves, the myriad colours of the flowers, all blended, contrasted, confused in a brilliant maze of splendour, which, in its combination, Nature itself does not equal, and in its separate beauties cannot surpass. It is because the poetry of Shelley partakes more largely of this characteristic of *Calderon* than that of any other writer with whom I am acquainted (totally opposed as the two poets are in every other respect), added to his wonderful command of language and exquisite lyrical harmony, that I believe he was pre-eminently fitted for complete success in a task which, while it contained much of the charm of his own original compositions, would be totally free from those peculiarities of opinion and expression which must always be an obstacle to their universal popularity.

I trust I may be permitted to indulge a belief, that the present is an auspicious moment for the production of what I would fain hope may be considered a slight additional help to our becoming better acquainted with the noble literature of Spain. The distinguished position which Mr. Ticknor's remarkable work* has already attained, may be accounted for, no doubt, in a great degree, by the ability and industry which the historian has brought to its composition; but some portion of its success, I conceive, must also be attributed to the inherent interest and value of the subject itself. Talent and enthusiasm are, without question, most potent enchanters—they can vivify inanimate matter—they can create a soul under the ribs of death, and thanks to them, the journey from Dan to Bersheba may not be wholly barren. But with all

* "History of Spanish Literature," by George Ticknor. London, John Murray, 1849, three vols. 8vo.

their resources they would be scarcely able to keep the reader's attention so awake, and to thrill and warm his heart so repeatedly through a long and laborious work like Mr. Ticknor's, if there were not some solid foundation for the superstructure. One reason, perhaps, for the slight interest, compared with the deep characteristic enthusiasm which Calderon has awakened in Germany, that the English reader has hitherto taken in his dramas, may be the injudicious extremes to which his foreign admirers have gone in their idolatry. As all persons who speak the language of Shakspeare, have long since settled down into the undoubted poetical belief—brief and emphatic as that of Mahomet—that in the Heaven of Olympus there is but one supreme God, and Shakspeare is his prophet—they looked with a contempt and disdain that forbade inquiry, upon the rival that German fanaticism presumed to clothe with the pre-occupied vestments of inspiration. A few literary iconoclasts, in their zeal for the undivided divinity of the English poet, have been as unjust to Calderon in extravagantly depreciating his merits as the others unconsciously were in exaggerating them. There is scarcely any instance of Mr. Ticknor's calm judgment more remarkable than the impartial skill with which on this subject he keeps clear of both extremes. The reader will learn, that if Calderon cannot "rival" "Shakspeare's name below"—he has independent power, beauty and fertility, second to none other in the various dramatic literatures of the world. He will also get a clearer insight into the resemblances and differences which exist between the Spanish and the English stage.

In fact, though the dramas of Spain and England have been often compared and are said to resemble each other, nothing can be more different. In wildness of

Imagination and splendour of poetry, in the change of place, and total disregard of all the "unities," there is much in common ; but here the resemblance ends. In the English theatre, the characters are always the representatives of individuals—in the Spanish, of classes ; the man is everything on the English stage—on the Spanish, he is nothing. In the former, we look on the actors in the drama as beings of a kindred nature with our own : in the latter (at least in its tragedy), as merely personifications of the virtues or vices to be represented. In Shakspeare, the characters are flesh and blood ; where none are so monstrously wicked as not to be relieved by an occasional ray of a better nature : and none so sterling as not to exhibit a little of the common alloy of humanity. In Calderon, they are cast in an inflexible mould of virtue or vice, and preserve their golden or iron rigidity to the last. Shakspeare's figures have the warmth and colouring of the canvas,—Calderon's the fixed and colder outline of the marble. In the one we have the incalculable vicissitudes of life : in the other, the inevitable certainty of fate. In Calderon, it is ever the constant sunshine or the unbroken gloom of his climate : in Shakspeare, the dark and bright—the smiles and tears of our own. Shakspeare possessed higher qualities, and was apparently the deeper thinker. Calderon possessed qualities in which the other was deficient, and was perhaps, in some of the attributes of the poet but little his inferior. In the worship of external nature, the Englishman, with all his warmth, is cold compared with the Spaniard ; in the revelations of her mysteries and the inward workings of the soul, the latter must be pronounced superficial when compared to the former. Shakspeare invented characters in abundance—but few plots ; Calderon invented innumerable plots—but few characters. The one was fertile in delineation, the other in invention. In fact, both are admir-

able of their kind, but both are founded on totally different principles of dramatic propriety, and we may relish and admire the one without being unjustly and unnecessarily blind to the merits of the other. 13

I feel that I cannot better conclude these imperfect remarks than by quoting the eloquent language of a recent writer, who terminates his own analysis of the genius of the great poet-dramatist in the following beautiful passage :—

“In the above sketch we feel that we have given but a very faint image of the greatness of Calderon : but perhaps, we may have excited some one to go and view for himself. It is pleasant to have a new star rise in the intellectual firmament ; and it is not with these as with those in the natural : these stars are new worlds, into which the soul *may* enter, worlds akin to that within us, for the soul hath a right to all that man hath done, and more—it hath the power to take possession thereof for itself. Calderon has long been a great name, but we would have him be something more : for as Paterculus said of Pindar, *Thebas unum os Pindari illuminavit*, so, too, would we say of him ; in him alone the nationality of Spain finds a worthy voice, for her other poets only sang for their own times, while his soul, being of larger dimensions and deeper sympathies, contains them all in itself ; and as the language which he used is the result of the varied speech of Spain’s previous centuries, so in the thoughts which that language bears to us, we see condensed all the epochs of Spanish history, and we hear (as in Roderick’s enchanted tower) the sounds of old gothic days mingled with the Moorish war-cry, while they are drowned in the more recent and yet louder notes of Pelayo, the Cid, and the glories of Castile.*

* Westminster and Foreign Review, vol. liv. p. 322.

The following will be found a tolerably correct account of all that has been previously done in English literature for the elucidation and partial translation of Calderon's dramas :—I do not mean to enter into the question (a very interesting one beyond all doubt, but one which would require and merit a separate investigation) of the immense debt which the ancient British drama owes to the Spanish. "To express the obligation truly," says Mr. Lewes in his interesting little work, "we must say that the European drama is saturated with Spanish influence. Take from the French, and from Beaumont and Fletcher, and their contemporaries, from Dryden, Congreve, Wycherly, Shadwell, from Goldoni, Nota, Giraud, and others, all that they have borrowed directly or indirectly from Spain, and you beggar them in respect of situation and incident." *—It may be mentioned, however, that two of the old English dramatists—Sir Samuel Tuke, and George Digby, Earl of Bristol, had the candour to acknowledge the sources from which they drew the materials, and very often the poetry of their plays. The former writer in his preface to the third edition of "The Adventures of Five Hours," (1671) says—"The plot needs no apology ; it was taken out of Don Pedro Calderon, a celebrated Spanish author, the nation of the world who are the happiest in the force and delicacy of their inventions."—(*The Ancient British Drama*. London, 1810, vol. iii. p. 407. Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, vol. xii.) This, however, is a mistake of the old dramatist (a mistake which has been followed by all subsequent writers on the subject, including even Mr. Ticknor) (*Spanish Literature*, vol. ii. p. 353), as the original Spanish drama alluded to, *Los Empeños de Seis Horas*, though a very admir-

* "The Spanish Drama," p. 6, London, 1846.

able one, was *not* written by Calderon. It consequently is not to be found either in the edition of the *Comedias* published by Keil (*Leipsic*, 1827-1830, 4 tom.), or in the completer one by Hartzembusch (*Madrid*, 1848-1850, 4 tom.). Vera Tassis in his preface to the fifth part of the first edition of the *Comedias* (Madrid, 1682-1691, 9 tom.) expressly mentions *Los Empeños de Seis Horas* among upwards of a hundred other dramas, which had been printed, by the cupidity of the booksellers, as Calderon's, and most of them during his lifetime, but without the slightest claim to that honour. Lord Bristol, it would appear, translated, or adapted to the British stage three of Calderon's plays, two of which are lost. "Downes the Prompter" (says Sir Walter Scott in the work before referred to—the "Ancient British Drama," edited by him, London 1810, vol. iii. p. 446) "asserts that he (Lord Bristol) wrote two plays between the years 1662 and 1665 made out of the Spanish, one called '*Tis better than it was*, and the other entitled *Worse and Worse*.—*Roscus Anglicanus* (1708, p. 26). The originals of these plays there can be no doubt were Calderon's *Mejor está que estaba*, and his *Peor está que estaba*. A third play, however, taken from the same source, was written by Lord Bristol, and printed by him in 1677, under the title of *Elvira, or the Worse not always True*, which Sir Walter Scott, in continuation of the passage above quoted, supposes, may, by possibility, be one of the lost plays. This is quite a mistake, as "The Worse not always True" is taken from a distinct play of Calderon—*No siempre lo Peor es Cierto*.

Owing to the decay of the Drama in England and the disuse of the Spanish language, which to the educated classes in the times of Elizabeth and James I., seems to

have been nearly as familiar as the French is in our own; even the partial recognition of Calderon's merits, as evinced by the allusion to him in 1671 (ten years before his death) in the preface to "The Adventures of Five Hours," was wholly interrupted, and his name appears to have been almost unknown in England until the commencement of the present century. The revived acquaintance with him, such as it was, originated in the enthusiasm of Tieck, the Schlegels, and other German writers, and was thus forced, I may say, on the literary world in these countries in a somewhat indirect manner. The publication of Mr. Black's translation of the "Dramatic Literature" of Augustus W. Schlegel, about the year 1815, imparted to a wider public the intelligence that the lost Pleiad of the great European constellation of dramatists had reappeared. Among poets, Shelley appears to have been the one who appreciated most highly the importance of the discovery—who enjoyed the brilliancy of the restored luminary most keenly, and who has given to less penetrating eyes the best idea of its beauty. His letters during the years 1818-19, contain frequent allusions to Calderon whom he was then reading, as he himself says, "with inexpressible wonder and delight." I have already quoted the remarkable passage in which he describes himself resisting as if with difficulty the impulse which he felt strong within him, to adapt to English words some of those dramatic and lyrical melodies which delighted him so much: he fortunately yielded *once*, as I have previously stated, and with the happiest result. In the letters of Gerald Griffin also, it would appear that even at the time when he himself was engaged upon the composition of a great original drama—"Gisippus" (Feb. 1824), he too was haunted by the same desire to do this act of tardy justice to the great masters of the

Spanish stage. In conjunction with his friend Valentine Llanos, a Spaniard (the author of "*Don Esteban*"), some progress appears to have been made in this desirable work : specimens were prepared, prospectuses issued, but for some cause or another, the project never reached maturity. (*Life of Gerald Griffin*, London, 1843, pp. 101, 104, 109.) The twenty-fifth volume of the "Quarterly Review" (April, 1821) contains, I believe, the earliest criticism on the dramatic genius of Calderon that is to be met with in the periodical press of the empire. The estimate of the writer (who was probably either Southey or Mr. Lockhart), as might be expected, was lower and less enthusiastic than that of Schlegel, but higher and deeper than that of Sismondi. The estimate has been adopted by Mr. Hallam (*Literature of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 61) as a fair medium between the extravagant eulogists, and the ignorant or prejudiced depreciators of Calderon. Three or four dramas are briefly analyzed in this article, the greater space being given to *El Principe Constante*; on which the writer passes the following eulogium, which may be added to the other testimonials as to its merits which I have collected :—

"But that [drama] which, in our judgment most strongly excites the high and generous emotions, the noblest representation of unbending honour, struggling with ignominy and pain, is 'The Constant Prince.'"—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xxv. pp. 18, 19.

In Blackwood's Magazine for June, 1825 (vol. xvii. p. 641), was published the second analysis of any of Calderon's dramas which had appeared in English literature. Shelley's "Scenes from Calderon" had no doubt been given to the public earlier, originally, I believe, in a number of "The Liberal" (for which he mentions in one of his letters, they were intended),

but at any rate in his "Posthumous Poems," published in 1824. These scenes, however, were merely detached specimens, and gave no idea of the plot or machinery of the drama. Three other dramas were subsequently analyzed in "Blackwood," which, with a general article on Calderon, I shall enumerate at the end of these remarks. The next contributions of any importance to a knowledge of Calderon, were some translated scenes from *La Vida es Sueño* and *El Magico Prodigioso*, which appeared in the "Monthly Chronicle," the former in vol. iii., the latter in vol. v. The scenes from "The Wonderful Magician," in particular, are remarkably well executed; they are closer to the original, both in metre and meaning, than Shelley's version, though occasionally adopting his expressions; and in a poetical point of view, have a charm of their own, which even our preoccupation by the earlier efforts of that great master, does not prevent our perceiving and enjoying. The other drama, "Life is a Dream," has had also the benefit of a second translation. In the "Monthly Magazine," vol. xcvi. a translation into blank verse was made by Mr. Oxenford, some striking extracts from which are given in Mr. Lewes's valuable little work already mentioned,—"The Spanish Drama" (published in Knight's Shilling Series, London, 1846). The date of this translation I cannot fix with accuracy, as I have been unable to see the volume of the "Monthly Magazine" in which it appears. It probably was prior to the version in the "Monthly Chronicle" just alluded to. The beauty of these extracts is marred (to use the language of a competent writer in the "Westminster Review," vol. liv. p. 313) "by their being written in *our* heroic blank verse; they are energetic, but the energy is not Calderon's."

In 1846, appeared Mr. Lewes's work above referred to. The criticism is generally more genial and impartial towards the merits of Lope de Vega than to those of his great rival and successor, but on the whole it will be found a useful and intelligent hand-book for the student of the Spanish Drama on all matters connected with the literary and historical aspect of the subject. It contains an analysis of six of Calderon's dramas, which I shall subsequently particularize. In 1847, my own labours in this pleasant field of exertion commenced : they consisted of an introductory essay and scenes from *El Purgatorio de San Patricio*, which appeared in "Duffy's Irish Catholic Magazine" (Dublin, 1847, vol. i.). In 1848, I followed up these attempts on a wider scale in "The Dublin University Magazine," and analyzed from time to time, the five remaining dramas included in the present work, giving occasional translations of particular passages. The only attempt which had been made, to present a drama of Calderon in a complete English dress, and in a distinct shape, appeared this year (1848). It is the same "Wonderful Magician" whose melodious spells were powerful enough to enchain the energetic genius of the poet of the "Prometheus Unbound," and to compel the accomplished writer in the "Monthly Chronicle" to become his interpreter. The third and (as to quantity) the most complete translator of this drama, seemed to be under the apprehension that both the name of the drama itself, as well as of one of the principal characters in it, would be offensive "to ears polite;" so he substituted "Justina" (the name of the heroine) for "The Wonderful, or Wonder-working Magician;" and for the "Demon" the less startling periphrasis of "Misaletes." The abandonment of the metre of the original is, however, a more fatal defect. Its title is as follows :—"Justina, a Play, translated from t

Spanish of Calderon is in *Spain, by J. H.* London, James Burns, 22, Paternoster-square, Paternoster-square, 1842. Mr. Ticknor's great work, "*The History of Spanish Literature*," appeared in 1848. It contains the most ample and accurate biography of Calderon which has yet appeared in English, and gives a very satisfactory analysis of ten full-length dramas and one *Auto*. This work led to the publication of a number of important essays on Spanish Literature in the periodical press. The most valuable of these that came under my notice, as far as Calderon is concerned, was a masterly one published in the "*Westminster Review*" (vol. liv. No. II.); it contains an analysis, with admirable translations, of about eight dramas. About the time that Mr. Ticknor's work appeared in England in 1848, a very interesting paper on one of Calderon's least-known dramas, *Los Tres Mayores Prodigios*, appeared in the number of "*Fraser's Magazine*" for August in that year. The metrical translations introduced into this essay also are executed with great spirit. In the *Mores Catholici*, and the other pious, eloquent, and learned works of Mr. Kenneth Digby, frequent allusions to Calderon may be found, all expressive of a high appreciation, and a warm admiration of his poetical merits. The *Etudes sur l'Espagne* of M. Philarette Chasles (referred to in an earlier portion of this preface), a considerable portion of which is devoted to Calderon, has been translated in a series of Papers published in the New York *Literary World*, and will probably appear in a separate form.

If we add to the foregoing the analyses of dramas mentioned in Hallam's "*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*," in Sismondi's "*Literature of the South of Europe*" (translated by Thomas Roscoe), Bouterwek's "*History of Spanish Literature*" (translated by Thomasina Ross), and a "*Handbook of Spanish Literature*,"

by Alexander F. Forster (Edinburgh, William and Robert Chambers, 1851), which last, however, as far as Calderon is concerned, merely condenses the criticism of Sismondi—we have, I believe, all the direct information that is to be found in English literature upon the life, the character, and the writings of Calderon. In the following list, it will be perceived that the same drama has been analyzed by two or three writers, or rather, that the analysis of the first has been occasionally adopted by those that succeeded. Reckoning these repetitions as one, it will appear that we have a more or less satisfactory account of about twenty-eight or twenty-nine *Comedias* out of one hundred and twenty which are contained in the last edition, and of only two *Autos Sacramentales*, out of seventy-three. (“*Autos Sacramentales Alegoricos y Historiales del Phenix de los Poetas, el Español Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca*,” Madrid, 1759, six volumes 4to.) Considering that many of these notices give but a very slight account of the dramas they profess to describe, and that some of them do not present a single specimen of the poetry so profusely scattered through all, it is to be hoped that extensive additions will be made to this list. At present, it must be confessed, all the available information on the subject supplies the English reader with a very imperfect idea of the fertility of invention, the richness of fancy, the prodigality of imagery, the splendour of poetical diction, the perfection of rhythmical harmony which characterize the writings of the least known, as well as of the best known of those, whom a living writer of the highest authority (Mr. Lockhart) pronounces to be “the two greatest dramatists the modern world has produced—CALDERON and SHAKSPEARE.”*

* See Mr. Lockhart's valuable notes to the edition (in 5 vols. 12mo.) of Don Quixote, translated by Motteux. Edinburgh, 1823, vol. iii. p. 316.

A LIST

Of such Comedies and Autos of Calderon as have been analysed,
 all of which scenes have been translated into English up
 to the present time,

QUARTERLY REVIEW, vol. xxv., 1821.

Amor constante y leal; *El Principe Constante*, &c.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Agradecer y no Amar (vol. xvii.); *La Devoción de la Cruz*
 (vol. xviii.); *El Maestro de Danzar* (vol. xx.); *Un Article*
 on Calderon (vol. xvi.); *La Dama Duende* (vol. xlvii.).

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

La Vida es Sueño (vol. xvi.).

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

La Vida es Sueño (vol. iii.); *El Magico Prodigioso* (vol. vi.).

SHELLEY'S WORKS, Royal 8vo. London, 1844.

El Magico Prodigioso (page 350).

THE SPANISH DRAMA, by G. H. Lewes, London, 1846.

El Magico Prodigioso (page 187); *La Vida es Sueño* (198);
El Medico de su Honra (222); *El Mayor Monstruo los Zelos*
 (281); *El Alcalde de Zalamea* (244); *A Secreto Agravio*
Secreto Venganza (251).

IRISH CATHOLIC MAGAZINE, Dublin, 1847.

El Purgatorio de San Patricio (vol. i.).

PUBLISHED SEPARATELY.

"Justina (*El Magico Prodigioso*), A Play, translated from
 the Spanish of Calderon de la Barca." By J. H.

Published by BURNS, Portman-street, London, 1848.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

El Secreto a Voces (vol. xxxii.); *Amar despues de la Muerte*
 (vol. xxxii.); *El Medico de su Honra* (vol. xxxiv.); *El Prin-*
cipe Constante (vol. xxxviii.); *La Rueda y la Flor* (vol. xxxix.).

FRAZER'S MAGAZINE, August, 1849 (vól. xl.).
Los Tres Mayores Prodigios.

TICKNOR'S HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE, 3 vols.
 London, 1849.

El Purgatorio de San Patricio (tom. ii. p. 327); *La Devoción de la Cruz* (329); *El Magico Prodigioso* (330); *Amar despues de la Muerte* (338); *El Medico de su Honra* (341); *El Mayor Monstruo los Zelos* (344); *El Principe Constante* (349); *Antes que todo es mi Dama* (354); *La Dama Duende* (354); *La Banda y la Flor* (356); *El Divino Orpheo* (Autos Sacramentales, vol. iv. p. 236), Ticknor, vol. ii. p. 323.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW, January, 1851, vol. liv.

Tambien hay Duelo en las Damas (p. 293); *Eco y Narciso* (224); *El Magico Prodigioso* (300); *Dos Amantes del Cielo* (301); *Fineza contra Fineza* (308); *Nina de Gomez Arias* (311); *El Mayor Monstruo los Zelos* (314); *El Alcalde de Zalamea.*

HALLAM'S "INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE,"
 vol. iii. pp. 61, 64.

La Vida es Sueño; A Secreto Agravio Secreta Venganza.

SISMONDI'S "LITERATURE OF THE SOUTH OF EUROPE,"
 Translated by Thomas Roscoe, 2 vols.; London, 1846.

Amar despues de la Muerte (vol. ii. pp. 377 and 409); *El Secreto a Voces* (380); *El Principe Constante* (387); *La Aurora en Copaca vana* (396); *Origen, Perdida y Restauracion de la Virgen del Sagrario* (398); *El Purgatorio de San Patricio* (401); *El Medico de su Honra* (406); *A Dios por Razon de Estado*, Auto Sacramental (Autos, tom. ii. p. 7, ed. 1759), Sismondi, vol. ii. p. 415.

BOUTERWEK'S "HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE,"
 Translated by Thomasina Ross; London, 1847.

El Principe Constante (p. 368).

SPANISH LITERATURE, by Alexander F. Forster,
 Edinburgh, 1851.

El Principe Constante (p. 238).

"SIX DRAMAS OF CALDERON," freely translated by Edward Fitzgerald ; London, William Pickering, 1853.

* * This volume has just appeared while the present sheet is passing through the press. The author having made his selection from among the "less famous" dramas of Calderon, it does not contain any of those that have been chosen for translation in these volumes. The six dramas on which Mr. Fitzgerald's work is founded, are as follows :

El Pintor de su Deshonra, p. 3 ; *Nadie fie su Secreto*, p. 61 ; *Luis Perez el Gallego*, p. 105 ; *Las tres Justicias en Una*, p. 145 ; *El Alcalde de Zalamea*, p. 193 ; *Guardate de la Agua Mansa*, p. 230.

It is to be regretted, that a closer and more complete version of these dramas has not been given. Though not generally ranked among the masterpieces of Calderon's genius, they share largely in the dramatic interest and poetical beauty which he could scarcely fail to impart to any of his creations, and which one of them in particular (*El Alcalde de Zalamea*) possesses to a very remarkable degree.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE CONSTANT PRINCE.

WITHOUT going the extreme length which the enthusiastic admiration of the "*The Constant Prince*" has led one German critic at least (Schulze, in his "*Leben des Standhaften Prinzen*," Weimar, 1811),* who places this play beside the *Divina Commedia*, all critics appear unanimous in their high estimate of its poetical and artistic merits. Sismondi warms for a moment in the midst of his cold and ungenial analysis, and acknowledges it to be "one of the most moving plays of Calderon," perhaps influenced by the unqualified approbation of Bouterwek, a writer to whom, in the Spanish portion of his work, the accomplished Genevese was under more obligations than he acknowledges. "The tragedy of Don Fernando, entitled *El Principe Constante*," says Bouterwek, "displays all the lustre of Calderon's genius. The unities of time and place are lost sight of in the unity of the

* Ticknor's Spanish Literature, vol. ii. p. 349, note 31.

heroic action, into which Calderon has infused the purest spirit of pathos, without departing from the Spanish national style of heroic comedy ;” while Mr. Ticknor, the last and best historian of the literature of Spain, devotes several pages to its analysis, which, as usual, is characterized by the calm good sense and complete knowledge of his subject, so remarkable throughout his entire work.

“ Its plot,” says Mr. Ticknor, “ is founded on the expedition against the Moors in Africa, by the Portuguese Infante, Don Ferdinand, in 1438, which ended with the total defeat of the invaders before Tangier, and the captivity of the prince himself, who died in a miserable bondage in 1443—his very bones resting for thirty years among the mis-believers, till they were, at last, brought home to Lisbon, and buried with reverence, as those of a saint and martyr. This story Calderon found in the old and beautiful Portuguese chronicle of Joam Alvares and Ruy de Pina ; but he makes the sufferings of the prince voluntary, thus adding to Ferdinand’s character the self-devotion of Regulus, and so fitting it to be the subject of a deep tragedy, founded on the honour of a Christian patriot.”* For much additional information on this as well as the subsequent dramas, see the notes at the end of the volume.

* Spanish Literature, vol. ii. p. 349.

THE CONSTANT PRINCE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

THE GARDENS OF THE KING OF FEZ, BY THE SEA.

Enter some Christian captives singing, and ZARA.

ZARA.

Sing, from out this thicket here,
While the beauteous Phenix dresses ;—
Those sweet songs, whose air expresses
Fond regrets ; which pleased her ear
Often in the baths,—those strains
Full of grief and sentiment.—

FIRST CAPTIVE.

Can Music, whose strange instrument
Was our clanking gyves and chains—
Can it be, our wail could bring
Joy unto her heart ? our woe
Be to her delight ?—

ZARA.

'Tis so :—

She from this will hear you ; sing.

B 2

THE CONSTANT PRINCE

SECOND CAPTIVE.

O! THE SIGHING WOULD CEASE,
SADNESS WOULD END, AND THE TUNE—
THAT FROM OUR CAPTIVE'S THROAT
DOES A SIGHING SONG'S SIGHING
NEVER LIKE A WAILING SONG
I HEARD OF YORE.

SABA.

HAS THERE NOT YOUR
YOUNGMAIDEN SINGING MERRY A SONG?—

THIRD CAPTIVE.

THE TUNE;

SAB, THERE IS WHAT THE STRANGER'S PAIN
TO WHICH WE COULD SING CAN DO TO BRING,
IT WENT OUR OWN TOO SIGHING SONG
FOR WHICH IN SINGING WE SIGHING SING.

SABA.

SHE IS SINGING NOW—SING SING
THE CAPTIVE SING.—

AGE DOES NOT REFRAIN
THE SIGH OF THE SIGHING;
NOTHING CAN BE DONE
BEFORE THE SIGH OF TIME.

ENTER ROSA.

ROSA.

CAPTIVE, YOU CAN NOW RETIRE,
AND YOUR PLEASING CONCERT END,
FOR OUR PHENIX DOSE DESCEND
TO THIS GARDEN, TO INSPIRE
JOY, WHERE'ER HER FOOTSTEPS STRAY :—
COMING LIKE A SECOND MORN,
YOUNG AURORA NEWLY BORN.—
THE CAPTIVES GO OUT.

ENTER PHENIX, attended by her Moorish maidens,
ESTRELLA and ZELINA, &c. dressing her.

ESTRELLA.

BEAUTEOUS HAVE YOU RISEN TO-DAY.

ZARA.

Let the dawn, so purely bright,
Boast no more, this garden owes
To her its beauty—that the rose
Draws from her its purple light,
Or the jessamine its whiteness.

PHENIX.

The glass.

ESTRELLA.

Thou should'st not strive to find
Specks the pencil ne'er designed
In its artificial brightness.

They present her with a mirror.

PHENIX.

What does loveliness avail me,
(If, indeed, 'tis mine to vaunt it)—
If my joy of heart be wanted?—
If life's happiest feelings fail me?—

ZELIMA.

How dost thou feel?

PHENIX.

If I but knew,
Ah! my Zelima, how I feel,
That certain knowledge soon would steal
Half of the grief that pains me through:—
I do not know its nature wholly,
Although it robs my heart of gladness;
For now it seemeth tearful sadness,—
And now 'tis pensive melancholy:—
I only know, I know I feel—
But what I feel I do not know,—
The sweet illusions mock me so.

ZARA.

Since these gardens cannot steal
Away your oft-returning woes—

Though to beauteous spring, they build
Snow-white jasmine temples filled
With radiant statues of the rose,
Come unto the sea, and make
Thy bark the chariot of the sun.—

ROSA.

And when the golden splendours run
Athwart the waves, along thy wake—
The garden to the sea will say
(By melancholy fears deprest),
The sun already gilds the west,
How very short has been this day!—

PHENIX.

Ah! no more can gladden me
Sunny shores, or dark projections,
Where in emulous reflections
Blend the rival land and sea;
When, alike in charms and powers,
Where the woods and waves are meeting—
Flowers with foam are seen competing—
Sparkling foam with snow-white flowers;
For the garden, envious grown
Of the curling waves of ocean,
Loves to imitate their motion;
And the amorous zephyr, blown
Out to sea from fragrant bowers,
In the shining waters laving
Back returns, and makes the waving
Leaves an ocean of bright flowers:
When the sea too, sad to view
Its barren waste of waves forlorn,
Striveth swiftly to adorn
All its realm, and to subdue
The pride of its majestic mien,
To second laws it doth subject
Its nature, and with sweet effect
Blends fields of blue with waves of green.

Coloured now like heaven's blue dome,
Now plumed as if from verdant bowers,
The garden seems a sea of flowers,
The sea a garden of bright foam :
How deep my pain must be, is plain,
Since naught delights my heart or eye,
Nor earth, nor air, nor sea, nor sky.*

ZARA.

Ah ! deep, indeed, must be your pain !—

Enter the KING with a portrait in his hand.

KING.

If perchance the fever fit,
Quartan of thy beauty, let
Thee thy sadness to forget,—
This fair original (for it
Is too full of life, to be
But a picture) is the Infante
Of Morocco, Tarudante,
Who doth come to offer thee
His hand and crown ; do not reprove
The ambassador who pleads his suit—
Do not doubt that he, though mute,
Bringeth messages of love :—
With favour I his wish behold,
For he hath sent to me, as liege,
Ten thousand horsemen, to besiege
Ceuta, which I long to hold :—
Let nor fears, nor vain alarms,
Nor coldness in your heart be found ;
But let him soon in Fez be crowned
King of all thy beauteous charms.

* "The beautiful flights of fancy which occur at the commencement of the piece are worthy of particular attention. There Calderon has painted his favourite images in his comparison of waves with flowers."—*Bouterwek*.

Though
Snow-
With
Come
Thy be

And w
Athwa
The ga
(By n
The su
How v

Ah! n
Sunny
Where
Blend
When
Where
Flower
Spark
For th
Of the
Loves
And ti
Out to
In the
Back
Leaves
When
Its bar
Striver
All its
The pe
To see
Its na
Blend-

Enter MULÉY with the truncheon of a general.

MULÉY.

Give me, mighty lord, thy feet.

KING.

You are welcome home, Muléy.

MULÉY.

He who penetrates the light
Of so sovereign a sphere,
He who homeward drawing near
Finds a sun and dawn so sweet,
Well hath homeward come, indeed :—
Lady, let me kiss thy hand,
For *his* love and faith demand
Such reward, whose heart would bleed
To work his sovereign's least intent.

To the King.

For newer triumphs still he burns
In thy service.—He returns
More thy lover than he went.

Aside to Phenix.

PHENIX, *aside.*

Heaven protect me! [*To Muléy.*] Thou,
indeed,
Art most welcome. [*Aside.*] Life doth leave
me!

MULÉY, *aside.*

If my eyes do not deceive me,
Rather the reverse I read.

KING.

Well, Muléy, what news from sea?—

MULÉY.

Now thou'lt test thy suffering
Of misfortune : for I bring
Saddest news ; [*aside*] as mine must be.

FINCE.

car.

44

•

219.

—

• 2011

• 51.

• *UCCN*.

vil

- *side.*]

2017

ending

2. 2. 2.

• 4.

11

• 2019

1534

• •

• •

1

... takes two gallies.

● ● ●

That fair town, that, like a jewel,
Heaven has snatched from out thy crown.
Through, perhaps, Mahomet's anger,
Through the mighty prophet's wrath,
Which, opprobrium of our valour!
Now a foreign ruler hath.
Where we tamely gape and gaze at,
Where our slavish eye-sight sees,
Floating from its topmast turrets,
Banners of the Portuguese.
'Neath our very eyes prescribing
Limits that our arms deride—
'Tis a mockery of our praises,
'Tis a bridle to our pride,
'Tis a Caucasus, which, lying
Midway, doth the stream detain;
Back thy Nile of victory turning
From its onward course to Spain.
Hither, then, I went with orders
To examine, and to see
What the form and disposition
Of the place to-day might be;
How, with less expense and danger,
You might undertake its siege.
May heaven grant its restoration
Quickly unto you, my liege!
Though it be delayed a little
By a threatened new disgrace;
For this doubtful undertaking
To another must give place,
Far more pressing and important,
Since the thousand swords and spears
That for Ceuta you have marshall'd
Must be drawn around Tangiers
For that threatened city weepeth
Equal suffering, equal woe,
Equal ruin, equal trouble—
This, my gracious lord, I know.

For one morning on the ocean,
When the half-awaken'd sun,
Trampling down the lingering shadows
Of the western vapours dun,
Spread his ruby-tinted tresses
Over jessamine and rose,
Dried with cloths of gold, Aurora's
Tears of mingled fire and snows,
Which to pearls his glance converted.
It was then that, in the light
Of the horizon, a vast navy
Rose upon my startled sight :
First (so many a fair illusion
Oft the wandering seaman mocks),
I could not determine truly
Whether they were ships or rocks ;
For, as on the coloured canvass
Subtle pencils softly blend
Dark and bright, in such proportions
That the dim perspectives end—
Now, perhaps, like famous cities,
Now, like caves or misty capes,
For remoteness ever formeth
Monstrous and unreal shapes.
Thus, athwart the fields of azure,
Lights and shades alternate fly ;
Clouds and waves in rich confusion,
Intermingling sea and sky,
Mock the sight with fair deceptions.
So it was, while I, alone,
Saw their bulk and vast proportions,
Though their form remained unknown.
First they seemed to us uplifting
High in heaven their pointed towers,
Clouds that to the sea descended,
To conceive in sapphire showers
What they would bring forth in crystal.
And this fancy seemed more true,

As from their untold abundance
They, methought, could drink the blue
Drop by drop. Again, sea-monsters,
Seemed to us the wandering droves,
Which, to form the train of Neptune,
Issued from their green alcoves.
For the sails, when lightly shaken,
Fanned by zephyrs as by slaves,
Seemed to us like outspread pinions,
Fluttering o'er the darkened waves ;
Then the mass, approaching nearer,
Seemed a mighty Babylon,
With its hanging gardens pictured
By the streamers floating down.
But, although our certain vision
Undeceived, becoming true,
Showed it was a great armada,
For I saw the prows cut through
Foam, that, sparkling in the sunshine,
Like the fleece of snow-white flocks,
Rolled itself in silver mountains,
Curdled into crystal rocks.
I, so great a foe, beholding,
Turned my prow with utmost speed,
For a timely flight doth often
But to quicker victory lead—
And from being more experienced
In those seas, the entrance made,
Of a little creek, where, hidden
In the shelter and the shade,
I could best resist the powerful
Fury of a power so vast,
Which sea, sky and earth o'ershadowed ;
Without seeing us, they passed :—
I, desiring to discover
(Who would not desire to know ?)
Whither did this great armada
O'er the darkened ocean go—

Once again my anchor weighing,
Sought the blue sea's level plain,
And full knowledge, in this manner,
Heaven permitted me to gain :—
For I saw, of this armada
But one ship remained behind,
Which with difficulty struggled
With the warring wave and wind :
Since, as afterwards was told me,
From a tempest which had blown
Over all the fleet, it issued
Rent, disabled, and o'erthrown ;
And so full of water was she,
That the men that worked thereat,
Scarcely baled her out, and reeling
Now on this side, now on that,
Seemed, with every fluctuation,
On the point of going down.
I approached, and though my Moorish
Garb and colours made them frown,
Still my company consoled them,
For companionship in woes
Ever gives alleviation,
Even though it be a foe's.
The desire of life arising
So provoked the hearts of some,
That by ladders made of twisted
Cords and cables, did they come
To our ship, although a prison ;
But the rest, resisting, cried,
“ Life is but to live with honour ! ”—
Proof of Portuguese vain pride !—
One of those who left the vessel
Thus informed me in detail :
Lately, thus he said, from Lisbon
Did the great armada sail
For Tangiers : and its heroic
Resolution seems to be,

To besiege it with such valour,
That upon its towers you'll see
The five shields,* you see at Ceuta
Every time the sun doth rise.
Edward, Portugal's great monarch,
Whose renown of conquest flies
As on wings of Roman eagles,
Has sent thither to preside
Over them his own two brothers,
Fernando and Enrique,—pride
Of this age, which early sees them
Crowned with conquest : and each chief
Is Grand Master both of Avis
And of Christ : in white relief
On their breasts they bear two crosses,
One of green, the other red ;
Fourteen thousand is the number
Of the paid troops, thither led—
Without mentioning the many
Volunteers, that with them serve,
At their own expense ; a thousand
Are the steeds—whose fire and nerve,
Mixed with Spanish mettle, clothe them
With the tiger's glossy skin
And the swift foot of the panther :—
Now perhaps they enter in
Tangiers' waters,—at this moment,
If its shore they have not made,
They at least cleave through its waters :
Let us hasten to its aid :
You yourself, your arms assuming,
Mahomet's dread scourges bear—
And the brightest leaf it carries,
From death's mystic volume, tear :—
That this day may be accomplished
That brave prophecy of yore—

* The arms of Portugal.

Of the Moors, which says, 'tis destined
That upon the sandy shore
Of our Africa, the glory
Of the crown of Portugal
There its hapless grave must meet with.
And these proud invaders shall
See thee, as thy curved sword waveth
O'er each prostrate foeman's head,
Turn the fields, both green and azure,
With their gushing hearts—blood red.

KING.

Silence! do not speak the rest,
For my heart such wrath is feeling,
That each word is like the stealing
Of strong poison through my breast :
Graves amid the deserts yonder
I will ope, by sure disasters,
For the Infantes, those Grand Masters
Who have hither dared to wander :—
You, Muléy, along the coast
With a troop of horse depart,
And by every means that art
Can devise, engage the host
In such skirmishes of skill
That they cannot make the land
Until I can be at hand :—
And in doing so, you will
Show the blood that fills your veins.
I shall follow with all speed,
And the gallant rear-guard lead
Of the troops that fill these plains :
Thus, to-day, my many cares
And quarrels shall in one combine,
For great Ceuta shall be mine
And Tangiers shall not be theirs.

Exit.

MULÉY.

Though I must depart, yet I,
 Lady, first would let thee hear,
 Since my death approacheth near,
 The malady with which I die.
 And although my jealous fear
 Disrespectful seem to thee,
 Since my disease is jealousy,
 Courtesy must disappear.
 What picture—(ah! fair enemy!)
 Is this thy beauteous fingers bear?
 What is his happy name?—declare,
 This favoured being, who is he?
 But no; let not thy tongue eclipse
 The pain thy touch hath made me bear;
 Since in thy hand I see him there,
 Thou needst not name him with thy lips!

PHENIX.

Although, Muléy, thou hast from me
 Leave to love and to attend me,
 Thou hast not any to offend me.

MULÉY.

'Tis true, fair Phenix, yes, I see
 That this is not the mode or style
 Of speaking to thee; but the skies
 Know, when jealous thoughts arise
 Respect is overborne a while.
 With utmost caution—secret pride—
 I've hid the passion that I feel;
 But, though my love I could conceal,
 My jealousy I cannot hide—
 In truth I cannot.

PHENIX.

Though thy crime
 Deserves not to be satisfied,

Still, will I, through wounded pride,
Satisfy thee this one time.
Friends their friendship ne'er should lose,
When a word might keep it still.

MULÉY.

And wilt thou speak that word?

PHENIX.

I will.

MULÉY.

God grant thee ever happy news!

PHENIX.

This picture has to me been sent. . . .

MULÉY.

By whom?

PHENIX.

His Highness the Infante
Of Morocco, Tarudante.

MULÉY.

And why?

PHENIX.

It seems with this intent,—
My father, being ignorant
Of my feelings

MULÉY.

Well?—

PHENIX.

Pretends

That their realms

MULÉY.

Is this the amends,
The satisfaction, thou dost grant?—
God grant thee evil news instead!—

PHENIX.

Why for a fault must I atone
That was my father's act alone ?

MULÉY.

For taking, though he left thee dead,
This picture as a willing bride ?

PHENIX.

Could I prevent it ?

MULÉY.

Yes, 'tis plain.

PHENIX.

How ?

MULÉY.

Some excuse thou well couldst feign.

PHENIX.

What could I do ?

MULÉY.

Thou couldst have died,
As I would gladly do for thee.

PHENIX.

'Twas force prevailed.

MULÉY.

A mere pretence—

'Twas fickleness.

PHENIX.

'Twas violence.

MULÉY.

Nor violence.

PHENIX.

What could it be ?

MULÉY.

Absence has been my hope's dark tomb ;
And since I cannot be secure,
Nor fix thy changing fancy sure,
I must return and meet my doom.
Thou wilt return, fair Phenix, too,
Once more to grieve me to the heart.

PHENIX.

We now must separate : depart. . . .

MULÉY.

My soul first separates in two.

PHENIX.

Thou to Tangiers, and I shall wait
In Fez—to hear thee make an end
Of thy complaints.

MULÉY.

And I'll attend,
If I am spared till then by fate.

PHENIX.

Adieu ! for it is heaven's decree
We taste this bitter parting's woe.

MULÉY.

But listen—wilt thou let me go,
Nor give that portrait up to me ?

PHENIX.

'Twere thine but for the king's request.

MULÉY.

Release it—justice doth demand
That I should pluck from out thy hand
Him who has plucked me from thy breast.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—THE SEA-COAST NEAR TANGIERS.

Amid the sound of trumpets and the noise of disembarking, enter DON FERNANDO, DON ENRIQUE, DON JUAN COUTIÑO, and Soldiers successively from their ships.

FERNANDO.

I must be first, fair Africa, to tread
Upon the sandy margin of thy shore;
That as thou feelest on thy prostrate head
The weight of my proud footsteps trampling o'er,
Thou may'st perceive to whom thy sway is given.

ENRIQUE.

I am the second whom the swift waves bore
To tread this Africa!

He stumbles and falls.

Preserve me, Heaven!

Even here my evil auguries pursue.

FERNANDO.

Let not, Enrique, thy stout heart be riven
By fancied omens, as weak women do;
This fall should waken hopes and not alarms.
The land a fitting welcome gives to you,
For, as its lord, it takes you to its arms.

ENRIQUE.

The sight of us the Moorish herd appals,
And they have fled, deserting fields and farms.

JUAN.

Tangiers has closed the gates around its walls.

FERNANDO.

They all have fled for safer shelter there.
On you, Don Juan, Count Miralva, falls
The duty of examining with care

All the approaches of the land, before
The sultry sun, o'ercoming with its glare
The temperate dawn, oppress and wound us more.
Salute the city; call on it to yield;
Say 'tis in vain to squander human gore
In its defence; for though each conquered field
Ran red with blood, and burning blew the wind,
And 'neath our tread the tottering ramparts reeled,
We still would take it.

JUAN.

You will quickly find
I'll reach its gates, although, volcano-like,
With thickest clouds it strikes the bright sun blind,
And lightnings flash and bolts around me strike!

Exit.

Enter BRITO.

BRITO.

Thanks be to God! that April and sweet May
Once more I walk on, and that, as I like,
Without unpleasant reelings and dismay
I go about upon the solid ground.
Not as just now at sea, when, yea or nay,
Within a wooden monster's caverns bound,
Though light of foot I could not get away
Even when in greatest fear of being drown'd.
So little weary of the world am I,
O dry land, mine! obtain for me, I pray,
That I may never in the water die,
Nor even on land till near to the last day.

ENRIQUE (*to Fernando*).

Why dost thou listen to this fool?

FERNANDO.

And why,
Against all reason, dost thou persevere
In vague forebodings and unreal grief!

ENRIQUE.

My soul is full of some mysterious fear ;—
That Fate frowns darkly is my fixed belief ;
For since I saw fair Lisbon disappear,
Its well-known heights fast fading one by one—
Of all the thoughts that haunt me Death is chief !
Scarcely had we our enterprise begun,
Scarce had our ships commenced their onward chase,
When, in a paroxysm, the great sun,
Shrouded in clouds, concealed his golden face,
And angry waves in foaming madness wreck'd
Some of our fleet. Where'er I look I trace
The same disaster ;—O'er the sea project
A thousand shadows ;—If I view the sky,
Its azure veil with bloody drops seems fleck'd ;—
If to the once glad air I turn mine eye,
Dark birds of night their mournful plumage wave ;—
If on the earth, my fall doth prophesy
And represent my miserable grave.

FERNANDO.

Let me decipher with affectionate care,
And so your breast from dark forebodings save,
These fancied omens from earth, sea, and air :
'Tis true we lost one ship amid the main ;
That is to say, that we had troops to spare
From the great conquest we have come to gain.
The purple light that stains the radiant sky
Foretels a day of jubilee, not pain.
The monstrous shapes that round us float or fly,
Flew here, and floated ere we came ; and thus
If they reveal a fatal augury,
It is to those who live here, not to us.
These idle fancies and unfounded fears
Came from the Moors, so darkly credulous,
Not from the enlightened minds of Christian seers.

Those who believe in them may feel alarms,
Not those who shut them from their doubting ears.
We two are Christians; we have taken arms,
Not through vainglory, nor the common prize
With which young Fame the soldier's bosom charms;
Nor that, perchance, in deathless books, men's eyes
Hereafter read of this great victory.
The faith of God we come to aggrandise;
Whether it be our fate to live or die,
Be His alone the glory and the praise.
'Tis true, we should not God's dread vengeance try
Too rashly; but his anger knoweth ways
To curb the proud, and make the haughty bend.
You are a Christian; act a Christian's part:
We come to serve our God, and not offend.
But who is this?—

Enter DON JUAN.

JUAN.

My lord, obeying
Your commands, I sought the walls;
And when crossing o'er the mountain,
Where the sloping verdure falls,
I beheld a troop of horsemen
Riding by the road to Fez—
Riding with such wondrous fleetness
That the startled gazer says,
Are they birds, or are they horses?
Do they fly, or do they bound?
For the air doth not sustain them,
And they scarcely touch the ground.
Even the earth and air were doubtful
If they flew, or if they ran.

FERNANDO.

Let us hasten to receive them,

Placing foremost in the van
Those who bear the arquebusses;
Let the horsemen next advance,
With the customary splendour
Of the harness and the lance.
On, Enrique! fortune offers
Now a noble opening fight.
Courage!

ENRIQUE.

Am I not thy brother?
Nothing can my soul affright,
Nor the accidents of fortune,
Nor the countenance of death!

Exeunt.

BRITO; *alone.*

I must somehow act the soldier,
And *keep guard* upon—my breath!
What a very noble skirmish!
How they spill their blood and brains!
It is best, from under cover
To survey this “Game of Canes!”—

Exit.

SCENE III.—*A charge is sounded: enter DON JUAN and DON ENRIQUE, fighting with the Moors.*

ENRIQUE.

After them! The Moors already,
Vanquished, from the fight have flown!—

JUAN.

Spoils of mingled men and horses
Over all the fields are strown.

ENRIQUE.

Where has wandered Don Fernando,
That he cannot be descried?—

JUAN.

Doubtless his impatient valour
Leads him onward far and wide.

ENRIQUE.

Let us seek him out, Coutiño,

JUAN.

I am ever at thy side.

Exeunt.


*Enter DON FERNANDO with the sword of MULÉY,
and MULÉY with his shield alone.*

FERNANDO.

In this desolate campagna,
Where, devoid of sense or breath,
Lie so many dead, or rather
In this theatre of death,
You alone, of all your people,
You alone, brave Moor, have stood:
All have fled, and even your war-horse,
After shedding seas of blood,
'Mid the dust and foam encircled,
Which it raised, and which it laid,

Leaves you here to be a trophy,
By my valorous right-hand made,
'Mid your late companions' horses,
Loosely flying o'er the ground.
I am prouder of this conquest,
Which to me doth more redound,
Than to see this broad campagna,
As with bright carnations crowned ;
For so great has been the flowing
Of red blood on all around,
That my eyes, through deepest pity,
At beholding naught but dead—
Naught but ever new misfortunes—
Naught but ruins round me spread,—
O'er the desert plain went seeking
One green spot amid the red.
In effect, my arm subduing
Your courageous strength to mine,
'Mid the horses loosely flying,
One I seized, who was, in fine,
Such a prodigy, a wonder,
That, although he had for sire
Even the wind, his proud ambition
Claimed adoption of the fire ;
Falsely thus, by both denying
His own hue, which being white,
Said the water, "'Tis the offspring
Of my sphere so silver white.
I alone could thus have moulded
Such a form of curdled snow !"
Like the wind he went in fleetness,
Lightning-like flashed to and fro ;
Like the swan his dazzling whiteness,
Speckled like the snake with blood,
Proud of his unrivall'd beauty,
Fearless in his haughtier mood ;
Full of spirit in his neighing ;
In his fetlocks firm and strong,

In the saddle, on his haunches,
You and I thus borne along—
On a sea of blood we entered,
Through whose cruel waves we steered,
Like an animated vessel,
For his head a prow appeared,
Breaking through the pearl-hued water.
And his mane and tail did float,
Blood and foam besprinkled over,
So that once again a boat,
Wounded by four spurs, he bounded,
As if heaven's four winds impelled ;
He at length fell down exhausted
By the Atlas he upheld ;—
For so great are some misfortunes,
That even brutes themselves must feel,
Or it may be, that some instinct
Through his softened soul did steal,
Saying, "Sad Arabia journeys,
And with joy departeth Spain ;
Can I then betray my country,
Swelling the proud conqueror's train ?
No, I do not wish to wander
One step farther from this spot."
And since thou thyself art coming
In such sorrow, though 'tis not
By the mouth or eyes acknowledged,
Still the smothered fire appears,
Of the bosom's hid volcanos,
By those flowing tender tears ;
And the burning sighs thou heavest,
Wonderingly my valour views,
When I turn me round, how fortune
With one single blow subdues
Valour such as thine. Another
Cause, methinks, must sadden thee ;
Since it is not just nor proper,
Even though for liberty,



That the man should weep so fondly,
Who so heavily can wound ;
And, as in communicating
Evils, there is ever found
Something soothing to the feelings,
While we to my people go,
If I merit such a favour,
My desire is now to know, —
And with reason it entreats it,
Gently and with courtesy, —
What doth grieve thee ? since 'tis certain
'Tis not thy captivity.
Sorrow, when communicated,
Is appeased, if not subdued, —
And since I have been the occasion
Partly of what hath ensued
From the accident of fortune,
I would wish to be likewise
Prompt in bringing consolation
To the cause of all thy sighs,
If the cause itself consenteth.

MULÉY.

Thou art truly valiant, Spaniard,
Victor both in act and word,
With the tongue as skilled to conquer,
As to conquer with the sword ;
For my life was thine, when lately
With the sword my race among,
You subdued me, but this moment,
Since you take me with the tongue,
Even my soul is thine ; with reason
Must my life and soul confess
They are thine, and thou their master.
For your arms and your address,
Cruel now, and now too clement,
Twice my soul have captive made.
Moved with pity to behold me,

Spaniard, you the cause have prayed
Of the burning sighs I'm breathing.
And although I own that woe,
When repeated, is accustomed
To grow lighter, still I know
That the person who repeats it
Wisheth that it should be so ;
But *my* woe is such a master
Of my pleasures, that to keep
Them from any diminution,
Though itself be wide and deep,
It would rather not repeat it ;
But 'tis needful I obey ;
Grateful for the care you've shown me.
I am called the Cheik Muléy,
And the King of Fez's nephew.
Of an illustrious race and high,
Boasting many a Bey and Pasha.
But misfortune's son am I ;
Being on life's early threshold
Folded in the arms of death,
On that plain, where many Spaniards
Found their graves, I first drew breath ;
Hopeless boon to me that breathing !
For at Gelves, which you know,
I was born the year that witnessed
There, thy nation's overthrow.
To attend the King my uncle,
Came I young,—but since increase
Day by day my pains and sorrows,
Cease enjoyments, wholly cease !
I to Fez came, and a beauty,
Whom since then my wondering eye
Worshipped, in the house adjoining
Lived, that I might, near her, die.
From the early years of childhood,
(For this love of mine became
Soon so constant, Time was powerless

To consume or quench its flame,) We grew up beside each other. Love within our childish hearts Was not like the rapid lightning, Which with greater fury darts On the tender, weak, and humble, Than upon the proud and strong ; So that he to show the varied Powers that to love belong Struck our hearts with different arrows ; But as water in its course Dropping down on stone, doth mark it, Not indeed through its own force, No, but by continual falling, So those tears of mine, for aye On her heart's-stone downward dropping, Finally did work their way To it, though than diamond harder. And by dint of constant love, And through no excelling merits, Finally did make it move. In this state I lived a season, Oh ! how swift has been its flight ! Tasting, in their sweet aurora, Many an amorous delight— In an evil hour I left her, Left her ! more I need not say, Since in my absence came another Lover, all my peace to slay ; He is happy, I am wretched. He is present, I away. I a captive, he a freeman. Ah ! our fates how different, Since your arm hath made me captive, See how justly I lament.

FERNANDO.

Valiant-hearted Moor and gallant,

If thou adorest in this way,
If, as thou speakest, thou dost worship
If thou dost love as thou dost say ;
If thou art jealous as thou sighest,
If thou dost fear with true dismay,
If thou dost love as thou dost suffer,
Thou sufferest in the happiest way,
And the acceptance of thy freedom
Is all the ransom thou must pay,
Return at once unto thy people,
And this unto thy lady say,
" That thou dost take me as thy servant,
A knight of Portugal doth pray ;"
If she pretends her obligation
For this, to me, some price must pay,
I give to thee whate'er is owing,
So let her love the debt repay.
And thine be all the arrears of interest.
And see thy horse, which lately lay
Exhausted on the ground, hath risen
Refreshed and rested by our stay ;
And since I know love's longing nature,—
How ill the absent brook delay,
I wish no longer to detain thee,
Mount on thy steed and go away.

MULÉY.

My voice to thee, doth answer nothing ;
The flattery of a liberal heart
Is the acceptance of its offer :
Only tell me who thou art ?

FERNANDO.

A man of noble birth, no further.

MULÉY.

Whoe'er thou art, thy conduct gave
This answer : I, through good and evil,
Am eternally thy slave.

FERNANDO.

Take the horse ; it groweth late.

MULÉY.

If it appeareth so to thee,
How more to him who came a captive,
And to his lady goeth free ?

Exit.

FERNANDO.

'Tis generous to bestow a favour,
How much more, life ?

MULÉY, *within*.

Brave Portuguese.

FERNANDO.

'Tis from the horse's back he speaketh ;
What is it now that thou dost please ?

MULÉY, *within*.

To pay thee for so many favours,
Some day the duty shall be mine.

FERNANDO.

May thou enjoy them !

MULÉY, *within*.

A good action
Is never wholly lost ; in fine,
Allah be thy protection, Spaniard !

FERNANDO.

If God be Allah, be he thine !

Trumpets resound from within.

But what trumpet's this, whose sound
Thus disturbs the air, and echoeth o'er the
ground ?

Drums from the opposite side.

And in this direction too
Drums are heard, the music of the two
Is that of Mars.

Enter DON ENRIQUE.

ENRIQUE.

As swift as thought,
Have I, Fernando, for thy presence sought.

FERNANDO.

Brother, what hath happened ?

ENRIQUE.

These loud echoes
Rise from the troops of Fez, and from Morocco's,
For Tarudante hither flies
With succour to the king of Fez, who comes
likewise,
Swollen with pride with all his troops around,
So that two mighty armies ours surround,
And their circling lines extend so far,
That we invaders and invaded are ;
If upon one we turn our backs,
Badly we'll bear the other's fierce attacks,
For here and there around our leagured line
The dazzling lightnings of red Mars outshine :
What shall we do in such disastrous plight ?

FERNANDO.

What ? Why in the fight,
With fearless minds, we'll die as brave men
should.
Are we not Masters ?—Princes of the blood ?
Although it were enough that we had been
Two Portuguese, that never could be seen
Upon our faces any mark of fear :
Let Avis, then, and Christ our Saviour dear,

Be our resounding battle-cry,
 Let us for the faith now die,
 Since our death was here foreseen.

Enter DON JUAN.

JUAN.

Our landing here has most unlucky been.

FERNANDO.

This is no time to think of means gone by,
 Upon our swords alone for help let us rely,
 Since we betwixt two armies' loud alarms
 Are placed—Avis and Christ!—

JUAN.

To arms! to arms!

*They enter with drawn swords. Sounds of a
 battle are heard.*

Enter BRITO.

Since betwixt two armies we
 Are placed, there is no human remedy.
 What a scurvy speech is this!
 Would that the key that locks the realms of
 bliss
 In yonder sky, would open but a chink,
 Through which securely a poor wretch might
 slink
 Who hath wandered to this spot,
 Nor knoweth wherefore or for what;
 But I will pretend to die,
 Hoping, hereafter, death will pass me by.

He lies down on the ground.

Enter a Moor fighting with DON ENRIQUE.

MOOR.

Who is it that thus his breast defendeth
 Against my arm, which like a bolt descendeth
 From the fourth sphere of the skies?

ENRIQUE.

One who, though he stumbles, falls, and dies
Upon his fellow Christian's corses,—
Dreads no living foeman's forces,—
For who I am, let this be said.

They walk over BRITO and exeunt.

Enter MULÉY and DON JUAN COUTIÑO in conflict.

MULÉY.

Valiant Portuguese, to see
Thy strength so great doth grieve not me,
For I would wish that thou shouldst gain
The victory to-day.

JUAN.

Oh ! bitter pain,
Without consideration do I tread
Upon these corses of the Christian dead !—

BRITO, *aside*.

I would let him pardoned be,
If my lord would lightlier tread on me.

Muléy and Juan exeunt.

Enter DON FERNANDO retiring before the KING and the Moors.

KING.

Yield thy sword, brave Portuguese,
If my hand alive can seize
And keep you captive, I do vow
To be thy friend : say, who art thou ?

FERNANDO.

A cavalier : no more reply
Expect to hear : now let me die !—

Enter DON JUAN and places himself by his side.

JUAN.

First, great lord, my breast will be
A diamond wall to shelter thee,
Placed before thee in the strife
I still will guard thy princely life.
Now, my Fernando, by thy deeds declare
The race of which thou art the heir.

KING.

If this I hear, what more do I expect?
Suspend your arms!—no happier effect
From this day's glory any more can be,
This prize is victory enough for me:—
If you must die, or else a captive be,
Accept the sentence given by fate's decree:
Thy sword, Fernando,—give it up to me,
The King of Fez.

Enter MULÉY.

MULÉY, *aside*.

Ah! who is this I see?—

FERNANDO.

Only unto a king's hand would I loose it:
Indeed, 'twere desperation to refuse it.

Enter DON ENRIQUE.

ENRIQUE.

Is my brother taken?—

FERNANDO.

Do not thou,
Enrique, add to my misfortune now

By your lamenting. Fate high lessons grants,
Even in the common accidents of chance.

KING.

Enrique, in my power
Lies Don Fernando, and although this hour,
Showing the vantage I have won
I could command your deaths; yet, as I've
done
Naught to day, but in my own defence,
I can the easier with your blood dispense,
Since to me survives
A wider fame, by sparing of your lives;
And that *you* [*to Enrique*] may bring
With greater speed his ransom from the king,
Do you return: but in my power
Fernando stays, until doth shine the hour
That you return to set him free:—
But say to Edward, *that* will never be,
That vain are all entreaties and demands,
Till Ceuta is surrendered to my hands;—
And now, your Highness, my illustrious foe,
To whom that greatness I shall owe,
Come to Fez with me.

FERNANDO.

I go
To that sphere, whose rays I follow here
below.

MULÉY, *aside*.

Must I ever mourn,
By friendship's ties, and love's suspicions torn!

FERNANDO.

Enrique, though a prisoner here,
Nor fate, nor fortune's malice do I fear:

Say to our brother, be thou of strong heart,
And firmly act a Christian prince's part
In my misfortunes.

ENRIQUE.

Who is so unjust,
That would his magnanimity distrust?

FERNANDO.

This again I charge you, and I say,
Let him act the Christian.

ENRIQUE.

I obey,
And vow full early to return as such.

FERNANDO.

Let me embrace thee.

ENRIQUE.

Is it not too much
That thou a captive still new bonds dost take?
Folds him in his arms.

FERNANDO.

Adieu, Don Juan.

JUAN.

I will not forsake
My gracious prince, so drive me not away!

FERNANDO.

O loyal friend!

ENRIQUE.

O most unhappy day!

FERNANDO.

Say to the king.....but no, 'tis better say
Nothing; in silence, which my grief doth
smother,
Bear thou these tears unto the king, my
brother.

*Exeunt.**Enter two Moors, who see BRITO lying as dead.*

FIRST MOOR.

Here is a Christian lying dead.

SECOND MOOR.

Let us, lest a plague should spread,
Throw these corpses in the sea.

BRITO, *starting up.*

First your skulls must opened be
By such cuts and thrusts as these;
For, even dead, we still are Portuguese.

Exit, pursuing them with his sword.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A MOUNTAIN DISTRICT NEAR FEZ.

Enter PHENIX.

PHENIX.

Estrella! Zara! Rosa! no,
No one answers to my calling!

MULÉY, entering.

One attends thee, like the falling
Shadow which the sun doth throw
Off its radiant disk. For thou
Dost a sun to me appear—
Who am the shadow that it hath.
As I roamed this mountain path,
Thy sweet voice re-echoed near.
What hath happened lady?

PHENIX.

Hear,

If I can its nature state :
Flattering, free, ungrateful, glides
Sweet and smooth, with peaceful tides,
A crystal fountain, all elate
With waves of molten silver plate.
Flattering, for it proffereth
Speech enough, yet doth not feel ;
Smooth, for it can well conceal ;
Free, for loud it uttereth ;
Sweet, because it murmureth ;
And ungrateful, for it flies !
To that fountain's shady place,
Wearied with a wild beast's chase,
Came I with a glad surprise,
For its fresh green canopies

Promised rest and relaxation ;
Being upon one side bound
By a gentle hillock, crowned
With (as if for jubilation)
Wreaths of jasmine and carnation,
Which a shade of crimson light
Flung upon my emerald bed.
Scarcely had I render'd
Up my soul to the delight
Of solitude, when, 'mid the bright
Leaves, did me a sound alarm ;
I attentive looked, and saw
An ancient dame of Africa—
A spirit in a human form,
Marked with all that can deform—
Wrinkles, scowling, haggard, dark—
A living skeleton, a shade ;
But as if with features made
Of a tree's trunk, rude and stark,
Wrapt in rough, unpolished bark ;
With mingled melancholy and
Sadness—doleful passions these,
That my heart's blood she might freeze,
She did take me by the hand,
I, to be like her, did stand
Tree-like, rooted to the ground ;
Ice ran freezing through each vein
At her touch, and through my brain
Venomed horror flew its round.
She, with scarce articulate sound,
Thus appeared to speak to me—
" Hapless woman ! fated woe !
Since, with all thy beauteous show,
All the graces crowning thee,
Thou a corse's prize must be !"
Thus she said, and thus I live
Sadly since, or rather die,
Waiting till the prophecy

Which that tree-like fugitive
Did with doubtful meaning give—
Which that prophet, through the force
Of fate fulfilled without remorse—
Is fulfilled by destiny.
Woe is me ! for I must be .
The worthless guerdon of a corse !

Exit.

MULÉY.

It is easy to explain
This illusion, or this dream,
Since, indeed, it doth but seem
An image of my bosom's pain :
Tarudante is to gain
Thee ; but though my heart doth burst
At the thought, my wrath and hate
Shall compel his joy to wait.
Never shall occur the worst,
Until he shall slay me first !
I may lose thee, that may be,
But I cannot lose and live :
Since my life I then must give,
Ere I come that hour to see,
The life that must abandon me
Is the price that buyeth thee ;
Thou wilt then too surely be
The guerdon of a corse—for I
Shall be seen to pine and die
Through envy, love, and jealousy.

Enter three Christian captives with the Infante

DON FERNANDO.

FIRST CAPTIVE.

From the royal gardens near,
Where we work, we saw your Grace
Lately going to the chase,
And together we come here,
At your feet, in tears, to throw us.

SECOND CAPTIVE.

'Tis the only consolation
Heaven doth grant our situation.

THIRD CAPTIVE.

It, in this, doth pity show us.

FERNANDO.

Friends, come, let my arms enfold you ;
And, God knows, if I, with these,
Could your necks a moment ease
Of the knots and bonds that hold you,
They would give you liberty,
Even before myself. But heaven
May this punishment have given
As a favour, it may be,
As a blessing, if we knew it.
Fate may better grow ere long ;
No misfortune is so strong
But that patience may subdue it.
Bear with that whatever sorrow
Time or fortune makes you see ;
For that fickle deity,
Now a flower, a corpse to-morrow,
Ever changing o'er and o'er—
Yours may alter in a trice ;
But, O God ! to give advice
To the needy, and no more,
Is not wisdom. I would give
Gladly aught that would relieve you,
But, alas, I've naught to give you ;
You the want, my friends, forgive.
I, from Portugal, expect
Succour—it will quickly come ;
Yours will be whatever sum
May be sent for that effect.

I desire it but for ye,
If they come to lead away
Me from slavery, I say
That you all must come with me :—
Go, in God's name, to your tasks,
No offence, your masters giving.

FIRST CAPTIVE.

Lord, to know that thou art living,
Is the only joy that asks
Our enslavement.

SECOND CAPTIVE.

May the years
Of the Phenix be but few
To those granted unto you,
Gracious lord, to live.

The captives go out.

FERNANDO.

With tears
Must the soul refuse relief,
Which their wretched state demands,
Bearing nothing from my hands ;
Who will succour them ? What grief!

MULÉY.

I have stood with admiration,
Seeing the humane affection
With which you the deep dejection
Of these captives' situation
Have relieved.

FERNANDO.

My grief was shown
Truly for the hapless state
Of these captives. By their fate
I may learn to bear my own ;
It may be, perhaps, that some
Day the lesson I may need.

MULÉY.

Says your Highness this indeed ?

FERNANDO.

Born an Infante, I have come
To be a slave ; and thus, I fear,
That from this, I yet may know
Even a lower depth of woe ;
For the distance is less near
From an Infante, a king's brother,
And a captive, than can be
'Twixt degrees of slavery.
One day followeth another,
And thus sorrow follows sorrow,
Pains with pains thus intertwine.

MULÉY.

Would no heavier pain were mine !
You, your Highness, may to-morrow
(Though to-day you here remain
In a brief captivity),
Your dear native country see ;
But for me all hope is vain,
Fortune never will be seen
To grow kinder unto me,
Though the moon less fickle be.

FERNANDO.

At the court of Fez I've been
Now some time, yet you have not,
Of the love you once confest,
Told me aught.

MULÉY.

Within my breast
Lie the favours I have got ;

Those I've sworn to conceal :
But to friendship's laws I bow,
Without breaking of my vow,
I a little may reveal :—
Without equal is her scorn,
So the grief my heart doth prove,
For the Phenix and my love
Were without their fellow born.
In seeing, hearing, and concealing
A Phenix, is my every thought ;
A Phenix every love-distraught
Apprehension, fear, and feeling ;
It is a Phenix that doth ope
The source of every pain and tear.
To feel I merit her yet fear,
A Phenix also is my hope.
The passion that I late revealed
Is now the Phenix I discover ;
Thus, as a friend, and as a lover,
I both have spoken and concealed.

Exit.

FERNANDO.

With heart as skilful as discreet,
He thus his lady's name makes plain,
But if a Phenix be his pain,
I with it cannot compete :—
Mine is but a common pain,
And calmly should be borne as such,
Many have endured as much
Without boasts or wailings vain.

Enter the KING.

KING.

By this mountain's brow, your Highness,
Have I to overtake you ridden,
That before the sun in coral
And in pearly clouds is hidden,

You the struggles of a tiger
In the meshes might admire,
For a circle now is closing
Round it by the huntsmen.

FERNANDO.

Sire,
Every moment art thou planning
Means of pleasing me. If this
Is the way thy slaves thou fêtest,
They will not their country miss.

KING.

Captives of such rare endowments,
That they to their owner pay
Highest honour, is the reason
They are treated in this way.

Enter DON JUAN.

DON JUAN.

Come, my lord, unto the sea-shore,
And behold the fairest creature
That the hand of art e'er fashioned,
Or the mystic power of nature.
For, but now, a Christian galley
To our port has come ; so fair,
That although her darkened bulwarks
Black and mournful colours wear,
Still, the wonder is how sorrow,
Thus, the eye, like gladness, charms.
From her topmasts gaily flutter
Portugal's emblazoned arms ;
Since their Infante is a captive,
Thus they mourn his slavery—
Thus express the people's sorrow,
Though they come to set him free.

FERNANDO.

No, my friend, Don Juan, no ;
This is not their cause of mourning,
If they came to set me free,
On the faith of my returning,
Joyful would their signals be.

*Enter DON ENRIQUE dressed in mourning, and
holding an open paper in his hand.*

ENRIQUE (*to the King*).

Let me, mighty lord, embrace thee !

KING.

May your Highness' years endure ;

FERNANDO (*to Don Juan*).

Ah ! my death is sure, Don Juan.

KING (*to Muléy*).

Ah ! Muléy, my joy is sure !

ENRIQUE.

Now that of your royal welfare,
I, your presence may believe ;
Thou wilt, to embrace my brother,
Mighty monarch, give me leave.
Ah ! Fernando !

They embrace.

FERNANDO.

My Enrique,
Ah ! what garb is this ?—but stay,
Fully have your eyes informed me,
Nothing need your tongue now say ;
Do not weep : if 'tis to tell me
Ever must my slavery be—

E

This is what my soul desireth ;
Thanks you should have asked from me,
And in place of grief and mourning
Worn a gala festal suit.
How is my lord, the King ? If well,
Nothing can I dread :—thou’rt mute !

ENRIQUE.

Since our sorrows, when repeated,
Doubly touch affliction’s chord,
I desire that you should feel them
Only once. Attend, great lord,

To the King.

For, although a rustic palace
This wild rugged mountain be,
Still, I ask you give *me* audience,
To this captive liberty,
And attention to my tidings.
Torn, and tempest-tossed, the fleet,
Which, with empty pride, so lately
Trode the waves beneath its feet,
Leaving here in Africa—
Thine and his own thoughts the prey—
The Infante’s person taken,
Back to Lisbon took its way.
From the moment that King Edward
Heard the tragic news he pined,
For his heart was covered over
With a sadness, and his mind
Passing from the melancholy
Which oppressed it first, gave way
To a lethargy, and dying,
Gave the lie to those who say
Human sorrows are not mortal—
(Ah ! how vainly this is said !)
For our brother, Don Fernando,
For the King himself is dead !

FERNANDO.

Woe is me ! how dear hath proved
My detention !

KING.

This misfortune,
Allah knows, my heart hath moved.
Continue :—

ENRIQUE.

In his will when dying,
Thus, my lord, the King did say :—
That for the Infante's person
Ceuta should be given straightway ;
Thus it is, that with full powers
From Alphonso I have run
(He the rising star of morning
That supplies the absent sun)
Hither, to yield up that city ;
And since

FERNANDO.

Ah ! do not proceed ;
Cease, Enrique, for such language
Is unworthy, not indeed
Of a Portuguese Infante,
Of a knight that doth profess
Christ's religion, but of even
The most vile, whose barbarousness
Never was illuminated
By Christ's everlasting laws.
If my brother, now in heaven,
In his will did leave this clause,
It was not that you should read it
Strictly, but he meant thereby,
That he so desired my freedom :
All proper methods you should try,
Whether peaceable or warlike,

...and the ...

— 2001.

Autocratic monarch

Si consi-

and buckler only,

any standard?

10850

Less many churches,

Zero

our religion?

Improvement,

Heaven,

GROUP 18 81

...crescents,

These sad eclipses?

Second stables,

...so happen,

...grows mute with horror,
...death fail.

...with me;

For the thought doth through me send
Such a thrill, my heart is cloven,
And my hair doth stand on end,
And my body trembles over,
For it was not the first time
Stalls and stables gave a lodging
Unto God. But oh ! the crime
Of becoming mosques ! It seemeth
Like an epitaph—a wide
Mark of infamy undying—
Saying, Here did God abide,
And the Christians now deny it,
Giving it a gift instead
To the demon ! Scarcely ever
(As is ordinarily said)
Does a man offend another
In his own house. Can it be,
Crime should enter thus God's mansion,
To offend him there ; and we—
We ourselves become his escort—
We admit his impious rout—
And, to let the demon enter,
Driving the Almighty out ?
And the Catholics, there dwelling
With their goods and families,
Must prevaricate henceforward
With the faith, or peril these.
Were it proper to occasion
This contingency of sin
By our conduct ? And the tender
Little ones that dwell therein,—
Were it right, these helpless Christians,
From the Moors, through our neglect
Should adopt their rites and customs,
And grow up as of their sect
In a miserable thralldom ?
Is it right, one life should cost
Many lives ? and *that* one being

Of no import if 'twere lost ?
Who am I ? Am I then greater
Than a man ? for if to be
An Infante makes distinction,
I'm a slave. Nobility
Cannot be a slave's adornment.
I am one ; then wrong is he
Who doth call me an Infante.
And, if so, who gives advice,
That the poor life of a captive
Should be bought at such a price ?
Death is but the loss of being,—
I lost mine amid the fight ;
That being gone, my life departed,—
Being dead, it is not right
That so many lives should perish
For the ransom of a corse !
So, these vain and idle powers,
Thus I tear without remorse.

Tears the paper.

Let them be the sunbeam's atoms,
Or the sparkles of the fire,—
No, 'tis best that I devour them,
For my soul doth not desire
That there should survive a letter
Which would tell the world, the brave
Lusitanian spirit ever
Thought of this. I am thy slave,
And, O King, dispose and order
Of my freedom as you please,
For I would, nor could accept it
On unworthy terms like these :
Thou, Enrique, home returning,
Say, in Africa I lie
Buried, for my life I'll fashion
As if I did truly die :—
Christians, dead is Don Fernando ;
Moors, a slave to you remains ;

Captives, you have a companion,
Who to-day doth share your pains :
Heaven, a man restores your churches
Back to holy calm and peace ;
Sea, a wretch remains, with weeping
All your billows to increase ;
Mountains, on ye dwells a mourner
Like the wild beasts soon to grow ;
Wind, a poor man with his sighing
Doubleth all that thou canst blow ;
Earth, a corse within thy entrails
Comes to-day to lay his bones.
For King, Brother, Moors and Christians,
Sun, and moon, and starry zones,
Wind and sea, and earth and heaven,
Wild beasts, hills—let this convince
All of ye, in pains and sorrows,
How to-day a constant Prince
Loves the Catholic faith to honour,
And the law of God to hold.
If there were no other reason,
But that Ceuta doth enfold
A divine church consecrated
To the eternal reverence
Of the Conception of our Lady,
Queen of heaven and earth's events,
I would lose, so she be honoured,
Myriad lives in her defence.

KING.

Thankless, thoughtless, both of us,
And of the great pride and glory
Of our kingdom ; Is it thus
You deprive me, you deny me
What my heart desires so much ?
But if in my realms you govern
More than in your own, can such

Servitude aught else conduct to?
But that I may now engrave
On your mind, you are my captive,
I will treat you as my slave,—
That your friends here, that your brother,
To their eyes may give belief,
That you kiss my feet as vassal.
Fernando kneels at the King's feet.

ENRIQUE.

What misfortune!—

MULÉY, *aside*.

Oh! what grief!

ENRIQUE.

What calamity!

JUAN.

What anguish!

KING.

Now thou art my slave.

FERNANDO.

'Tis true,
Small in this, though, is your vengeance,
For as if all mankind do,
Man one day doth leave earth's bosom,
'Tis but to return to her
At the end of various journeys;
But to thank you, I prefer
To reproachings. Since you teach me,
Even in this way, how best
By the shortest road to reach to
My eternal wished-for rest.

KING.

Being now a slave, you cannot
Titles hold, or rents possess ;
Ceuta now is in thy power,
If, as slave, thou dost confess
That as master I am thine,
Why not, therefore, give me Ceuta ?

FERNANDO.

Because 'tis God's, and is not mine.

KING.

Is it not a well-known precept,
That a slave in all things must
Be obedient to his master ?
Be so now.

FERNANDO.

In all things just,
Heaven, no doubt, commands obedience,
And no slave should fail therein ;
But, if it should chance, the master
Should command the slave to sin,
Then there is no obligation
To obey him : he who sins
When commanded, no less sinneth.

KING.

Thou must die.

FERNANDO.

Then life begins.

KING.

That this blessing may not happen,
Rather dying live : thou'lt see
I can be cruel.

FERNANDO.

And I patient.

KING.

Thou'lt never gain thy liberty.

FERNANDO.

Thou'lt never be the lord of Ceuta.

KING.

Ho! there.

Enter SELIM.

SELIM.

My lord?

KING.

Immediately

Let this captive here be treated
Like the others: let him be
Laden neck and feet with fetters;
Let him tend my horses' stall,
And the baths and gardens; so that
He be humbled as are all;
Let him wear no silken dresses,
But poor lowly serge instead;
Let him eat black bread, and swallow
Brackish water; let his bed
Be in dark and humid dungeons,
And to all who on him wait,
Let this sentence be extended:—
Hence remove them!

ENRIQUE.

What a fate!

MULÉY, *aside.*

How unmerited!

JUAN.

What sorrow!

KING.

Now I'll see, 'twixt thee and me,
Barbarian, if thy patience lasteth
Like my wrath.

FERNANDO.

Yes, thou shalt see,
For with me it is eternal.

He is led out.

KING.

Enrique, as my hand is given,
I permit thee to withdraw,
And to Lisbon, back returning,
Leave the sea of Africa ;
Say at home, that their Infante,
Their Grand Master, dwells with me,
Occupied about my horses,
Let them come to set him free.

ENRIQUE.

They will do so. If I leave him
In this wretched misery,
And my heart bleeds, that I cannot
In it his companion be,
'Tis because I hope the sooner,
Coming in an army's van,
To return to give him freedom.

KING.

Well, thou'lt do so, if you can.

MULÉY, *aside*.

Now has come a fit occasion
All my gratitude to show,
Life I owe unto Fernando,
And I'll pay the debt I owe.

Exeunt

SCENE II.—THE KING'S GARDEN.

*Enter SELIM and DON FERNANDO dressed as a slave,
and in chains.*

SELIM.

The King commands that you assist
In this garden ; do thou not resist,
Disobeying what he hath decreed.

Exit.

FERNANDO.

My patience shall his cruelty exceed.

*Enter some Christian captives ; one sings while the
others dig in the garden.*

FIRST CAPTIVE *sings.*

To the conquest of Tangiers,
'Gainst the tyrant king of Fez,
The Infante Don Fernando
Did the king, his brother, send.

FERNANDO.


There's not a moment but my story will
The sorrowing memory of mankind fill !
I am sad and troubled sore.

SECOND CAPTIVE.

Captive, why to sorrow thus give o'er ?
Do not weep—be cheerful—the Grand Master
Said, he would bring from out of this disaster
Back to his country every captive here.

FERNANDO, *aside.*

How soon this cheering hope must disappear !



SECOND CAPTIVE.

Console yourself, and trust to fortune's
powers,
Assist me now to irrigate these flowers,
Take thou two pails, and water bring this
way
From yonder pond.

FERNANDO, *aside*.

I struggle to obey :—
A fitting burden have you bid me bear,
Since it is water that you ask me, which my
care
Sowing sorrows, cultivating sighs,
Can fill from out the currents of mine eyes !
Erit.

SECOND CAPTIVE.

To the prison quarters they are leading
Other captives.

Enter DON JUAN and other captives.

JUAN.

Let us look with careful heeding,
If these shady gardens screen him,
Or, perchance, these captives may have seen
him,
For when in his company,
Less our sorrow and our grief will be,
And more our consolation :
Tell me, friend, and may heaven compensation
Grant you for it ! Have you seen his grace
Fernando, the Grand Master, working in this
place ?

SECOND CAPTIVE.

No, friend, him I have not seen.

JUAN.

Scarcely can I, my tears and sorrow screen.

THIRD CAPTIVE.

I repeat, they ope our prison bounds,
And lead new captives to these garden
grounds.

Enter DON FERNANDO carrying two pails of water.

FERNANDO, *aside*.

Mortals, do not wonder at surveying
A grand master of Avis, an Infante, playing
Such an ignoble part; for Time
Oft acts these tragic scenes upon his stage
sublime.

JUAN.

It is my lord!—but oh! 'tis past belief
I see your Highness in this state: with grief,
Within my breast, my heart doth burst in
twain!

FERNANDO.


May God forgive you, for the unconscious
pain,
Don Juan, you have caused in thus revealing
Who I am. I hoped, my rank concealing,
Among my countrymen to live unknown,
And make their wretched poverty my own.

FIRST CAPTIVE.

My lord, for pardon I most humbly sue,
Being but now so rude and blind to you.

THIRD CAPTIVE.

Let me embrace your feet, my lord.



FERNANDO.

My friend,
Arise: these ceremonies now must end.

JUAN.

Your Highness. . . .

FERNANDO.

Highness! how can one be so,
Condemned to lead a life so meanly low?
See that an humbler name I crave,
For I will live among you as a slave,
Only as an equal and a friend
I must be treated.

JUAN.

Why does Heaven not send
Its dreadful bolt to crush me with the slain?

FERNANDO.

A man of noble soul should ne'er complain
Of fate, Don Juan: who distrusts in heaven?
Now an example should by us be given
Of prudence, valour, fortitude, my friend.

Enter ZARA with a basket.

The lady Phenix hither doth descend,
And commands, with flowers of various shade,
A garland for this basket should be made.

FERNANDO.

I hope to bring them to her, presently;
First in this pleasing service let me be.

FIRST CAPTIVE.

Let us, at least, assist you as you cull.

ZARA.

Here I await you, while the flowers you pull.

FERNANDO.

Pay me no idle courtesy.
Henceforth your pains and mine must equal be.
And if our sight to-day a difference strike,
Death comes to-morrow and makes all things
like.

It were not wisdom, then, but cause of sorrow
Not to do now what must be done to-morrow.

*Exeunt the INFANTE and the Captives, they
following him respectfully.*

Enter PHENIX and ROSA.

PHENIX.

Have you ordered they should choose me
Some fresh flowers ?

ZARA.

I so have ordered.

PHENIX.

In my troubled and disordered
State, their colours may amuse me.

ROSA.

Lady, I in wonder lose me,
Seeing fantasies continue
Thus to melancholy win you.

ZARA.

What controls thee thus, what law ?

PHENIX.

Ah, it was no dream I saw
When I lay with frozen sinew,
But my own impending woe.
When a wretch doth dream with pleasure
That he owns some wished-for treasure,
Zara, I avow and know

That his bliss is only seeming;
 But if he continues dreaming
 That his fortune hath forsaken,
 And that ruin hath o'ertaken,
 Though both good and evil wind
 Through his dreams, the wretch doth find
 But the last when he doth waken!
 Thus will be my fate; ah! me,
 Pitiless, without remorse.

ZARA.

What remaineth for a corse,
 If now you mourn thus piteously?

PHENIX.

Ah! 'tis the fate reserved for me.
 The guerdon of a corse!—what eye
 Ever saw such misery?
 Naught remains to me but sighs;
 Must I be a corse's prize?
 Who will be that corse then?—

Enter FERNANDO with the flowers.

I!

PHENIX.

Who is this, O heavens! I view?

FERNANDO.

What disturbs thee?

PHENIX.

Hearing, seeing
 Such a wretched state of being?

FERNANDO.

I can well believe that true:
 Wishing, lady, upon you

F

To attend in humble duty,
I have brought thee flowers, whose beauty
Typifies my fate, Señora ;
They are born with Aurora,
And they perish ere the dew.

PHENIX.

When this *marvel* came to light
It was given a fitting name.

FERNANDO.

Is not every flower the same
That I bear thee in this plight?

PHENIX.

It is true, but say whose spite
Caused this novelty ?

FERNANDO.

My fate.

PHENIX.

Is it then so strong ?

FERNANDO.

So great.

PHENIX.

You afflict me.

FERNANDO.

Do not grieve.

PHENIX.

Why ?

FERNANDO.

Because a man doth live
Death and fortune's abject mate.

PHENIX.

Are you not Fernando ?

FERNANDO.

Yes.

PHENIX.

Changed by what ?

FERNANDO.

Captive souls. The laws that wring

PHENIX.

By whom ?

FERNANDO.

The King.

PHENIX.

Why ?

FERNANDO.

My life he doth possess.

PHENIX.

To-day I saw him thee caress.

FERNANDO.

And yet he doth abhor me now.

PHENIX.

How can it be that he and thou
So late conjoined, twin stars of light,
But one short day could disunite ?

FERNANDO.

These flowers have come to tell thee how.—

These flowers awoke in beauty and delight,
At early dawn, when stars began to set—
At eve they leave us but a fond regret,—
Locked in the cold embraces of the night.
These shades that shame the rainbow's arch of light,
Where gold and snow in purple pomp are met,
All give a warning, man should not forget,
When one brief day can darken things so bright.
'Tis but to wither that the roses bloom—
'Tis to grow old they bear their beauteous flowers,
One crimson bud their cradle and their tomb.
Such are man's fortunes in this world of ours ;
They live, they die, one day doth end their doom.
For ages past but seem to us like hours !

PHENIX.

Horror, terror, make me fear thee ;
I nor wish to see nor hear thee.
Be thou then the first of those
Whose woe hath scared another's woes.

FERNANDO.

And the flowers ?

PHENIX.

If they can bear thee
Emblems of mortality,
Let them broken, scattered be ;—
They must know my wrath alone.

FERNANDO.

For what fault must they atone ?

PHENIX.

Like to stars they seem to me.

FERNANDO.

Then you do not wish them ?

PHENIX.

No ;

All their rosy light I scorn.

FERNANDO.

Why ?

PHENIX.

A woman is, when born,
Subject to life's common foe,
And to fortune's overthrow,
Which methought this star did figure.

FERNANDO.

Are the stars like flowers ?

PHENIX.

'Tis so.

FERNANDO.

This I do not see, although
I myself have wept their rigour.

PHENIX.

Listen.

FERNANDO.

Speak, I wish to know.

PHENIX.

These points of light, these sparkles of pure fire,
Their twinkling splendours boldly torn away
From the reluctant sun's departing ray,
Live when the beams in mournful gloom retire.
These are the flowers of night that glad Heaven's
choir,
And o'er the vault their transient odours play.
For if the life of flowers is but one day,
In one short night the brightest stars expire.

But still we ask the fortunes of our lives,
Even from this flattering spring-tide of the skies,
'Tis good or ill, as sun or star survives.
Oh ! what duration is there ? who relies
Upon a star ? or hope from it derives,
That every night is born again and dies ?

Exit.

Enter MULÉY.

MULÉY.

Until Phenix had departed,
Here I hid me from her sight,
For the most adoring eagle
Flieth sometimes from the light ;
Are we now alone ?

FERNANDO.

Yes.

MULÉY.

Hear me !

FERNANDO.

Brave Muléy, what is thy will ?

MULÉY.

That you know—that faith and honour
Warm a Moorish bosom still.
I know not how first to speak of,
How to think of, such a crime !—
How to tell the pain I've suffered
For this fickle frown of Time !
For this ruin, this injustice !
This dark boon that Fortune grants,
This, the world's most sad example,—
This inconstancy of chance !
But I run some risk if people
See me speaking here to thee,

For, without respect to treat you
Is the king's proclaimed decree ;
And thus, leaving to my sorrow
What my voice would fain repeat,
Let it tell, I come to throw me,
As thy slave, before thy feet.
I am thine, and thus, Infante,
I come here, but not to show
Favour to a fallen foeman,
But to pay the debt I owe !
The existence you have given me
I return thee, for indeed
A good action is a treasure
Guarded for the doer's need :
And since here I stand foot-fastened
By the unseen chains of fear—
And above my neck and bosom
Knife and cord hang threatening near—
I desire, in briefest language,
To inform you in one word,
That to-night I will have ready
By the shore, a vessel moored,
Full equipped ; and in the loop-holes
Of the cells, I shall prepare
Instruments, which will unfasten
Those unworthy chains you wear.
On the outside of your dungeons
I myself the locks will break ;
So that you and all the captives
Prisoned now in Fez, may take
Your departure for your country ;
And be certain, that I stay
Here in Fez secure from danger ;
Since I easily can say
That they overpowered their masters,
And escaped amid the strife.
Thus we two will put in safety
I my honour, you your life ;

Though 'tis certain—if it reacheth
 The King's ear, I let thee fly—
 He will treat me as a traitor ;
 But I shall not grieve to die :
 And as money may be needful
 To conciliate the will
 Of those near you, see these jewels,
 Golden treasures amply fill
 Their minute, but rich proportions ;
 This, Fernando, is the way
 That I give to thee my ransom,
 Thus my obligation pay.
 For a true and noble captive
 Ne'er should rest, until he bring
 Payment back for such a favour.

FERNANDO.

I would wish indeed to thank you
 For my freedom ; but the King
 Cometh to the garden.

MULÉY.

Has he
 Seen you with me ?

FERNANDO.


No.

MULÉY.

If seen,
 'Twere suspicious.

FERNANDO.

Of these branches
 I will make a rustic screen,
 Which will hide me while he passes.
Conceals himself.



Enter the KING.

KING, *aside*.

Ah ! in secret stand Muléy
And Fernando ! why in seeing
Me, does one thus go away,
And the other thus dissemble ?
There is some concealment here,
Be it certain or not certain,
I must be secure from fear
Of all treason. [*Aloud.*] I am happy.....

MULÉY.

Lord, I greet thee on my knee.

KING.

Here to find thee !

MULÉY.

Speak thy orders.

KING.

Much it grieves me, not to see
Ceuta mine.

MULÉY.

Then to its conquest,
Crowned with wreaths of laurel, wend ;
For their swords against thy valour
Badly can its walls defend.

KING.

By a more domestic warfare
I expect to gain my end.

MULÉY.

In what manner ?

KING.

In this manner,
I, Fernando's pride must bend,
Giving him such rigid treatment
That he must, or swiftly die,
Or to me surrender Ceuta ;
Know then, friend Muléy, that I
Have some cause to fear the person
Of the Grand Master not secure,
Now in Fez. The captives, seeing
Him dishonoured thus, and poor,
Will, I do not doubt, soon murmur,
And break out in mutiny :
Were this not so, it is certain
Powerful interest has he ;
And the strongest cells will open
Ever to a golden key.

MULÉY, *aside*.

I desire now to confirm him
In the thought that this can be,
That he may have no suspicion
Of myself. [*Aloud.*] It seems to me
You are right—they mean to free him.

KING.

There remains one remedy,
That my power may not be outraged.

MULÉY.

And it is, my lord ?

KING.

To thee—
To thy charge, Muléy, to trust him—
To thy care and custody—
Let not fear nor interest move thee,

Keep him safe in field and cell :—
Thou art the Infante's guardian,
Look to it, thou guard him well,
In what circumstance soever
You must be accountable.

Exit.

MULÉY.

Without any doubt, our concert
By the King was overheard :
Bless me, Allah !

Enter FERNANDO.

What afflicts thee ?

MULÉY.

Have you heard him ?

FERNANDO.

Every word.

MULÉY.

Then why is it that you ask me
What afflicts me ? Suffering
In a blind and dark confusion,
And, between my friend and king,
Seeing friendship thus and honour
With each other combating ;
If to thee I should be loyal,
I to him must traitor be ;
If to him continue faithful,
Fail in gratitude to thee.
What then can I do ? O heavens !
At the very time I came
To restore you to your freedom
He my confidence should claim,
Thus the better to secure thee.

What, I ask ? And if the key
Of our secret is discovered
By the King himself ! From thee
Do I ask advice and counsel,
Tell me what I ought to do ?

FERNANDO.

Brave Muléy, both love and friendship
Are inferior to those two—
Loyalty and upright honour.
No one equals to a king,
He alone himself doth equal ;
This then is my counselling :
Heed not me, but serve *him* truly,
And that you may disregard
Any fears about your honour,
I myself will be its guard.
Should another come to offer
Freedom, I do promise thee
Not to take it—that your honour
Rest inviolate with me.

MULÉY.

Do not counsel me, Fernando,
As loyally, as courteously ;
To you, I know, my life is owing,
And that to pay you is but right.
And so, the plan that I projected,
I will prepare against the night ;
Be thou free, my life remaineth
Here to suffer in the stead
Of thy death : secure thy freedom,
After that I nothing dread.

FERNANDO.

Were it just that I should be
So tyrannic, and so cruel
With the man that pities me ?

And destroy his stainless honour,
Who to me is giving life?
No : and thus I wish to make you
Umpire of my cause and life.
Do thou give me counsel also ;
Ought I take my liberty
From a man who stays to suffer
In my place ? and let him be
Cruel to his dearest honour ?
What do you advise ?

MULÉY.

I know not
Which to say, or yea or nay ;
If the latter, it will grieve me
That I e'er that word could say ;
If the former—there is something
In my bosom that doth tell,
That in saying "yes" unto thee,
I do not advise thee well.

FERNANDO.

So advise ; my God obeying,
And what his religion says,
I a constant Prince will show me
Here in servitude in Fez.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A HALL IN THE COUNTRY PALACE OF
THE KING OF FEZ.*Enter MULÉY and the KING.*MULÉY, *aside*.

Since all aid is unavailing,
From the lines the king doth draw
Round Fernando: the detailing
Of his sufferings may:—the law
Of true friendships is unfailing. [*Aloud.*]
If, my lord, I thee have served,
On land or sea, in any way,—
If my heart hath never swerved
From the allegiance it should pay,
If a boon I have deserved,
Be it thy attention.

KING.

Say.

MULÉY.

Don Fernando. . . .

KING.

Say no more.

MULÉY.

Wilt thou not hear me then, before
You thus refuse me?

KING.

No, that word

Offends too much.

MULÉY.

And why, my lord ?—

KING.

Because, now every chance is o'er
Of doing what thou wouldst require,
If 'tis for him that thou shouldst ask.

MULÉY.

My lord, and dost thou not desire
To know how I discharge the task
Thyself hath given ?

KING.

Well, speak ; mine ire
Shall ne'er be seen in pity's mask.

MULÉY.

Fernando, whose unhappy fate
Survives his glory, once so great,
Still lives, but in such abject thrall,
That him the wondering world doth call
A miracle of adverse fate,
Feeling the wrath—a better word
Perhaps would be the boundless power—
Of thy imperial crown, my lord,
And victim of his pride—this hour
Doth feel a misery so abhorred,
That he in such a place doth lie
So lonely and so vile, that I
Will not offend your ears to name ;
And there, infirm, and poor, and lame,
He asketh alms from passers by ;
For as your orders were that he
Should sleep but in a dungeon's murk,
And on your steeds attendant be,
And in the prison quarters work ;
And none should give him food, we see

Him so reduced from what he has been,
His pallid cheek so worn and wan ;
His tottering limbs, that make him lean
Upon a staff ; all changed or gone
His princely air, his royal mien ;
Passing the chilly night away
In stony cells, as he begun,
Still firm in his resolve. When play,
At length, the pure beams of the sun,
Who is the father of the day,
His fellow-slaves (how grieved thereat !)
Upon a miserable mat,
Lifting him, place him, worn and weak,
Upon (since I the name must speak)
A dung-heap ! for neglect begat
A state so loathsome, none will let
Him near their homes ; and so he lies,
A sight no eye can e'er forget.
Shuddering, the gazer from him flies,
Nor feels compassion, nor regret.
Nor word nor aid to him doth send ;
One servant, and one faithful friend,
A cavalier, alone remain
To solace him amid his pain,
And both divide, as they attend,
With him their scant supply of food,
Too small for one, to do one good,
For scarcely have the lips possess'd
The morsel, but it seeks the breast,
The mouth not tasting as it should ;
And even your people punish these,
Because, by pity moved, they wait
To give their master some slight ease,
To them, no punishment so great,
As that your servants, should they please,
May rudely tear them each from each :
While one doth leave him, to beseech

Some food, the other doth remain
To give him solace in his pain
By kindly act, or soothing speech :
Conclude a suffering so severe,
And draw the Prince, so please your Grace,
From his sad state and dungeon drear,
Let horror move you in the place
Of pity's pang, or sorrow's tear.

KING.

'Tis well, Muléy.

Enter PHENIX.

PHENIX.

My lord, if ever
I have, by dutiful endeavour,
Deserved in aught to gain from thee
A boon, I come, your Majesty,
This day to ask of you a favour.

KING.

What could I then deny to thee ?

PHENIX.

The Prince Fernando.....

KING.

Oh ! 'tis well,—
Of this, no further speak to me !

PHENIX.

No human tongue has power to tell
The horror of his state. From thee
It was my only wish to pray.....

KING.

Oh ! Phenix, cease, be silent, stay,
Who is it that Fernando then
Thus makes an outcast among men ?

Thus slowly killeth day by day ?
If he, for being madly brave,
And obstinate in a wild resolve,
Thus pines away, a lonely slave,
And sees the tardy days revolve—
'Twas he himself the sentence gave,
Not I who doomed him to this woe ;
Is it not in his power to go
From out this misery and live ?
A word can do it. Let him give
Up Ceuta to my hands, and so
Thus end those rigours and those pains.

Enter SELIM.

SELIM.

My lord, before the palace doors,
Crave audience, two ambassadors,
One from Morocco's neighbouring plains,
And one from Alphonso—he who reigns
O'er Portugal.

PHENIX, *aside.*

Still greater pains !
Doubtless he comes to lead the way
To Tarudante.

MULÉY, *aside.*

Heavens ! from me
Now hope withdraws its cheering ray ;
By friendship and by jealousy,
I have lost all things in one day !

Enter ALPHONSO and TARUDANTE from opposite sides.

TARUDANTE.

Most illustrious King of Fez.....

ALPHONSO.

King of Fez so proud and mighty.....

TARUDANTE.

May thy glory.....

ALPHONSO.

Thy existence.....

TARUDANTE.

Never die.....

ALPHONSO.

Be ever gloriant.....

TARUDANTE, *to PHENIX.*

And thou, this sun's serene Aurora.....

ALPHONSO.

Thou its setting's hopeful Orient.....

TARUDANTE.

Spite of years, may you continue.....

ALPHONSO.

Spite of time, may you be reigning.....

TARUDANTE.

To be gladdened.....

ALPHONSO.

To be honoured.....

TARUDANTE.

Tasting pleasures.....

ALPHONSO.

Laurels gaining.....

TARUDANTE.

Great enjoyments.....

ALPHONSO.

Mighty triumphs.....

TARUDANTE.

Little evil.....

ALPHONSO.

Good unsparing.....

TARUDANTE.

While I speak, say, Christian, why
Thus to speak, art though so daring?

ALPHONSO.

Because whenever I am by,
I speak first, my wish declaring.

TARUDANTE.

To me, as of the Moorish nation,
The foremost place is surely own ;
When kindred races meet, to strangers
A preference should ne'er be shown.

ALPHONSO.

In lands where courtesy is shown,
Quite a different rule prevaleth ;
In every clime, in every zone,
A guest the foremost place receiveth.

TARUDANTE.

However strong may be this reason,
By it I am not overthrown ;
Since as a guest I have come hither,
The foremost place is mine alone.

KING.

Enough of this—let both of ye

With equal favour here be seated ;
The Portuguese speak first, for he
Should, from his different faith, be treated
With greater honour.

TARUDANTE, *aside*.

I am wroth.

ALPHONSO.

Brief will be my simple story :—
Don Alphonso, Portugal's
Famous King, whose deathless glory
Will be told with tongues of bronze,
Spite of death's annihilation,
And of envy : unto thee
Greeting sends and salutation,
And doth ask you, since it seemeth
Don Fernando seeks not freedom,
Since the life that he redeemeth
Should the city of Ceuta cost ;
That the fullest value of it
Should be rated at a price
More than avarice could covet
Or the most liberal despise :
Gold and silver he doth proffer
More than two such cities' worth,
For his ransom : and this offer
He doth make in friendly guise,
Which if you refuse, with bolder
Front he'll come to set him free ;
For upon the smooth, white shoulder
Yonder of the labouring sea,
Towns arise amid the water
Of a thousand war-ships built,
And he swears with fire and slaughter
Him to free, and thee subdue—
Leaving all these bright plains covered
O'er with crimson blood, so that
What the rising sun discovered

Green-hued emeralds dewy wet,
He will leave behind him lying
Rubies red when he doth set.

TARUDANTE.

Though, as an ambassador,
Mine should not be the replying,
Still in what concerns my King,
Christian, I will dare to venture,
For this insult is to him :
And my lord here will not censure
That his son at such a time
Could not patiently forget him :
So, on his part, you can say
To your King Alphonso, let him
Hither come, but in a space
Shorter than from night till morn,
He will see his veins' warm purple
Soon these verdant hills adorn ;
So that even the heavens will think
They must have forgot to form
Any flower except the pink.

ALPHONSO.


If thou wert my equal, Moor,
This dispute were swiftly settled,
And the victory would lie
'Twixt two young men, manly-mettled.
Tell your King, that he come hither,
If renowned he wish to be,
Mine will not delay, believe me.

TARUDANTE.

You almost said that thou wert he,
And if so, I, Tarudante,
Stand prepared to answer thee.

ALPHONSO.

In the field I will await thee.



TARUDANTE.

There, as thou wilt quickly find,
I shall not too long delay thee!
I am lightning!

ALPHONSO.

I the wind!

TARUDANTE.

I am fury!

ALPHONSO.

I am death!

TARUDANTE.

Do you not tremble but to hear me?

ALPHONSO.

Do you not die, but to come near me?

KING.

My lords, will both your Highnesses—
Now that your wrath has torn asunder
The dark disguise of curtained shade,
Which hid each royal planet under—
Will you remember, 'neath this sky,
No battle-field can be selected
Without my leave: which I deny;
That time be mine, for my projected
Service.....

ALPHONSO.

I do not receive
Or hospitality or favour
From one who so has made me grieve;
I seek Fernando, the endeavour
To behold him is the cause
Why, disguised thus, I have ventured
Driven by duty here to Fez,
And before your court I entered

I was told that you did spend
At this pleasure-house a season,
And I hither came to end
My faint hope, or with more reason
To await a certain pain ;
Be it known, my lord, I only
For your answer here remain.

KING.

And that answer, King Alphonso,
Shall be very brief and plain ;
If you do not give me Ceuta,
Him, for this, thou shalt not bear.

ALPHONSO.

Since for him I have come hither,
And without him go, prepare
For the war I now declare ;
And [*To Tarudante*] ambassador, whoe'er
Thou may'st be, amid the fray
We shall soon see one another ;
Tremble Africa to-day.

Exit.

TARUDANTE.

Since I cannot have the joy,
Beauteous Phenix, of thy seeing
Me as thy attendant slave,
Let me taste the bliss of being
At thy feet ; thy hand present
To him, who his soul doth give thee.

PHENIX.

Let your Highness not augment,
Mighty lord, the suit and honour
You have shown me, which I prize,
Knowing what to me is owing.

MULÉY, *aside*.

What does he expect, whose eyes
See this sight and yet surviveth ?

KING.

Since your Highness thus in Fez
Unexpectedly arriveth,
You will pardon us the way
We receive you.

TARUDANTE.

Pressing duty

Will not let me here delay
Longer than a passing moment ;
And supposing that I came
As ambassador, with powers
My betrothed wife to claim—
You your full consent had given :
Not being so, yet still for this,
May I hope I shall not forfeit
That quick certainty of bliss ?

KING.

In everything, my lord, you conquer,
And so, to set that doubt at rest,
And that all needful preparation
For such a war be made, 'tis best
Your mind be altogether freed from
Cares like these ; and so return,
That you may be here the sooner
Joined with me the foe to spurn,
Should they dare to try the passage,—
These threatened hosts of Portugal.

TARUDANTE.

That is but of small importance ;
As I came here so I shall

Quick return, conducting with me
Such a host of armed men,
That these desert plains shall look like
Crowded murmuring cities then ;
Soon shall I be here, thy soldier.

KING.

Then with speed let all things be
Ordered for the journey. Phenix,
It is right to Fez with me
Thou shouldst come, to glad that city.
Muléy !

MULÉY.

My gracious lord !

KING.

Prepare
A chosen escort from the army,
As unto thy special care
Phenix I intrust, till safely
Thou dost leave her with her spouse.

Exit.

MULÉY, *aside.*

This new ill was all I wanted,
Since stern fate no more allows
My poor succour to Fernando,
Let despair entwine his brows,
Now this glimmering hope hath vanished.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A STREET IN FEZ.

DON JUAN COUTIÑO, BRITO, *and other Captives,*
enter, supporting DON FERNANDO: they place
him on a mat upon the ground.

FERNANDO.

Place me here, where I can view,
With gladdened heart and will subdued,
The cloudless light of heaven's pure blue.
O mighty Lord! so great and good,
To thee what boundless thanks are due!
When Job, as I, in anguish lay,
He curses on the day did pray,
But then it was because of sin
Which he had been engendered in;
But I, far different, bless the day
For all the graces God doth cheer
Our hearts through it—for it is clear
That every beauteous roseate hue,
And every beam that gilds the blue,
But living tongues of fire appear
To praise and bless him without end.

BRITO.

Does then your lordship feel so well?

FERNANDO.

Better than I deserve, my friend:
O Lord of Heaven! what tongue can tell
The mercies that to me you send?—
When from a dungeon's darksome gleam
Thou lead'st me forth, thou dost impart
To my chill blood the sun's warm beam.
O Lord! how liberal thou art!—

FIRST CAPTIVE.

Heaven knows, how great a boon we'd deem
The favour of being left with thee ;
But the hour warns us, we must be
At work.

FERNANDO.

My sons, adieu !—

SECOND CAPTIVE.

What bitter grief !

THIRD CAPTIVE.

What sight to see !

Exeunt.

FERNANDO.

Will you remain with me, ye two ?—

JUAN. •

I too must also leave you now.

FERNANDO.

What can I do when thou art gone ?—

JUAN.

My lord, I will return anon ;
I only go to seek, somehow,
A little food ; for since Muléy
From Fez was forced to go away,
On us has fallen a total dearth
Of human help upon the earth ;
But I will go without delay
To try and gain it, even although
I make impossible demands ;
For all who see me, fear to go
Against the edict, which commands
That even to a drop of water, no
Hand should give, or sell me aught,

Because they know it is for thee ;—
To such a state has fortune brought
Our sad condition : but I see
People advancing hither.

Exit.

FERNANDO.

Oh !

Would my voice could move to pity
Any heart in all this city !—
That the brief moments I may live
To greater suffering I may give !—

Enter the KING, TARUDANTE, PHENIX, and SELIM.

SELIM.

By a street, my lord, you've gone,
Where, perforce, you needs must be,
By the Infante, seen and known.

KING, *to Tarudante.*

Thou hast come for this alone,
That my greatness thou mayst see.

TARUDANTE.

Honours still thou showest me.

FERNANDO.

Give a wretch in charity
Some relief, however scant ;
Look, a fellow-man am I,
In affliction and in want,
And with very hunger die.
Men, take pity on a man ;
Wild beasts pity one another ;
Will not man a suffering brother ?

BRITO.

This I think is not the plan
Here of asking—try another.

FERNANDO.

How ?

BRITO.

You should have thus began :—
Let your pity, Moors, be shown
Now unto this poor man's profit,
Let some food to him be thrown ;
I ask it by the holiest bone
Of Mahomet, the great Prophet.

KING, *aside*.

That his constancy received
Naught of change, though thus bereaved,
Offends, insults me more than all ;
Infante ! Prince ! [*Aloud*].

BRITO.

The king doth call.

FERNANDO.

On me ?—no, Brito, thou'rt deceived,
No Prince, no proud Infante, I,—
But the poor corse of what were they.—
And since almost in earth I lie,
Their names are not my names to-day,
Whate'er they've been in days gone by.

KING.

Since you disown your rank and birth,
Then, as Fernando, answer me.

FERNANDO.

Now must I raise me from the earth,
And slowly creeping unto thee,
Embrace thy feet.

KING.

Thy constancy
Continues still to vex me so ;
Is thy obedience humbleness
Or resolution ?

FERNANDO.

'Tis to show
What great respect a slave doth owe
Unto his lord, nor more nor less ;
And since I am thy slave at present,
And in thy presence now appear,
I will e'en venture to address thee,
My lord and King, and pray thee hear :
King I call thee, though thou beest
Of another law, for so august
Is the divinity of monarchs—
So strong and absolute—it must
Ever pitying minds engender,
And make all noble blood display
Pity and wisdom, as its nature.
For even 'mong brutes and beasts of prey
This name, authority so ample
Does in its wondrous way enforce,
That, by a certain law, obedience
Follows in Nature's usual course ;
And thus, within his rude republics,
We read the lion-king doth reign,
Who, when his horrid front he wrinkleth,
And crowns him with his royal mane,
Feels pity, for he ne'er abuseth
Whatever prey his wrath hath slain.
So on the sea's salt foam the dolphin,
Who is the king of fish, we're told,
Worketh upon his azure shoulder,
In scales of silver and of gold,
The shape of crowns ; and we behold him,
When the wild tempest shrieks with glee,
Bear on his back the sinking seaman,
Lest he should perish in the sea.
The eagle, too, so proud and noble,
He, with his tuft of plumes upcurled,
Diadem-like, by winds, is king
Of all the birds that from this world

Rise to salute the sun in heaven ;
And he, through pity just and brave,
Downwards darts, lest man in drinking,
Should, amid the silver wave,
Drink his death ; for o'er the crystal
Oft the snake his poison flings,
Which he scatters by the motion
Of his disturbing beak and wings.
So 'mong plants and precious stones
Is extended and deciphered
This imperial law of thrones.
The pomegranate which o'ershoots,
Crowned with flowers, the topmast branches,
Proof that it is queen of fruits,
Withers all its poisoned berries,
Which, like rubies, glisten through,
Turning them to yellow topaz,
Of a pale and sickly hue.
And the diamond, in whose presence
Even the loadstone turns away
From its beloved north, thus showing
How its true king it doth obey,
Is so noble, that the treason
Of its lord it cannot hide,
And its hardness, which the burin
Finds too flinty to divide,
Of its own accord dissolveth
Into small and shining dust.
If then, among beasts and fishes,
Plants, and stones, and birds, the august
Majesty of King, is pity—
It, my lord, were not unjust
That men's bosoms should possess it—
A different faith does not withdraw
You from this rule ; since, to be cruel
Is condemned by every law.
Think not I desire to move thee
By my anguish and my pain,

To the end that life you give me :
This, my voice seeks not to gain ;
For I know that I must perish
Of this malady which dims
All my senses, and which, frost-like,
Creepeth o'er my weary limbs ;
I know well that I am wounded
By death's hand, for every word
That my feeble breath can utter
Cuts me like a keen-edged sword :
For I know that I am mortal,
Not secure of life one hour,
And 'tis doubtless to exhibit
Life and death's divided power,
That the cradle and the coffin
Are so like each other wrought ;
For it is a natural action
When a man receiveth aught,
That his hands he raiseth upward,
Joined together in this way.
But should he express refusal,
By a similar action, may
His intent be known, by simply
Turning them averted down ;
So, the world, to prove it seeks us
When we're born, without a frown
In a cradle doth receive us,
Leaving us securely lain
In its open arms : but should it,
Or through fury or disdain,
Wish to drive us forth, it turneth
Back her hands, with the intent,
That the coffin's mute material
Be of that same instrument,
For an upturned open cradle
When reversed, becomes a tomb.
Since we live in such assurance
Of our death—the common doom—

That when we are born, together
We our first and last bed see ;
What expects he who this heareth ?
Who that knows this, what waits he ?
It is certain, that it cannot
Be to live ; undoubtedly,
Then, 'tis death, and this I ask thee,
That the heavens may thus comply
With my earnest wish of dying
For the faith. But think not, I
Seek this boon through desperation,
Or from a dislike to live ;
No, but from the strongest impulse
That I feel, my life to give
In the defence of my religion,
And to lay before God's feet
Life and soul breathed out together :
Thus, although I death entreat,
Will this impulse exculpate me.
If, through pity, thou dost slight
This request, let anger move thee.
Art thou a lion ? then 'tis right,
That thou roar and tear in pieces
Him who in thy wrathful mood
Injures, wrongeth, and offends thee.
Art thou an eagle ? then you should
Wound with vengeful beak and talons
Him who would dare despoil thy nest.
Art thou a dolphin ? then be herald
Of storms to move the seaman's breast,
How that the sea this huge world furrows.
Art thou a kingly tree ? then show
Through all your bare and naked branches,
How wildly Time's dark tempests blow—
The ministers who work God's vengeance.
Art thou a diamond ? then by
Thy own dust make deadliest poison,
Weary thyself out in wrath : but I,

Though I suffer greater torments,
 Though I greater rigours see,
 Though I weep still greater anguish,
 Though I go through more misery,
 Though I experience more misfortunes,
 Though I more hunger must endure,
 Though my poor body have no covering
 But these few rags ; and this impure
 Dungeon be still my only dwelling,
 All for the faith my soul derides ;
 For it is the sun that lights me,
 For it is the star that guides !
 It is the laurel that doth crown me ;
 No triumph o'er the Church thou'lt have ;
 O'er me, if you desire it, triumph :
 God will my cause defend and save,
 Since it is his for which I struggle.*

KING.

Can it be, in such a state,
 Thou canst boast thus and console thee ?
 Being thine own, why idly rate
 Me, for condoling not a fate,
 When thou thyself wilt not condole thee ?
 Since then you your life resign
 By your own deed, and not by mine,
 No pity need'st thou hope from me,
 Merciful thou to thyself must be
 Ere I can feel those pains of thine.

Exit.

* "The reply of Fernando," says Sismondi, "is wholly in the Oriental style. It is not by arguments, nor, indeed, by sentiments of compassion, that he attempts to touch his master ; but by that exuberance of poetical images which was regarded as real eloquence by the Arabians, and which was, perhaps, more likely to touch a Moorish king than a discourse more appropriate to Nature and circumstances."

FERNANDO to FARUDANTE.

My lord, your gracious Majesty
Be my protector.

FARUDANTE.

What a sight !

FERNANDO to PHENIX.

Since beauty owns no lovelier light,
Than when upon her face we see
Enthroned mild mercy's deity,—
Protect me with the king !

PHENIX.

What grief !

FERNANDO.

What ! not a look !

PHENIX.

'Tis past belief !

FERNANDO.


'Tis well ; those beauteous eyes I know
Were never made to look at woe.

PHENIX.

My very fear forbids relief !

FERNANDO.

Since thou wilt not turn thine eye
Towards me, and desire to fly ;
Lady, it is well to know,
Though thy beauty prides thee so,
That thou canst do less than I,
And perhaps I more than thou.



PHENIX.

Horror comes, I know not how,
Wounding me, when thou dost speak.
Leave me man ; what dost thou seek ?
More I cannot suffer now !

*Exit.**Enter DON JUAN with some bread.*

This bread, I bring thee to assuage
Thy patient craving after food,
Have the cruel Moors pursued,—
Striking me with blows through rage.

FERNANDO.

It is Adam's heritage.

JUAN.

Take it.

FERNANDO.

Ah ! my faithful friend,
'Tis too late ; for now doth end
All my woes in death.

JUAN.

O heaven !
Now be thy consolation given.

FERNANDO.

But since deathwards all men doth wend,
What is there that ends not so ?
In the world's confused abyss,
Sickness ever leads to this,
When death strikes the fatal blow.
Man, be mindful, here below,
Of thy soul's sublimer part ;
Think upon eternity,
Wait not till infirmity

Suddenly that truth impart—
 For infirmity itself thou art.
 On the hard earth, year by year,
 Man is treading, hopeful, brave,
 But each step is o'er his grave,
 Daily drawing near and near.
 Mournful sentence—law severe—
 But which cannot be mistaken,
 Every step (what fears awaken!)
 Is to that dark goal commissioned,
 So that God is not sufficient
 To prevent that step being taken :
 Friends, my end approaches nigher ;
 Bear me from this public place
 In your arms.

JUAN.

Life's last embrace

For me, is this.

FERNANDO.

What I desire,

Noble friend, is, when I expire,
 That these garments you unbind :
 In my dungeon, you will find
 My religious cloak, which I
 Bore so oft in days gone by.
 Uncovered thus and unconfined
 Bury me—his wrath passed by—
 If from the fierce King you procure
 Leave to give me sepulture.
 Mark the spot, for although I
 Here to-day a captive die,
 Ransomed yet, I hope to share
 The blessed altar's sacred prayer,
 For, my God! since I have given
 So many churches unto Heaven,
 One to me 'twill surely spare.

¶

They bear him out in their arms.

SCENE III.—THE SEA-COAST.

Enter DON ALPHONSO and soldiers with arquebuses.

ALPHONSO.

Leave to the fickle field of green—
The azure wave—this arrogant machine
Of ships, whose vastness scaring heaven's
 beholders,
The sea sustains upon its snow-white shoulders,
And upon this sandy plain
Let the pregnant mountains of the main
Bring forth the troops, their fire-arms brightly
 gleaming,
Each man-filled boat the Grecian structure*
 seeming.

Enter DON ENRIQUE.

ENRIQUE.

My Lord, you did not wish upon the strand
Of Fez, that we our armament should land,
And this place, for debarkation,
You did choose—unhappy situation!—
For on one side, by the coast
Marching, comes a numerous martial host
Whose speed the wind outvies;
Whose vastness makes the hills increase in size;
And with a similar number, Tarudante
Leadeth his wife away (the fortunate Infante)
From Fez unto Morocco,—
But learn the tidings better from the echo.

ALPHONSO.

Enrique, 'tis for this that I advance
To meet them at this pass; 'tis not through
 chance

* The wooden horse of Troy. †

That I, this spot have chosen, but reflection,
And this the reason is, of my selection :—
If I, at Fez had landed on the coast,
I must have fought with their united host,
But being divided thus in two,
With smaller power I can each force subdue ;
And so, before they can prepare,
Sound to arms.

ENRIQUE.

My Lord, reflect—take care ;
Unseasonable seems this movement.

ALPHONSO.

Oh ! mine ire
No tardy-footed counsel doth desire,
Nor doth my vengeance know the way
Even to brook a moment's brief delay ;
Let Africa beware,
In my strong hands the scourge of death I bear.

ENRIQUE.

Already hath the night begun,
And see, the shining chariot of the sun
Has ceased the clouds of evening to illumine.

ALPHONSO.

Well, let us combat in the gloom ;
The faith that animates my soul to-day,
Nor any power, nor time, can take away.
Fernando, if the martyrdom you suffer,
Since it is his own cause, to God you offer,
Certain is the sacred victory,
Mine will be the honour, thine the glory.

ENRIQUE.

Thy daring pride doth lead thee much too far.

The Ghost of DON FERNANDO within.

Great Alphonso! to the attack! war! war!

A trumpet sounds.

ALPHONSO.

Hear you not these mingled voices breaking
The silence, and the swift, sad night-winds
waking?

ENRIQUE.

Yes: and with them too do I hear the rattle
Of arms, and trumpets charging to the battle.

ALPHONSO.

Forward, Enrique! doubts had not delayed you
If you relied on Heaven.

*Enter FERNANDO, dressed in his caputary cloak,
and with a torch in his hand.*

FERNANDO.

Yes! it will aid you;
For the Heavens regarding
Your faith and zeal, your piety rewarding,
Will this day defend you,
And to free me from my slavery doth send you;
For in return (a rare example)
Of many temples, God doth offer me one temple,
And with this flame-bespangled
Torch, from the streaming orient disentangled,
Before the army gliding,
Thus shall I go, the light your footsteps guiding,
That thy triumphs may be thus propitious,
And equal, great Alphonso, to thy wishes.
To Fez advance, not there new laurels getting,
But that thy morning rise upon my setting.

Exit.

ENRIQUE.

Alphonso, I still doubt my eyes deceive.

ALPHONSO.

And I do not. I bow and I believe,
And if it be for God's divinest glory,
No more cry "war!" the cry be "victory!"
Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—BEFORE THE WALLS OF FEZ.

*Enter the KING and SELIM; on the walls appear
DON JUAN and a Captive; before them is a coffin;
in it appears to be the body of the INFANTE.*

JUAN.

Now rejoice! rejoice! barbarian,
That thy tyranny hath ta'en
The noblest life of the world!

KING.

Who are you?

JUAN.

A man, who though he should be slain
For it, shall not leave Fernando,
And though madness choke my breath,
Like the faithful dog, I shall not
Leave my master even in death.

KING.

Christians, this is an example
Which, to future times may figure
What was due unto my justice,
For it cannot be called rigour—

That revenge which overtaketh
Wrongs to royal persons done.
Now let Alphonso come and free him,
With arrogant presumption,
From his chains; for though hath faded
The high hopes that once I had
Of Ceuta, *he* will lose the haughty
Hope of freeing him; I'm glad,
In this narrow cell to see him,
For though dead, he shall not be
Free of my renowned resentment:
Thus exposed, in mockery
Let him lie for all beholders.

JUAN.

King, thy punishment is near,
For upon the fields and waters
I can plainly see, from here,
Coming swift my Christian standards.

KING.

Let us mount upon the wall
To investigate these tidings.

They go in.

JUAN.

Down the drooping banners fall,
And the sullen drums are muffled,
Fires and lights are out, and all,
All things wear the signs of mourning.

*The drums beat a mournful march; enter the Ghost
of DON FERNANDO bearing a lighted torch, and
followed by DON ALPHONSO and DON ENRIQUE at
the head of their troops, with whom as prisoners
come TARUDANTE, PHENIX, and MULÉY.*

FERNANDO.

Through the darkness of the night,
By wild paths that no man knoweth,

Have I led you ; now the sun
Faintly through the grey clouds gloweth.
Thus, victorious, great Alphonso,
I, to Fez have led thy feet.
This is Fez : behold the ramparts.
For my speedy ransom treat.

Disappears.

ALPHONSO.

Ho, there ! on the walls, to speak
To the King I crave an audience.

Enter the KING and SELIM on the walls.

KING.

Valiant youth, what dost thou seek ?

ALPHONSO.

That you yield me the Infante—
The Grand Master Don Fernando ;
Phenix here and Tarudante,
Prisoners now, will be his ransom :
Thus we shall depart in peace.
Choose now which of these thou pleasest,
Thy daughter's death or his release.

KING to SELIM.

What can I now do, friend Selim,
In a perplexity so strange ?
Fernando 's dead, and see, my daughter
Is in their power—how great a change
In the condition of our fortunes,
Since I have fallen to such a state !

PHENIX.

How is this, my lord, that seeing
My person hemmed by ills so great,
My life in this extremest peril,
My honour in this dangerous strait ;
Can you hesitate to answer ?

Can your anxiety delay
Even for a minute or an instant
The words of liberty to say ?
In thy hand my life is lying,
And you consent (oh ! bitter pain !)
That mine (oh ! grief beyond expression !)
Should thus unjustly wear this chain !
On thy voice my life is hanging,
And (cruelty beyond compare !)
Thou permittest mine to trouble
Vainly thus the realms of air !
With thine eyes, you see my bosom
Thus the aim of pointed spears,
And you consent, that mine should sadly
Weep those useless tender tears !
Once my King, but now a wild beast,
Once my sire—an adder now—
Once my judge, but now my headsman,
Nor king, nor judge, nor father thou !

KING.

Phenix, if I have not given thee
Answer sooner—as 'tis known
Unto Heaven—'tis not to deny thee
Life, when thine would cost mine own,
And since now, both one and the other
Can no longer here delay,
Know, Alphonso, that when Phenix
Yester evening took her way
Out of Fez, two glorious planets
Down in two seas—one dark and dun—
The sea of death ; one bright with sea-foam,—
Sank the Infante and the Sun.
Within this poor and narrow coffin
His lifeless body lieth lone ;
Give death unto the beauteous Phenix,
And let my blood for his atone !

PHENIX.

Ah ! woe is me ! from this sad moment
For me, now every hope is o'er !

KING.

No remedy for me remaineth
By which to live one instant more !

ENRIQUE.

God of mercy ! what sad tidings !
Ah ! ye Heavens, we have delayed
Far too long to give him freedom !

ALPHONSO.

Do not say so, if the shade
Of Fernando said, thus darkly—
Free me from this slavery,—
It was for his corse he said it,
That, for many temples, he
Might obtain one for his body,
And for this be ransomed ;
King of Fez, do not imagine
That Fernando, even dead,
Is not worth this living beauty ;
For him, though thus dead he lieth,
I exchange her : then, I pray,
Send us snow for these bright crystals—
January for this May,—
Roses dead for living diamonds,
And a hapless corse in fine
For a goddess-seeming image.

KING.

How ! what mean these words of thine,
Brave, invincible Alphonso ?

ALPHONSO.

Him, permit these slaves to lower.

PHENIX.

Thus I am a corse's ransom !
Now Heaven's prophecy is o'er.

KING.

Carefully let down the coffin
By the wall, with all things meet.
I myself, to make delivery,
Go to throw me at thy feet.

*Exit.**The coffin is let down by cords from the walls.*

ALPHONSO.

Let me in my arms receive thee,
Martyred prince—divinely grand.

ENRIQUE.

Accept my reverence—sainted brother.

Enter the KING, DON JUAN, and captives.

JUAN.

Let me kiss thy victor hand,
Brave Alphonso.

ALPHONSO.

Ah! Don Juan.

Ah! my friend, a piteous tale,
Have I learned of the Infante.

JUAN.

Till his death, I did not fail
In my attendance; till I saw him
Free beneath his native skies,
Dead or living, to be with him
I had vowed—see, there he lies.

ALPHONSO.

I must clasp thy hand, my uncle,
For although, through luckless fate,
I, to draw thee from this danger,
Came, illustrious lord, too late,

Yet in death, which is the greatest,
Can true friendship be displayed ;
In a sacred sovereign temple,
The grave deposit shall be made
Of thy consecrated body.
I deliver, king, to thee,
Tarudante and fair Phenix,
And I ask of you, that she
With Muléy be let to marry,—
For the friendship that I know
He did bear to the Infante.
Come, now, captives, let us go ;
Look upon your prince, and bear him
On your shoulders to the fleet.

KING.

It is right they all go with him.

ALPHONSO.

To the solemn sound and sweet
Of trumpets, and the drum's low music
Let the army all attend,
Marching in the usual order
Of interment ; and so end,
Humbly asking you to pardon
The great errors that it hath—
The Lusitanian Prince Fernando
Firm and Constant in the Faith.

END OF THE CONSTANT PRINCE.

THE SECRET IN WORDS.

A Comedy.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FLERIDA, *Duchess of Parma.*

LAURA, }
FLORA, } *her Ladies.*
LIVIA, }

HENRY, *Duke of Mantua.*

FREDERICK, *Secretary to the Duchess.*

LISARDO, *A Gentleman, cousin to Laura.*

ARNESTO, *Governor of Parma, father to Laura.*

FABIO, *Frederick's servant.*

Ladies, Musicians, Attendants, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, PARMA.

THE SECRET IN WORDS.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

THE DUCAL PARK AND GARDENS.

A Chorus of Musicians enter, followed by FLORA and the other ladies in morning dresses, and after them FLERIDA, Duchess of Parma, holding the hand of ARNESTO. During the song, all the characters slowly cross the stage, and at its termination go out.

CHORUS OF MUSICIANS.

Ah ! my heart, in love's sweet season,
Thou hast reason for thy pain,
Reason for the gentle treason
That has lured thee to love's chain ;
But of what availeth reason,
Which for love itself is vain ?

FLORA *sings.*

After all thy various trials,
Doubtings, dangers, and denials,
Rest at length, poor weary heart ;
Or if thou, for thy confusion,
Must indulge some new illusion,—

Hopeful dreamer that thou art—
Think not, with thy fond complaining,
Thou canst cure thy bosom's paining,
Change a bright eye's cold disdain,
Calm thy heart and cool thy brain ;
It were treason unto reason,
If love came but in love's season—

CHORUS.

Ah ! but what availeth reason,
Which for love itself is vain ?

Exeunt.

*Enter HENRY, FREDERICK, and FABIO, as if
following the Musicians.*

FREDERICK.

Since to me you have confided,
How you hither came in secret
To behold the fair Florida,
You may now enjoy that pleasure
Thus concealed.

HENRY.

How much, my Frederick,
Do I owe unto your friendship ?

FREDERICK.

More I owe unto your favour,
Since you give me the great honour
Of your confidence.

HENRY.

Why, truly,
To none else would I have done so.

FREDERICK.

Say no more upon the subject
As this servant has no notion
Who you are.

FABIO, *aside*.

Though I endeavour
To find out who is this stranger,
With more mysteries about him
Than a rosary, and secrets
Greater than a priest, I find it
All in vain.

FREDERICK.

This park and garden,
Do they please you ?

HENRY.

I can only
Say, that all the various fictions
I have read for my amusement,
To fill up a leisure moment,
Ne'er could give me an idea
Of a scene so fair—so beauteous
As this real one before me.
Groves like these ne'er blessed my vision,
Though before my fancy trembled,
Now the green woods of Diana,
Now the golden bowers of Venus.

FREDERICK.

So o'erwhelmed is fair Florida
With a soft unceasing sadness,
Which from Heaven she doubtless suffers
For her infinite perfections,
That we all with one another
Strive with emulous endeavour
To remove or dissipate it.
'Tis for this, my lord, that often,
On these sunny, sweet May mornings,
She doth seek this peaceful region,
Where we make with songs and music
Simple sylvan feasts to greet her.

HENRY.

'Tis surprising, with her beauty,
Youth, and wit, and rare endowments,
That this gloomy feeling ever
Should have gained such influence o'er her,
And that she, by birth the duchess
Of fair Parma, and whom Heaven
Dower'd with noblest gifts and blessings,
Was not shielded from the venom
Of this arrow from the quiver
Of un pitying time and fortune.
Is it possible that no one
Has yet found her cause of sorrow?

FREDERICK.

No one.

FABIO.

No one? How can you say so,
When I know it?

FREDERICK.

You?

FABIO.

No less.

FREDERICK.

Speak! why dally?

HENRY.

What do you wait for?

FABIO.

Tell me, can you keep a secret?

THE TWO.

Oh! yes! yes!

FABIO.

Then, know her sorrow
Springs from

FREDERICK.

Pause not.

HENRY.

Tell it quickly.

FABIO.

Being in love with your humble servant,
And (so much she dreads my scorn)
That she dares not speak her passion.

FREDERICK.

Hence ! you fool.

HENRY.

Begone ! you madman.

FABIO.

Well, now hear ; if 'tis not that,—
'Tis something else.

The music is heard approaching.

HENRY.

Hark ! now returning
Comes the troop in this direction.

FREDERICK.

Leave me now, for I am anxious
To rejoin them as they enter ;
Partly that it is my duty,
Partly that my life will leave me
If I lose the chance of seeing
One I seek among these ladies.

HENRY.

I desire not to embarrass

You the least ; nay, rather going
Hence, and quickly here returning,
Speak to her myself ; for I,
Now that I have seen her beauty,
Long to try her mental culture :
By that stratagem we thought of
Yester night, and which consists in
My presenting my own letter,
As my own sent secretary,
I can speak to her, and thus
Learn, since I have come to see her,
If 'tis true, that fortune ever.
Loveth to assist the bold.

Exit.

FREDERICK.

In a notable dilemma
Am I placed, for if I tell
Who he is, I break the secret
Which was trusted to my heart
By the duke ; and if I tell not,
Then I violate the duty
That I owe unto Flerida ;
I, who am her trusted servant,
Vassal, kinsman, all combined :
What am I to do ? But why—
Why deliberate about it ?
Duty is a claim preceding
The confiding of a friend.
But, ah me ! if I deprive me
Of the duke's regard, I lose
All the hopes I formed, his palace
Would become the safe asylum,
The sure shelter of my love ;
When my Laura.....Ah ! why speak thus ?
Back, dear sound, into my bosom ;
Even to breathe her name aloud
Makes me fear that I offend her.

FABIO.

Master, who may be this stranger,
Who, disguised, arrives by night-time,
And conceals himself by day ?

FREDERICK.

He is a friend, to whom I'm under
Some obligations.

FABIO.

Was he then
Your valet once, you feel so grateful ?
But why should I speak about it ?
Be he who he may, he's welcome,
Very welcome, for at least
While he's here, we'll fare the better,
Eat and drink more for some days ;
Bed and board then freely give him,
For the trouble is repaid
Amply by the pleasant bearing
Of a lively guest at table.

FREDERICK.

They are coming. Fabio, silence !

Enter FLERIDA and her attendants as before.

FLORA *sings.*

If without being worthy of her
Thou dost dare to be the lover
Of Antandra, young and fair,
Suffer silently thine anguish,
For the cause whereby you languish
It were idle to declare ;
Blame the star, whose fatal warning
Shone upon thy natal morning,
Not the maiden's gentle scorning,
Which her heart cannot restrain,—

Call for aid upon thy reason,
To protect thee from such treason.

CHORUS.

But of what availeth reason,
Which for love itself is vain ?

FLERIDA.

Whose words are these ?

FREDERICK.

Señora, they are mine.

FLERIDA.

I always note that in the songs they sing me,
And which they tell me have by you been written,
Your one unchanging plaint is ever love.

FREDERICK.

I am poor.

FLERIDA.

Of what importeth this to love ?

FREDERICK.

To merit being loved, it much imports ;
And thus you see, that I do not complain
Of feeling love's sweet bitter pain, Señora,
But that I do not merit being loved.

FLERIDA.

But canst thou, Frederick, love so base an object
That can be influenced by thoughts of gain ?

FREDERICK.

It were a crime to charge her innocent heart
With such a thought.

FLERIDA.

Whom do you blame ?

FREDERICK.

Myself !

FLERIDA.

And why ?

FREDERICK.

Because I dare not speak of love,
I do not say to her nor to her kindred,
But even to her very menial slaves ;
Knowing the lover that has nought to give
Has little chance of gaining what he asks.

FLERIDA.

A lover who doth own himself to be
So helpless, can at least declare the name
Of her he loves. It surely cannot shock
The most extreme respect that *he* should speak it,
Who doth pronounce himself so badly used.
And so, good Frederick—loving but not meriting—
It doth appear most strange that no one yet
Has learned the name of her you love so well.

FREDERICK.

So guarded in my silence is my love,
That many times I have resolved, Señora,
Never to speak—lest in some thoughtless hour
My secret might escape me with my words :
So sacred is this hidden love I cherish,
That even the very air on which I live,
When it doth seek the prison of my breast,
I question whence it comes. For I have grown
Suspicious even of the breath of heaven,
Lest it should learn, and bear to other ears
The knowledge of my love, and my despair.

FLEBIDA.

Enough, enough, for you are very secret,
And very foolish in your secrecy ;
But how then comes it, thus addressing me,
That you can speak with so much zeal and warmth
About your love, forgetting who I am ?

FREDERICK.

Who is to blame for this offence, Señora ?
You deigned to ask and I have but replied.

FLEBIDA.

You, for you answered more than I did ask.
Arnesto !

ARNESTO.

Please your grace !

FLEBIDA.

Be sure
To forward unto Frederick

FREDERICK, *aside*.

Ah ! I die.

FLEBIDA.

Two thousand ducats, as a gift from me,
That with them he may gain o'er the servants
Of his mistress ; for I do not wish,
That, presuming on his cowardice,
He thus strangely should again address me,
Trembling so to think of one away,
And yet so daring in my very presence.

FLORA, *aside to Livia*.

How changeable and fickle is her sadness !

LIVIA, *to her*.

From one extreme she flies unto another.

LAURA, *aside*.

Alas! that I alone should know the cause
Of all this sorrow that the world can pierce not!

FREDERICK.

A thousand times I humbly kiss the earth
Whereon you tread, for there, believe me, lady,
By the brief contact of your beauteous feet
More flowers are born without the aid of time
Than April bears with all its labouring hours.

FABIO.

I will not kiss the earth whereon you tread,
Nor where you have trod, not I. I'm not so bold,
For that no more is earth, 'tis changed to Heaven;
It is enough for me to stoop and kiss
The ground that you intend to tread upon.
Which is the way, then? whither are you going?
For I would wish to kiss the ground before you.

Enter LISARDO.

LISARDO.

A gallant cavalier, my lady,
Who doth claim a near alliance
With the duke of Mantua, prayeth
That your grace will grant him leave
To present to you a letter.

FLERIDA.

Oh! how much the duke of Mantua
Wearies me with his addresses!

ARNESTO.

Why, my lady, if on every
Ground he is your proper suitor?

FLERIDA.

Then that reason is sufficient,—
For I do not wish to wed.
Say, he may approach, Lisardo.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

I shall not betray his secret,
Soon to need him as a friend.

Enter HENRY.

HENRY.

Dazzled, troubled, to thy feet
I, Señora, come :—a haven
May they be for my misfortunes.

Kneels.

FLERIDA.

From the earth arise.

HENRY.

 The duke,
My good lord, presents this letter
Unto your grace's hands by me.

Gives it.

FLERIDA.

How is his highness ?

HENRY.

 I would say
Dead with love, if hope's elixir
Kept him not alive.

FLERIDA.

 Whilst I
Read, remain not so.

Reads to herself.

HENRY, *arising and aside*.

 The pencil
Lied, that strove to paint her beauty,
Leaving many a charm unlimned.

LISARDO, *to Arnesto.*

At length, my lord, the powers I waited
From my father have arrived.

ARNESTO.

I am glad they have come.

FLORA, *to Laura.*

How graceful
Is this stranger's mien and bearing
Who has brought the letter, Laura ;—

LAURA.

I have not even looked at him.

FLORA.

I am not surprised, your cousin
Being here, and you well knowing
How devotedly he loves you ;
And that now your sire, Arnesto,
Speaks with him about your marriage.
It were like disdain or scorn
If you could regard another.

LAURA.

Not to him, do I, believe me,
Owe this thought or want of thought.

FREDERICK, *aside.*

While the duchess still is reading,
Arnesto and Lisardo speaking,
Love instruct me to be bold.
And the letter ? [*Aside, to Laura.*

LAURA, *aside.*

It is written.

FREDERICK.

Thanks ! but how can I receive it ?

LAURA.

Have you not a glove ?

FREDERICK.

I have.

LAURA.

Then with it

FREDERICK.

I understand you.

ARNESTO, to *Lisardo*.

All is very well.

LISARDO.

As ages

Will my love compute the moments,
Beauteous Laura, to my hope.

FLERIDA.

The duke informs me in this letter
How you, being his near kinsman,
It is needful, you, from Mantua
Should absent yourself some days,
Until he succeeds in making
An arrangement or conclusion,
Relative to some late trouble,—
Duel—challenge—some dilemma
Love it seems has placed you in.

HENRY.

True it is, my crime was love.

FLERIDA.

Protection, for his sake and yours,
Here I offer you in Parma,

So that you may now continue
At my court from this day forth.
I shall, presently, an answer
Write unto the duke, and send it
To his grace.

HENRY.

May heaven, Señora,
Through eternal happy ages
Guard your life ! and may we all,
Mantua's noble vassals, merit
To behold ourselves so happy
As ere long

FLERIDA.

No more : remember
That it is my strict injunction,
While you are my guest in Parma,
That you speak not on this subject
Until I may speak to thee.

HENRY.

You will see that I obey thee.

FLERIDA.

And that you, when you are writing
To the duke how I amuse me,
As no doubt you have instructions
So to do, from time to time—
All be seated, since the sun
In thick, dusky clouds enveloped,
Seems to peep with stealthy glances,
Rather than to beam bright day ;—
Here, my ladies, take your places
At this side : and you, Arnesto,
Some quaint question now propose.
*The ladies sit down at one side of Flerida,
and the gentlemen remain standing at
the*

ARNESTO.

Though my white hairs might excuse me
From a share in this sweet pastime ;
Still, to gratify Señora,
Thee in aught, I put the question—
“ What is love’s most bitter pain ? ”

FLERIDA, *to Henry*.

Sir, it is for you to answer.

HENRY.

I ?

FLERIDA.

To thee, as guest and stranger,
We precedence grant.

HENRY.

In this
I obtain a double favour,
And that I may forfeit not
The advantages you give me,
I proclaim the pain I suffer :
That of loving where I’m scorned,
Is the greatest pain of love.

FLORA.

I believe its greatest anguish
Is the pang that rends my bosom,
That of scorning without loving.

LIVIA.

’Tis absence.

LISARDO.

Jealousy.

FREDERICK.

The feeling
Of loving without hope or cure.

FLERIDA.

I think its greatest pain is loving
In gloomy suffering and silence,
Without the power of explanation.

LAURA.

And I, to love, and be beloved.

FLERIDA.

That's a somewhat novel reason :
'Twill be hard to prove, dear Laura,
That to love and be beloved
Is the greatest pain of loving.

LAURA.

I will prove it, notwithstanding.

ARNESTO.

Now let each one prove his meaning.

HENRY.

Since I made the first beginning,
'Tis for me to prove the anguish
Of being hated where we love.

FABIO, *aside*.

Now we'll hear enough of nonsense.
The more the wit, the more the folly.

HENRY.

Love is a planet, shining far
With varying beam in heaven above,
And so the greatest pain of love
Is to love against one's star :
He who doth yoke him to the car
Of some proud beauty's scornful eyes,
Which glance upon him to despise,
Vainly by his star is warned.

He who loves where he is scorned,
Struggles with opposing skies.

FLORA.

He who lifts his heart above
To some proud eye's scornful glowing,
Has at least the bliss of showing
That he suffers for his love,
Which may yet her pity move—
But that more unhappy one,
Who feeleth scorn, yet loveth none,
Suffers without any merit,
Neither can her heart inherit
Aught the other may have won.

LISARDO.

He who loves, and yet is hated,
She who hates, but cannot love,
Both a separate anguish prove,
Which in time may be abated
With the thought that they are fated
By the will of heaven above.
But the jealous pang we feel
When we happen to discover
From some dearer favoured lover,
What his eyes cannot conceal,
This nor soothing time can heal—
Nor thought of heaven's impartial plan,
Love is but the work of fate,
Destiny controlleth hate,
But jealousy is born of man !

LIVIA.

Many times the world has seen,
When the torch of love expires,
Jealousy relume its fires
Brighter than they once had been,
Love returns to glad the scene ;

Awakened by its glowing breath.
But absence, which the wise man saith
Is the grave of love, may strive,
Vainly such a boon to give—
Absence is love's quickest death,
While jealousy doth make it live.

FREDERICK.

He who scorned still adores,
She who worshipped still doth scorn—
He whom jealousy's sharp thorn
Woundeth with its poisoned sores ;
He who the absent maid deplores—
All live beneath hope's horoscope :
Time may bring them some relief,
But naught can cure the deadly grief
Of him who loveth without hope.

FLERIDA.

He who without hope doth grieve,
Can at least his state declare,
And by telling his despair
May some soothing calm receive ;
But he whose heart is doomed to heave
In secret, shares a sadder lot,
To the anguish of not feeling
Hope, is added the concealing
Even that he feels it not.

LAURA.

He who loves, and is beloved,
Ever lives in hope and fear,
From the midst of pleasure near
Some fancied evil, far removed,
Wounds him like a hidden spear ;
In his passion and his languor
He feels at once the double pain
Of him who loves, but meets disdain,

And the proud disdainer's anger ;
As to jealousy, heaven knows,
He feels its added pang as well ;
He cannot for a moment dwell
From his loved mistress, but the throes
Of absence in his bosom swell.
'Tis true, despair can find no scope
Whereon its trophy to erect ;
But having nothing to expect,
He cannot feel the joy of hope ;
If silence be a grief, 'tis his,
He cannot speak his bosom's bliss ;
And thus he feels the pain of each
Who wanteth hope, or wanteth speech.
'Twould seem, indeed, a man like this
Is wholly out of misery's reach,
So much doth love his bosom bless—
But, in the midst of all his joy,
There comes the shadow of annoy,
Lest fate, perchance, may make it less ;
And thus his breast contains each feeling
That our several lips have stated,
Of being loved, and being hated—
Both of speaking and concealing—
Jealousy and absence mated.

They all arise.

FLORIDA.

These are sophistries, my Laura,
With which you have sought to show
Merely wit, but which by reason
Are entirely unsustained.

LAURA.

That is true : for it were sad,
Love's supremest object being
To be loved in turn

FLERIDA.

Your glove—

*Laura drops her glove. Frederick raises it,
and exchanges it for his own.*

FREDERICK.

I shall raise it.

ARNESTO.

Stay, detain thee.

LISARDO.

I would hold it.

FREDERICK.

If I meant

To detain it, or to hold it,
I methinks could compass both ;
But as I do not intend it,
There does not arise, Lisardo,
Any cause for a dispute ;
And since reaching it more quickly
Was not merit but good fortune,
See, to Laura I return it.

Presents the glove to Laura.

Take it, lady, and I think
That my quickness is rewarded
More than amply, since I feel
That I serve, and not offend thee.

LISARDO.

Frederick, you have most discreetly
Drawn me from a grave position
Of embarrassment.

FLERIDA.

To me

You and he have both been wanting,
For it is unheard-of boldness,
In my presence, one should dare

From the ground to raise the merest
 Trifle, the most casual trophy,
 Dropp'd by any lady here ;
 And be grateful, that my anger
 Is not shown more strongly now,
 Than by speaking it :—O Heaven ! [*Aside.*
I to be the first of women
 Silence ever yet has killed !

Exit with Livia and Flora.

ARNESTO.

Quite chagrined departs her highness,
 Though I cannot see the cause ;
 Do not, Laura, for the present,
 Seek her quarter of the court,
 Rather let us seek our own one,
 Since, to meet the varying phases
 Of her changeful moods, I hold
 My apartments in it, being
 Governor of the state as well :
 I desire not you should serve her
 More than proud respect requires.

LAURA.

I in all things would obey thee ;—
 Much Florida's sudden anger [*Aside.*
 Doth betray : O love ! I pray thee
 Make it not what I suspect !

As they go out, the gentlemen are about following. Arnesto returns alone.

ARNESTO.

Cavaliers, pray whither wend ye ?

FREDERICK.

We would go to wait on you.

ARNESTO.

No, you must not with me go ;
You, especially, my nephew,
Must remain here.

[Exit.

LISARDO.

I obey thee,
To my sorrow I must own.

HENRY, *aside*.

I, with heartfelt joy, obey him,
Since a human sunflower turning
Towards my planet I am drawn ;
Frederick, I shall soon rejoin thee.

Exit in the direction Florida has gone.

LISARDO.

Till my vision loses, Laura,
Thy resplendent beauty, I
Cannot keep me from thy presence—
Thou the loadstone of my heart.

Exit.

FREDERICK.

Oh ! how much I am delighted,
That they've left me here alone,
Since it gives me an occasion
To peruse this letter now.

FABIO.

If I do not lose my reason
After this, the cause must be
That I have got none to part with.

FREDERICK.

What do you wonder at ?

FABIO.

At what ?
At your coolness : since a letter,

Which you must have got last evening,
You have opened not till now.

FREDERICK.

Know you whence this letter cometh ?

FABIO.

Be it whence it may ; 'tis certain,
Is it not ? with seal unbroken
You have kept it since last night ?

FREDERICK.

'Twas this moment I received it.

FABIO.

You will make me lose my senses ;
No one spoke to you since morn,—
Doubtless, 'twas the wind that brought it.

FREDERICK.

Not the wind. It was the fire
Which doth burn me and consume me.

FABIO.

How !—the fire ?

FREDERICK.

Yes.

FABIO.

Now I'm certain
That 'tis true

FREDERICK.

What ?

FABIO.

You are mad,
And, a phantom lover turning,

Have created in your fancy
Some hobgoblin lady fair,*
Whom you mentally make love to!—
Therefore, now I supplicate thee
For a favour.

FREDERICK.

Say, what favour?

FABIO.

Since in your conception only
Liveth this imagined lady,
Without any soul or body
But what you are pleased to give;
Let, at least, her letters reach you
Filled with loves and tenderesses;
For it were a signal error,
When you craved yourself this favour,
To despise yourself, my lord.

FREDERICK.

Stand apart.

FABIO.

And does the letter

Need it?

FREDERICK.

No: for I will own
It is written all in cypher;
Nevertheless, stand off.

FABIO.

A lackey,
Even of Limbo, I must be,
Neither pain nor glory tasting.

* This is an allusion to Calderon's own play of *La Dama Duende*.

FREDERICK, *reading aside.*

"Dear lord and master mine,
The final torments of my soul commence,
Since my free choice my father will incline,
By cruel force and tyrant violence,
Ordering a marriage of dislike and sorrow,
Whose fatal contract must be signed to-morrow."

Aloud.

Oh! unhappy me, how wretched!
What a brief and fleeting tenure
Hold I of this life! Till morning
Have I but to live: you'll see me,
Fabio, then

FABIO.

What?—

FREDERICK.

Lying dead!—

FABIO.

You will wrong yourself, believe me,
If you can at all excuse you;
'Tis a vulgar thing to die.

FREDERICK.

How avoid it? How avoid it?
If this letter is the sentence
Of my death?

FABIO.

By simply adding
A short postscript to the letter
Which you're holding in your hand.

FREDERICK, *aside.*

Scarcely living, scarcely breathing,
I return to read what follows:—

[*Reads.*

"And thus, although with trembling and distrust,
 Lest any should our hapless love suspect,
 And so betray our secret, still I must
 To-night speak with thee; and for such effect,
 The garden-gate will not its aid refuse:—
 Sooner than lose thee, I my life must lose;
 Upon the faith of which, accept, I pray,
 This portrait, which with yours you may repay."

Aloud.

Was there ever man so happy!—
 Fabio! Fabio!

FABIO.

What's the matter?
 You're not dying yet!—

FREDERICK.

I live.

FABIO.

Did I not good counsel give thee?
 There is nothing like one's loving
 One's own self.

FREDERICK.

With tranquil rapture,
 Full of gladness, proud and happy,
 Shall I speak, this tardy night-time,
 With the beauty that I worship.
 O thou sun! heaven's shining champion,
 Driving slow thy golden chariot
 Round in everlasting circles
 The unbounded azure fields,
 Shorten now thy daily labour,
 Knowing well how many longing
 Eyes thy dazzling light offends;
 And ye stars! love's beauteous planets,
 Rise with gentler influence over

His usurped dominion, placing
In its stead your bright republics
Through the shining hosts of heaven ;
For the sun your laws hath broken,
And your sacred rights betrayed. [Exit.

FABIO.

He's as mad as fifty madmen !
But I wonder not at that,
Mad although he be,—but rather
To behold myself as mad.
So absurd as

Enter FLORA.

FLORA.

Fabio !

FABIO.

Lady,
What are your commands ?

FLORA.

That you
Follow me this instant hence.

FABIO.

Let me know if 'tis a challenge,
That I may together call
Four or five of my friends to aid me.

FLORA.

Follow me.

FABIO.

And for what purpose
Must I follow thee ? Art thou
That too liberal, loving lady,
Giving all her jealousy
Unto me, and I the lover

Giving unto her in turn
Not the fourth of a maravedi,
That I must go following thee ?

FLORA.

'Tis her highness who desireth
To speak with you ; she is writing,
And commanded you to come.

FABIO.

Has her highness sent you for me ?
Heavens ! who knows but she has taken
Courage now to own her love ?

Enter FLERIDA, with a letter.

FLERIDA.

Flora, have you called the servant ?

FLORA.

Here, my lady, he doth stand.

FLERIDA.

Leave, and wait me near at hand. [*Exit Flora.*]
You remain and be observant.

FABIO.

Yes, my lady, I shall keep
Heart and mind both open ; say
How I'll serve you : show the way,
For I am willing and dog-cheap :
So you've little need to go
Round about the bush to persuade me.

FLERIDA.

Fabio, I desire you aid me
In a matter I would know,
Which my power requires in sooth.

As but due to my position ;
It is about a grave suspicion,
Of which I wish to test the truth.

FABIO.

If I can tell I won't delay it,
'Tis done at once, as I shall show,
Far more than you desire to know,
I shall die with the wish to say it.

FLERIDA.

Take this chain.

FABIO.

Of course, 'twere rude
Not to accept it ; rude and cold,
Since being yours, and made of gold,
It must, indeed, be very good.
Ask me : I'm mad to burst this dam
Of silence, which my zeal reproves.

FLERIDA.

Who is the lady Frederick loves ?

FABIO.

Unhappy babbler that I am !
Since the Fates but one thing hide,
Señora, 'neath their silent mask,—
It is the very thing you ask.

FLERIDA.

If you never leave his side,
Can it be, that, as you say,
You do know it not ? (O woe !)

FABIO.

If he himself doth scarcely know,
How am I to know it, pray ?

FLERIDA.

It cannot be his bosom's pain
Can so secret be.

FABIO.

 If so,
Tell it then, I wish to know,
And I'll give you back your chain :—
Because, Señora, he doth keep
His love a thing from all unknown,—
He, to himself, doth laugh alone,
He, to himself, alone doth weep ;
If he receives a letter, why,
How it arriveth no one knows,
Nor do we know to whom it goes,
If he despatcheth a reply ;—
It was but to-day, that even
I found out he wore love's fetter—
For when he perused a letter
Which Barrabas must have given,
Since none else approached the spot,—
I, said he, expect to-night,
By the glimmering stars' pale light,
To meet a beauteous lady.

FLERIDA.

What!

Do they meet to-night ?

FABIO.

 Unless
Love, some wanton trick repeating,
Interferes to prevent the meeting.

FLERIDA.

And can it be (O dire distress !)
That the street or house of her
He loves is quite unknown to thee ?

FABIO.

I know this, that it must be
In the palace.

FLERIDA.

Why?

FABIO.

I infer
That from this; beyond the scope
Of change he suffers, in a fire
Unknown he burns, without desire
Adores, and loveth without hope,
And day beholds, and midnight sees
Him filling a big book with letters;
'Tis in a palace, 'mong one's betters,
Only occur such fooleries.

FLERIDA.

Now attend to what I say.
It must be your special aim
To find out for me the name
Of this lady; from this day,
Every act of his observing;—
And when in his manner you
Shall discover aught that's new,
That you think may be deserving
Of a hearing or relating,
Come and tell me; full permission
Shall I leave for your admission.

FABIO.

Then a gentleman in waiting
Shall I be henceforth 'tis plain,
Till the secret is found out.

FLERIDA.

And that you may have no doubt
Whence will come your loss or gain,
Know that both must spring from me.
If my will you do not cross,
Then the gain;—but tenfold loss
If to any one, what we
Now have said, you dare betray.

FABIO.

Sly and silent I shall be,
If the two at all agree.

FLERIDA.

Go with God!

FABIO.

And with him stay!

Exit.

FLERIDA.

O fond and foolish thought be still!
What tyrant empire is usurp'd by thee,—
That thou dost come by force to take from me,
Out of my hands, the reins of my own will?—
But why distrust myself, and think so ill
Of my own strength, and seem afraid to move?
Now on myself, ye pitying powers above,
On my sole self, my only hope must be;
But if I must conceal my jealousy,
Let me, at least, be silent of my love!—
Shall they (while doubts my troubled rest de-
stroying),
Shall they to-night (while every hope is dying),
Upon my fancied ignorance relying,
Meet and rejoice, the flying hours enjoying?
It must not be; this scene of amorous toying
I neither could prevent, nor even reprove,

If 'twere unknown ; but when thus known 'twould
 prove
Wrong to permit ; take pity, heavens ! on me,
And if I must betray my jealousy—
Let me, at least, be silent of my love ;—
 This letter, which I wrote, a double
 Duty must discharge, that by
 But he comes : ah ! vainly I
 Struggle to conceal my trouble.

Enter FREDERICK with a writing-desk and portfolio.

FREDERICK.

These letters, please your highness, need
Your royal signature.

FLERIDA.

Ah ! me—

[*Aside.*

Courage, strength, dexterity,
Now my heart requires, indeed ;—
Frederick, leave the letters there,
Which at leisure I desire
To peruse ; as I require
Your service in a new affair,
More important in my sight,
Since it doth my peace import.

[*Aloud.*

FREDERICK.

What is it ?

FLERIDA.

That you a short
Journey make for me to-night.

FREDERICK.

To-night ?

FLERIDA.

To-night ; and here I give
The letter

FREDERICK, *aside*.

Grief begins anew!

FLERIDA.

Which you will bring along with you.

FREDERICK.

You know, my lady, that I live
Only solicitous to show
My zeal to serve you; that my breast
Throbs every hour to know how best
To pay the duty that I owe;—
When I assure you that to-day
My health requires it, I believe
That I the favour will receive
Which now I ask, and that I may
Obtain; Señora, leave from thee
To rest this evening, or permit

FLERIDA.

No, no excuse can I admit;—
So trifling will the absence be,
You can be back by morning's light;—
And think of this, that I confide
Even my honour and my pride
Into your faithful charge this night:—
So no excuse:—this letter take,
And on the instant go away,
Without postponement or delay;
The affair is urgent, I shall make,
Some time, a confidant of you;
In person you shall bring it where
The superscription shall declare,—
Bring a reply, and so adieu!

Exit.

FREDERICK.

This night, fair Laura said that she
Would grant me leave to speak to her ;—
Has it not then through all its sphere
One friendly star to shine for me ?
What shall I do ? How keep sincere
My love, nor do my duty wrong ?

Enter FABIO.

FABIO.

Is not the day extremely long ?

FREDERICK.

It was the devil sent you here ;—
This very instant, (cruel pain !)
I must depart ; (what suffering !)
Two saddled horses, Fabio, bring.

FABIO.

Has a letter come again
By the fire or the breezes, pray ?

FREDERICK.

One has come.

FABIO.

What needs it more
Than to amend it as before,
And be glad as Christmas-day ;—
Look at it again, indeed
You will find it read much better.

FREDERICK.

Even the name upon the letter
I have not the strength to read ;—

FABIO.

Read it then, perchance it may
Not be what you thought it meant.

FREDERICK.

I shall see to whom I'm sent ;
"To the duke of Mantua"—
Now begins a new confusion : [*Aside.*
Doubtless she the duke doth know,
And in this way seeks to show
Unto me, that my collusion,
Hiding him within my dwelling,—
Treason is, though not intended ;
'Tis for this she is offended,
This the reason of her telling
That her pride did so demand it.—
Oh ! I step from brink to brink !

FABIO.

Does it mend ?

FREDERICK.

The more I think,
Less and less I understand it.

FABIO.

Is it in cipher ?

FREDERICK.

What vexation !

FABIO.

Like that sent some time ago
With figures ?

FREDERICK.

Oh ! I do not know.

FABIO.

Listen then to the narration :
In Tremezen there lived a man
That dealt in glass, who felt a flame
For a fair and comely dame
Of the place ; in Tetuan
Long had lived his greatest friend ;—
She her lover asked one day
To write unto his friend, and pray
That he would a monkey send.
As lovers ever offer more
Than even a mistress deigns to ask,
So he went beyond his task,
And ordered over three or four.
She may have her choice, he said,
When the number thus is rife ;—
But the gawk adopting cipher,
He of Tetuan thus read :
“ Friend, for one whom I revere
And would please, I beg of thee
To send to me immediately
3 or 4 good monkeys here.”—
Mistaking “ Or ” for 0 :—the affair
Was hard enough to manage well,—
But the glassman’s rage to tell,
When upon his brittle ware
Soon (alas ! not five or six)
He, with frenzied eyes surveying,
Saw three hundred monkeys playing
Thrice three thousand monkey tricks !—
If the ciphers cause your rigours,
Free the meaning from these fetters,
For one ape in Spanish letters
Turns a hundred apes in figures.

FREDERICK.

Thus to thwart me ! to encumber !
Rob the hope that made me rich !

FABIO.

Is there not some means, by which
You may send a lesser number ?

FREDERICK.

Who in all the world was ever
So confused ? What *shall* I do ?

Enter HENRY.

HENRY.

What disturbs you ?

FREDERICK.

Any clue
Is, I see, a vain endeavour !—
Hear the cause apart.

They retire and converse together.

FABIO.

They go
Out of hearing : how absurd,
To doubt of me ! I never heard
Any guest who spoke so low.

FREDERICK.

What is best to do, I doubt.

HENRY.

Let us to your house repair ;
Here we cannot speak, and there
That the letter may point out.
If she knows my rank and name,
Then my only course can be
To avow myself : if she
Still doth know not who I am,
New expedients we shall try,

Which may set all matters right—
I shall write to her to-night,
What you'll bring as my reply.

FREDERICK.

You say well : if I obtain,
From *what* it says, or does not say,
The happy privilege to stay
This night in Parma, I shall gain
For all my sore anxiety,
For all my griefs and sorrows past,
A compensating joy at last,
And still preserve my loyalty ;—
For if the letter was for thee,
It is no fault in me to do
As I was told—to give it you,
No matter where the place might be.

HENRY.

When the letter we have read,
We shall know her whole design.

FABIO.

Shall I get, O master mine,
Horses ready, as you said ?

FREDERICK.

Fabio, yes : because, though I
Shall not go, it must appear
That I did.

FABIO.

What joy is here !
What means this ?

FREDERICK.

Let love reply.

FABIO.

Now so glad?

FREDERICK.

Is joy admired
As something strange?

FABIO.

Oh! no, for you
Find the

FREDERICK.

What?

FABIO.


The cipher's clue,
And all the apes are not required.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE—EVENING.*Enter LAURA.*

LAURA.

Oh! how tardy is the dying
Of a day of hope! It seemeth
As if night had all forgotten
Its alternate realm to rule.
Since so slowly fall its shadows,—
Mournful birds descending lightly,
Beating their nocturnal pinions,
Spreading out their murky plumes:—



Ah! my Frederick, if the moment
Came that I would fly to see thee,
Then with thee would all my troubles
Be consoled and soothed to peace;
And Florida:—Ah! my mistress,
Why those efforts art thou making,
By which thou thy scorn dissemblest,
And false favour dost pretend?—
I must pass to her apartment
Ere the dusky gardens call me,
As to some anticipated
Pang of my afflicted fate,—
By so doing, I shall compass
Two advantages, preventing
By the first her fear'd inquiries,
By the last my longing sighs;
Since so often occupation
Speeds the leaden-footed moments,
Making hours appear the shorter,
Though no shorter be their flight.

Enter FLORIDA. FLORA follows with lights.

FLORIDA.

Laura, cousin, does my friendship
Merit at thy hands this absence?
All this day I have not seen thee.

LAURA.

As a favour I esteem,
That you deigned to miss me, lady;
'Twas a slight and casual illness
Kept me from thy side so long:
And though yet but convalescent,
Ere retiring for the night-time,
I would kiss your hand in going,
And respectfully inquire
How you feel yourself, Señora.

FLERIDA.

I am sorry that your absence
Was occasioned by your health,
But am glad that you have hither
Come to see me, even though late.
Since, indeed, this night, dear Laura,
I require your presence here,—
So, take notice, you continue
With me.

LAURA.

Think, reflect, Señora

FLERIDA.

Why reflect? When you a thousand
Times have done the same through kindness,
Do it to oblige me once,—
For to thee alone, my cousin,
Can I tell a certain secret.

LAURA, *aside*.

Was there ever such confusion?
If I answer, I but raise
Some suspicion, (Heaven assist me!)
And if not, I lose

FLERIDA.

What say you?

LAURA.

That I ever am thy faithful
Servant.

FLERIDA, *to Flora*.

Leave us here alone:—[*Exit Flora*.
Laura, give me your attention.
I have ascertained, a lover

(Scarcely can I tell it thee)
Has but now received a letter
From some lady, with a promise
Him to meet to-night.

LAURA, *aside*.

O heavens !

FLERIDA.

And although I know the lover,
I the lady do not know.

LAURA, *aside*.

But I *do*.

FLERIDA.

I must discover
Who, from out these trellised windows
That look down upon the terrace,
Dares to outrage the decorum
Of my never-broken laws.

LAURA.

You do very right, for truly
'Tis a most unheard-of daring.

FLERIDA.

'Tis not fitting that in person
I descend, nor were it right ;
And I thus, my lovely Laura,
Trust to you ; for you alone,
You, of all the many persons
Unto whom imagination
Wandered in its searching flight,
Have escaped the smallest shadow
Of the most remote suspicion.

LAURA.

What are then your orders ?

FLERIDA.

These :

Once and many a time descending
To the garden through the night,
You become the watchful sentry
Of my honour, reconnoitring
Whom you meet within its bounds.
Think not that my care arises
Solely from decorum, Laura ;
No, I wish to know the lady
Frederick loves—(with strange imprudence
Has my tongue declared his name ;
But it matters little !)—cousin,
This is what I charge you with.

LAURA.

Needlessly thou dost implore me,
Since, attentive to thy pleasure,
And obedient to thy will,
Not alone, as thou commandest,
Shall I pay a thousand visits
To the garden,—no, till morn
Shall it be my joy to stay there,
Proud and happy thee to serve.

Takes the light, as if going.

FLERIDA.

I entrust my peace, my honour,
Unto thee, my friend and cousin ;
Thou hast ready wit and prudence,
Laura mine, be these thy guide—
Go then, in the way thou wishest ;
I will only say my feelings
Equal thine, and must be grateful.

Exit.

LAURA.

God preserve me ! Oh ! how many

Objects at one time present them
To my mind ; upon each other
Crowd they so, and so depend,
That when I would make an ending
Of them all, I find I cannot
Choose the foremost to begin.
But why grieve thus ? It is better
To leave all this tangled net-work
To the unravelling of time ;
And to gain on time the sooner,
Silence is the best conductor,
Till with Frederick I can speak ;
He must necessarily show me,
By his voice or by his face,
If he loves me or deceives me.

*She enters at one side and returns by
the other.*

O thou fair and beauteous garden,
Whose eternal green republic
Is the chosen clime of April,—
April only dwelling here,
It the God that makes thy spring-time,
It the king that rules thy year ;
She who oft came hither freely
To thy fair and fertile bowers,
To confide her love's sweet secrets,
To thy flowers and to thy fountains,
To thy fountains and thy flowers ;
Now comes hither, forced and bidden,
Sleepless, anxious, full of fear,
To discover who has hidden,
With perfidious hand, the aspen
Jealousy, within my breast.

A noise within at the grate.

In the street the signal's given ;
Full of terror, full of doubt
Beats my heart : but for what reason ?
If, in all the world, no being

Can more boldly danger dare,
Since 'tis jealousy defends me.....
Who is there ?

Frederick appears at the grated window.

FREDERICK.

Oh ! do not ask me,
Beauteous Laura mine, unless
You desire my sure enjoyment
Should be changed to sad distrust ;
If not I, who could it be ?

LAURA.

Do not wonder, do not murmur,
That I did not recognise thee,
Since, indeed, you are another
Person from the one I thought.

FREDERICK.

In what manner ?

LAURA.

In this manner:—

Frederick, at this grate, the duchess
Left me to find out the lady
That to-night did here invite thee ;
From which clearly I infer
That you have betrayed my favours.

FREDERICK.

May the listening Heaven, my Laura
Mine I said, do not reproach me,
That when truths I came to utter,
I thus falsely should begin ;—
May the angry heavens destroy me,
May a bolt of forkéd lightning
Strike me dead, if from my breast
Faintest accents ever issued,

That my secret could profane !
Why need more to undeceive you,
Than that she confides in *you* ?—
And moreover, how, I pray thee,
Could she tell thee watch for me,
When she must suppose me absent
On a journey, of whose nature
I have not now time to tell ?

LAURA.

Though so far you exculpate you,
Now explain to me the cause
Of the interest she taketh,
Frederick, in thus detecting
Who it is that favours you ?

FREDERICK.

As to that, though I am doubtful,
That the cause of these inquiries
Springs from me and not herself,
Were it not to give thee, Laura,
Even a greater triumph still,—
And to bring thy love in deeper
Debt to mine, to speak my thought ?—
He who wins what's not resisted
Scarcely can be said to win :—
Do not baffle my complainings,
Since they have a surer base
In Lisardo, there exchanging
Seeming ills for certain woes ;—
Say, ah Laura ! must you wed him ?

LAURA.

I wed not : it is misfortune
Forms the wish, and not my heart.

FREDERICK.

One who loves can conquer all things.

LAURA.

That is true: 'tis also certain,
One who loves, all danger fears.

FREDERICK.

Then why write to me that letter,
Laura, where you fondly vowed,
Ere you'll lose me, life shall leave thee;—
That my portrait I should bring
In return for thine you sent me?

LAURA.

There was not the inconvenience,
Frederick, that has since arisen.

FREDERICK.

What a poor excuse you give me,
For your sudden change! Ah! Laura,
If your firm resolve is taken,
Why waste time at such a moment?
Why waste words in speaking to me?—
See the portrait that you asked for
Comes to be the only witness
Of my jealousy:—behold!
In its setting, it appeareth
Similar to that dear image
That you sent me, when with joy
Looked my happy fortune on me;—
For it was my poor ambition,
Since the jewel was not equal,
That the case that hid it were:—
Take it, and but this I ask thee,
If another thou shouldst wed,
Look not on it: though but painted,
It will silently upbraid.

M 2

LAURA.

Frederick, I But hark ! I hear
Footsteps through the street approaching.

FREDERICK.

Ah ! perhaps you then had told me
Something would have given me joy,
If you were not interrupted ?

LAURA.

Thine I am, and thine for ever,
Had I said, and now I say it.

FREDERICK.

Let him come, whoe'er is coming;—
No, they turn another way.

LAURA.

Notwithstanding that, 'tis needful
That I close the grating now.
Frederick, let my word of parting
Be a word of caution too :
Jealous eyes are watching o'er us.

FREDERICK.

Need we more for our protection
Than to watch them too ?

LAURA.

And how ?

FREDERICK.

I shall send to you a cipher
In the morning, which will show,

How before the court and duchess
You can speak direct to me ;—
And without the least suspicion,
In the presence of them all,
Loudly speak, and loudly answer.

LAURA.

This will be, unless I err,
What is called the spoken secret.

FREDERICK.

Use all caution in the reading
Of the letter I shall bring.

LAURA.

I will do so. God defend thee !

FREDERICK.

Heaven protect thy precious life.

LAURA.

Love ! what bitter pangs you cost me.

FREDERICK.

Laura ! what to me you owe !

Excunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.—THE PARK AND GARDENS.

—
*Enter FREDERICK and FABIO, in travelling dresses,
and HENRY.*

HENRY.

Frederick, I cannot persuade me,
That the letter of the duchess
Had a more mysterious meaning
Than what it appears to be ;
Namely, but a courteous answer
To the one I lately brought :—
And she merely sent you with it
For the adventitious honour
That the bearer might impart ;
Thinking doubtless it were proper,
I, the duke's relation seeming,
That her messenger should equal
His in point of birth and rank.
Do not fear that she suspecteth
Who I am : and so the best
Plan for you is, thus pretending
That from Mantua you come
With this letter, which I give you.
She will never dream or doubt,
Seeing here my hand and signet,
But that there you must have been.

FREDERICK.

Though I recognise with clearness
All these reasons, and your letter
Leaves no doubt upon the subject
That your person is unknown ;

Still the fact of her commanding
My departure yester-evening,
When a lady had appointed
Secretly to speak with me ;
That same lady then declaring
That her highness had discovered,
How or when she could not tell me,
All about that trysting-time,—
When I feel her reputation
Stands in peril every moment ;
All these thoughts must leave me, Henry,
Some remaining grounds of grief.

HENRY.

'Tis a subject that requireth
Greater leisure : take the letter,
Let us kill the first suspicion,
And the second soon shall die,
Almost of itself ; the letter,
Frederick, take, and so adieu.

FREDERICK.

Will you not approach the palace ?—

HENRY.

Surely yes ; if it in all things
Is the country of my soul,
It its very sphere and centre,
Every instant that it liveth
Out of it, it lives in pain.

Exit.

FABIO.

Must a man of honour bear this ?

FREDERICK.

What do you complain of, Fabio ?

FABIO.

I complain, my lord, of naught ;
Merely ask a calculation
Of the time I thee have served :
If for every hour you gave me
What you give me for a year,
I declare to God, another
Hour I would not wish to serve.

FREDERICK.

Why ?

FABIO.

Because my luckless noddle
Is turned topsy-turvy thinking,
And there's not enough of money
Up and down the world, to pay
Any servant who must think of
All the bedlam things you say.

FREDERICK.

How prove this ?

FABIO.

Just in this way :
Fabio ! I am dying, Fabio ;
This is my last living day,—
Hope and life shall die together ;
Shall I order then your hearse ?
I inquire, and you replying,
Answer—No, I shall not die,
For the night that is approaching
Shall be glorious day to me :—
I am very glad to hear it :—
Fabio !—Master ! I must go

On a journey, get two horses
Ready-saddled—it is done :—
Now I shall not go, but bring them,—
Mount on one ; I do : how far
Have we gone ? A league : then homeward,
Turn about : and so we turn ;
Let us seek at once our dwelling ;
Mind you follow not my steps ;—
And a thousand contradictions,
Little secrets without end,
Which the devil could not fathom.
For, in fine, I do not like
Any master who thus deals in,
Without being Pope or Pontiff,
Cases rightly called “ reserved.”

FREDERICK.

Silence ; for her highness cometh.
Mind, remember what I said ;
That by no means you discover
How nor you nor I were absent
Out of Parma all last night.

FABIO.

Oh ! of course :—now I am dying
To reveal it to Flerida,
For three simple reasons : first,
To regale my tongue a little ;
Secondly, for vengeance' sake ;
Thirdly, to oblige her highness.

[*Aside.**Exit.*

SCENE II.—ANOTHER PART OF THE GARDENS.

Enter FLEBIDA *and* LAURA.

FLERIDA.

So, dear Laura, no one ventured
Down to seek the peaceful region
Of the garden?

LAURA.

Say, how oft
Do you wish that I should tell thee?

FLERIDA.

This once only.

LAURA.

Then believe me,
That within its beauteous limits
I remained until the morn,
Laughing at my strict obedience,
Turned its laughter into tears,—
Scattering pearls o'er all its roses,
Still the garden no one sought :
So that for your wild suspicions,
Save myself, perhaps, Señora,
No one now can give thee grounds.

FLORIDA.

Yes they can, because 'twere easy,
Laura

LAURA.

What ?

FLERIDA.

Even for that lady
To discover Frederick's absence
On a sudden call of duty,
Which prevented her from going
To the garden through the night ;
But at least this consolation
I have gained, that I prevented
Once, at least, their conversation,
And the meeting they had hoped.

LAURA.

That is clear :—thou little dreahest [Aside.
That thy foolish, jealous nature
Has been like a magic girdle,
Binding those thou wouldst divide.

Enter FREDERICK and FABIO.

FREDERICK.

Let me kiss your hand, Señora.

FLERIDA.

Why with such swift expedition
Have you hastened homeward, Frederick ?

FREDERICK.

The desire I had to serve thee
Would not let me travel slower.

FABIO.

Yes, Señora ; and to Mantua
As it's but a league

FREDERICK.

What say you ?

FABIO.

Oh ! I meant to say a dozen.

FLERIDA.

Do you bring his grace's answer ?

FREDERICK.

Could I hither come without it ?

FABIO, *aside*.Well, I never heard such lying
Done with such a cool assurance.

FREDERICK.

This, Señora, is the letter. [*Presents it.*]FLERIDA, *aside*.

Yes, 'tis his, my vengeance miss'd not.

FABIO, *aside to FREDERICK*.

Who wrote this ?

FREDERICK.

The duke of Mantua.

FABIO.

Even *me* you would bamboozle ?

FLERIDA.

How have you been yourself ?

FREDERICK.

So happy,
In the respectful love I bear thee,
So rejoiced is my obedience
To be ever in thy service,
That I vow to thee, Señora,
Never night appear'd more pleasant.

FABIO, *aside*.

I believe so : though he striveth
To dissemble thus, he cannot
Quite succeed.

LAURA, *aside*.

The sly expression
Of his face conveys two meanings.

FLERIDA *reads*.

"For the honours and attentions
Which your grace has paid to Henry,
And to me, by your despatching
Even your secretary hither,
I, indeed, feel so indebted,
That my soul becometh bankrupt,
Knowing it is wholly powerless
To repay, with aught sufficient,
One or other obligation;
More than this, when I bethink me
How my soul is sweetly prisoned
In a servitude"

Resumes.

No further :—

This is of another matter ;—
I am pleased extremely, Frederick,
At your diligent demeanour
In this business.

FREDERICK.

And, Señora,
I am proud at so succeeding.

FLERIDA.

You are weary : rest a little :—
After that, return : despatches
Of importance wait my signing.

FREDERICK.

First permit me, ere I leave you,
To present Señora Laura
With this letter in your presence,
For as I would scarcely venture,
Through respect, to address the lady,
So 'twere wrong in me to give it
At a time that might offend thee.
Gives Laura a letter.

FLERIDA.

Whose is this ?

FREDERICK.

Indeed, I know not.
From the chambers of the duchess,
Mother of the duke, a lady
Came and gave it me ; I fancy,
Some old friend or near relation.

FABIO, *aside*.

Listening to these lies doth make me
Dull and stupid as a donkey.

LAURA.

Yes, Señora, the hand-writing
Now I see is Madame Celia's.
With your leave, I shall withdraw
For a little while to read it,—
'Till I get beyond her eye-sight,
I shall move half dead with terror.

[*Aside.*FREDERICK, *aside to LAURA*.

Read it quickly.

LAURA, *to him*.

I shall do so.

[*Exit.*

FLERIDA.

Go with God.

FREDERICK.

For endless ages
Live! and may the bright sun count them!

Exit.

FLERIDA.

How contented, oh! how happy
Do I feel that I prevented
This love-meeting; for, though many
Doubts remain behind, yet also
Vigilance remains to teach me
How to mar all future meetings.

FABIO, *aside*.

If the future prove like this one,
You, for certain, have great reason
To be proud of your manœuvres.

FLERIDA.

Fabio!

FABIO.

Madam, I have waited
To speak with you: 'till he left you
I have linger'd here, pretending
To be looking at these frescoes.

FLERIDA.

Tell me, if, upon the journey,
He seemed grieved at his departure.

FABIO.

What departure?

FLERIDA.

Yester-evening's.

FABIO.

Do you then, my lady, fancy
That he went from this last evening ?

FLERIDA.

Why, of course, he must have done so,
Otherwise how could he bring me,
Not alone the duke's sealed answer,
But his autograph—his letter,
Every line his own hand-writing ?

FABIO.

How, I know not :—we departed,
Went about a league's short distance,
And came back again.

FLERIDA.

What say you ?

FABIO.

Truth the clearest, most undoubted,
Or there's none on earth ; he left me
At his rooms, with strict injunctions
Not to budge an inch beyond them,
When he went to meet his sweet-heart.

FLERIDA.

Oh ! it cannot be : unsay it.

FABIO.

Then 'twas she who came to meet him.

FLERIDA.

Quick ! and tell me what remaineth.

FABIO.

He came home at morning, giving
Many joyful demonstrations
Of a very kind reception.

FLERIDA.

Your audacious tongue is lying.

FABIO.

Lies are duels; two must make them.

FLERIDA.

Who then sent he with the letter?

FABIO.

No one.

FLERIDA.

How obtain the answer?

FABIO.

Why, what difficulty is there?
 Since a man who has a demon
 Ever bringing notes and billets,
 Can with equal ease compel him
 Fetch and carry longer letters;—
 Certainly some strange familiar
 He must have: this proposition
 Proves I do not lie.

FLERIDA.

However,
 Still I hold that you are lying.

FABIO.

No; I vow to God, my lady,
 This is true, and true as gospel,
 That he did not leave this city,
 But the whole night spent in speaking
 With his mistress.

FLERIDA.

Peace, and leave me.
Laura cometh, I am anxious
To find out, that I may free me
From the doubts that round me thicken,
What this letter is he brought her.

FABIO, *aside*.

Well, God help thee for a duchess,
In the anxious search you're making
To find out who is the lady
Frederick woos; and he, by Heaven!
Is so slow to understand her!—
Ah! with me if she would act so,
I would see it in a moment.

*Exit.**Enter* LAURA.LAURA, *aside*.

Now that I have read the cipher,
I return to see the duchess,
That she may have no suspicion
Of the cause of my retirement.

FLERIDA.

Laura, what has Celia written
In her letter?

LAURA.

Oh! a thousand
Silly, foolish things, Señora.
This is it, if you would read it:—
I will give her the enclosure, [*Aside*,
Which was placed there for deception,
Having first removed the cipher.

FLERIDA.

Laura, no, I will not read it ;
All I wish is that you clearly
Understand my cause of trouble.
Yesterday, as I have told you,
I discovered that a lady
Had presumed to write to Frederick,
And appoint an hour to meet him
Late last night.

LAURA.

'Tis so, Señora.

FLERIDA.

First, my motive was this outrage
On decorum : then a feeling,
Partly curious, partly anxious,
To find out this unknown lady,
Made me order his departure,
And your vigil in the garden.
Hear now what a spy has told me,
One whose place is ever near him,
That last night (ah me ! the torture !)
Frederick went not forth from Parma,
But remained the whole night speaking
With his mistress in the garden.

LAURA.

Was there ever heard such boldness ?
Did he name the lady ?

FLERIDA.

No.

LAURA.

Then, Señora, do not trust him ;
For, supposing he deceived you

With this counterfeited letter,
To what end would he deceive me
Also with the one he brought me ?

FLERIDA.

Are you certain that this letter
Is your cousin's ?

LAURA.

I am certain.

FLERIDA.

Then he must some other person
Have despatched for both the letters,
Who has baffled my informant.

LAURA.

Yes, no doubt.

FLERIDA.

But still remaineth
One more doubt. You spent the night-time
In the garden, and no lady
To the trellised grate descended ;
Thus 'tis certain, if the story
Of this man be true, how Frederick
Spent the whole night till the morning
With his mistress, that she is not
Any one within the palace.

LAURA.

Do not doubt it ; it is easy
To believe she's of the city.

FLERIDA.

Still I'll make a thousand efforts,
Each surpassing each in daring,
To find out who is this lady.

LAURA.

Why concern yourself, Señora ?

FLERIDA.

Ask not such a foolish question.
Laura, since to thee confiding,
Since confessing to thy bosom
The affliction that I suffer,—
What imports it, if he know not ?
For my pride is so excessive—
So extreme my haughty nature—
That I cannot let him wound them,
Even though he know them not.

Exit.

LAURA.

'Tis essential to apprise him
Of these curious overwatchings—
Of these jealous-eyed espials ;
But, ah me ! the very reason
That I give him to be cautious
Will reveal to him the secret
Of Flerida's jealous heart ;—
And it is no prudent action
To inform the firmest lover
That another loves him well ;
For the humblest heart is tainted
So with vanity's sweet poison,
That what once it thought a favour,
Soon a thankless debt becomes :—
Still it is of less importance,
Than that he should know not (Heaven !)
Of the spies that clog his footsteps,
And the dangers that surround :
To advise him, I am anxious
Now to make a re-perusal

Of the cipher that he gave me,
Which I should remember well.

*She conceals the letter which she has been
holding, and takes out another, which she
reads.*

“When you ever wish, Señora,
By your voice of aught to warn me,
You will make, at the beginning,
With your handkerchief a sign,
That I thus may be attentive ;—
Then upon whatever matter
You would speak, the words that open
Lines that pauses follow quickly,
Will be meant for me alone,
And the rest for those about us ;—
Then by joining in succession
All these first words, one by one,
I can know what you would tell me ;
And the same course you will follow
When I make the sign in turn.” [*Resumes.*
The plan is easy and ingenious ;
But a difficulty seemeth
In effecting such a junction
As will make the separate senses
Clear to us, and to the others.
Not to err, again I’ll read it.

Reads to herself.

Enter LISARDO.

LISARDO, *aside.*

So absorb’d and so attentive,
Laura looks upon a letter,
That although, ’tis true, no feeling
Of a vile suspicious kind,
Based on jealousy, could make me
Fail in that respect I owe her,
Yet a foolish, curious longing

Makes me wish to know the pith
Of a letter so attractive.
Would that I could read that paper
From this spot, unseen by her !

LAURA.

Who is there ?

LISARDO.

'Tis I.

LAURA, *aside*.

O sorrow !

LISARDO.

Why this trouble ? this confusion ?.....

LAURA.

Neither troubled nor confused.....

LISARDO.

Why, that crumpled paper shows it,
And your rising blush betrays.

LAURA.

Better read these indications,
Crumpled letter—rising bloom—
You will see they do not follow
As the consequence of grief,
But the plain effects of insult,
Which you thus by your suspicious
Want of confidence inflict ;
You a traitor ! you a secret
Spy upon my simplest act !—
Guilt's best remedy is ever
Thus to thunder in complaint.

[*Aside*.

LISARDO.

Laura, I do not distrust thee,
And that thou mayst know how strong ,
How confiding is the feeling
That my heart preserves for thee,
Fearing naught of what thou'rt hiding,
I shall let my tongue demand
What that paper is.

LAURA.

A paper
Which in little floating fragments
I shall give unto the air ;
For, to such a foolish question—
Idle as the wind—'tis right
That the wind should give the answer.
Tears it.

LISARDO.

From the wind I shall regain it,
Since you give it to the wind.

LAURA.

Never ! though quite unimportant
Your attempt to join them so ;
Still my reputation needeth
That my anger should chastise
All these base and vile suspicions
Which you dare to show to me.

LISARDO.

But

LAURA.

Behold ! the wind has ta'en them :
As my husband you are not,
You have no right to presume thus.

LISARDO. •

As thy cousin, and thy lover,
Though, alas ! not yet thy husband,
I must reunite the fragments
Of this serpent of evasion,
That in every scattered letter
Deadly venom still doth hold.

LAURA.

Do not so ; for this, Lisardo,
Which you call a bloody serpent,
Is a snake beneath my feet.

LISARDO.

Though amid the flowers I perish,
I will stoop and gather.

LAURA.

No.

LISARDO.

Let me, Laura,

LAURA.

Hold ! Ungrateful.

*Enter at one side ARNESTO, and at the other
FLERIDA : a little after, FREDERICK and FABIO.*

ARNESTO.

What is all this noise, Lisardo ?

FLERIDA.

Laura, what is all this outcry ?

LISARDO.

It is nothing.

LAURA.

Nay, your highness,
It is much : now, love, assist me !

Aside.

ARNESTO.

Wilt thou speak thus ? *[To Lisardo.*

FLERIDA.

Wilt thou quarrel ? *[To Laura.*

ARNESTO.

With thy cousin ?

FLERIDA.

Thy betrothed ?

ARNESTO.

Say, Lisardo, what has happened ?

FLERIDA.

Laura, what has passed between you ?

LISARDO.

It is nothing that I know of.

LAURA.

It is much: you know, Señora,
That you left me here this instant
Reading Madam Celia's letter.

FLERIDA.

Yes.

LAURA.

And being thus employed, I
Was insulted by Lisardo,
Who, with insolent presumption,

Dared to treat me with suspicion :
And, that you may know the reason,
Kind Señora, prithee listen—
Listen, also, thou my father,
And the friends who have come with thee :
For to me it is important
All the world should know the secret
That I carry in my bosom.
Takes out her handkerchief.

FREDERICK.

Tell me what has happened, Fabio.

FABIO.

I don't know : [*aside*] since I am certain
It is not about the matter
That I mentioned to the duchess,
It doth give me little trouble.

FREDERICK.

Since I see she gives the signal [*Aside.*]
Let me pay her strict attention—
Joining the first words she utters.

ARNESTO.

Speak, my daughter. What delays you ?

FLERIDA.

Laura, end your hesitation.

LAURA.

Flerida—whom kind Heaven above
Has—given alike both wit and beauty :
Already—is my humble duty
Known—to thee by years of love.

FLERIDA.

'Tis true ; but why this trembling tone ?
Why, now, remind me of it, pray ?

FREDERICK, *aside*.

The first four words expressly say,
"Florida has already known."

LAURA.

That—my heart must this avow!—
You did not—think to hear this sighing
Go from—out my lips, relying
Here—on thy protection now.

ARNESTO.

Enough, enough, why shed a tear?
The simplest word will do instead.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

Again the words have plainly said,
"That you did not go from here."

LAURA.

And that—from you should come this strife!
You met—me here, Lisardo: Why
Your lady—thus insult? for I,
Dear—Love be praised! am not thy wife.

LISARDO.

It is yourself that wronged the near
Affection that should bind us two.

FLORIDA, *to Laura*.

Do you proceed:—be silent you. [*To Lisardo*.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

"And that you met your lady dear."

LAURA.

For which—unkind discourtesy,
Her—heart must feel, who meant no wrong,
Jealousy—undisguised and strong
Is shown—thus openly by thee.

LISARDO.

The letter you perused alone,
Did you not tear when I came near it ?

ARNESTO.

Perfectly right she did to tear it.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

"For which her jealousy is shown."

LAURA.

Remember—what my anger vows,
That—I will die ere wed with thee :
You—my father insist that he
Name me not—his affianced spouse.

ARNESTO, *to Lisardo*.

From the disgrace in which you have got,
How will you free yourself ?

LISARDO.

Heart-broken

Am I.

ARNESTO. •

Be silent.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

She has spoken,
"Remember that you name me not."

LAURA.

Because—what tyrant spouse were he,
The man—even now in courtship's hour,
Who lives—'neath jealousy's dark power ?
With thee—what would the after be ?

LISARDO.

My error was my jealousy;
Then, lovely Laura, pray forgive.

ARNESTO, *to Lisardo*.

The worst excuse that you could give.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

"For the man who lives with thee."

LAURA.

Is—this poor apology
Your greatest—grief for being rude?
Enemy—of all that's good,
Meet me—henceforth an enemy;
To-night—avoid my averted sight:
At—morn, my usual smile thou'lt miss;
The same—dark cloud that shadows this
Spot—on thy hopes shall ne'er grow bright.
Exit.

ARNESTO.

The punishment that thou hast got
You have deserved; I'm wroth with thee.
Exit.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

"Is your greatest enemy :—
Meet me to-night at the same spot."

FLERIDA.

It, Lisardo, ill became you
Thus to treat fair Laura so;
But as I the reason know,
I must not too strictly blame you :—
He would tear away the mask, [*Aside.*

And is jealous for not seeing ;—
I, a more unhappy being,
Jealous am, but dare not ask ! [Exit.

FABIO, *aside*.

Well, thank God ! I feel much bolder,
Since Florida left this spot,
For my master now cannot
Learn from her the news I told her.

LISARDO.

Heaven protect me ! 'tis exceeding
All I ever heard or knew !
Frederick, let me know, if you
Think, because I found her reading,
And but asked to see the letter,
That it could so much offend her ?
Vex her father too, and render
Even Florida little better ?
Say, if it is known to thee,
What could cause the great excess
Of her indignation ?

FREDERICK.

Yes,
For the cause is clear to me ;
Laura is with you offended
For your want of confidence.

LISARDO.

Ah ! my foolish want of sense !
Ah ! my hope, how soon thou'rt ended !
Exit.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

Ah ! how mine has taken flight !

FABIO, *aside*.

I have nothing now to dread.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

Let me join what she has said,
If I can remember right ;
For which purpose I will seek,
O my planet ! to restrict your
Influence ; and by her picture,
Think I hear her sweet lips speak.

Takes out a portrait.

Beauteous image, loved so well,
What you said but now, repeat.

FABIO, *aside*.

Ah ! a picture !—well, 'tis sweet
To have something new to tell.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

“ Florida has already known
That you did not go from here,
And that you met your lady dear,
For which her jealousy is shown ;—
Remember that you name me not ;
Because the man who lives with thee
Is your greatest enemy :
Meet me to-night at the same spot.”

To Fabio.

By Heaven ! thou traitor, most abhorred,
'Tis thou my secret that hast sold,—
'Tis thou, O villain, that hast told
I did not go away ! *[Strikes him.*

FABIO.

My lord,
What sudden fit of anger now
Has seized upon you, that you so
Severely treat me ?

FREDERICK.

Well I know
The reason, traitor.

FABIO.

Then avow
The reason of it first of all :
Did you not enter here with me
The best of friends ? What testimony
Could you meet with in this hall,
Speaking to neither young or old ?—
Who maligned me ? let me hear.

FREDERICK.

Villain, since I entered here,
I found out that you have told
How I did not go last night,
And that I met my mistress too.

FABIO.

Heard it here, you say ?

FREDERICK.

I do.

FABIO.

Think now, master.....

FREDERICK.

By this light
I'll chastise you, for your profit.

FABIO.

Tell me, which of the ladies said it ?

FREDERICK.

Her you told may have the credit,
For 'twas she who told me of it.

FABIO.

I told no one :—Death is bliss [Aside.
Compared to telling truth, I feel.

FREDERICK.

Well, by Heaven! beneath my steel
You die this instant. [Draws his sword.

Enter HENRY.

HENRY.

What means this?

FREDERICK.

It means that I a wretch would kill.

FABIO.

Ah! hold, Señor!

HENRY.

My friend, reflect;
This is the palace, recollect.

FREDERICK.

Let me the villain's vile blood spill.

HENRY *to Fabio*.

Fly!

FABIO.

Like a deer before the chase,
Since you so kindly ope the way;
This happens almost every day :—
Well! what a tattler is her grace!
Aside, and exit.

HENRY.

Why do you seem so discomposed?
What has affected your condition?

FREDERICK.

The perilous and strange position
This villain's conduct hath imposed :—
Florida, Henry, has come by
The knowledge that I did not go.

HENRY.

Who has informed her ?

FREDERICK.

None did know
Except this servant, you, and I.

HENRY.

Has she expressed it ?

FREDERICK.

She ? ah ! no ;
If wroth, she is too wise to show it,
And seems as if she did not know it.

HENRY.

Perhaps whoever told you so
Invented it.

FREDERICK.

No, no, for she
Is frightened for her own dear sake.

HENRY.

Perhaps there may be some mistake.

FREDERICK.

Alas ! I know it cannot be.
And so, I see no way, in sooth,
To make amends for my transgression,
Than to make a clear confession
And avow the simple truth.

HENRY.

Although in that case I would prove
The guiltier of the two, be sure
To make thy mind again secure ;
I might such desperate means approve,
If indeed it were the true
And certain means to gain that end.

FREDERICK.

In such a trouble, say, my friend,
What would you think the best to do ?

HENRY.

I would be silent, till the affair
Took clearer shape, and then act so :—
For she knows, or does not know.
If she know it, and her fair
Discretion glides the matter over,
Were it right in you to go,
And what *she* wish'd not to know,
By your own tongue thus discover ?—
If she know it not, 'twill be
Doubly wrong to me and you,
That what she from no one knew
She should strangely learn from thee.—
Were I thou, I would at first
Flatter Fabio, as yet
He *may* be faithful :—do not let
Revenge provoke him :—at the worst
Give him not new grounds to go
With complainings to her grace ;
Lest, perforce, in such a case
She must speak and act.

FREDERICK.

Although
Still I feel a strong objection,

Differing as I said I do,
I will be advised by you,
Not to err through my election :
Fabio at once I'll trace,
I shall talk with fair Florida,
Till she speaks she ne'er shall read a
Trace of guilt upon my face.

[*Exit.*]

HENRY.

I, the heir of his confusion,
All the doubts he held, inherit,
For, although his person leaves me,
All his griefs remain behind :—
I came here to see Florida,
Thinking then that my ambition
(Woe is me !) could not aspire to
Any greater good than this :—
Now one day pursues another,
And I, still disguised, continue
At her court, in constant danger
Of thus outraging her pride ;
Since there may be many persons
Here who recognise my person,
And I thus may make my secret
Worship seem a fool's offence ;
Since, if firstly my intention
Was to act a part, and follow
Up the false with truer issues,
Why delay to do so now ?

*Enter FLORIDA.*FLORIDA, *aside.*

Once again, O tyrant passion !
Once again, with blind attraction
Wilt thou draw me..... ? Hush ! 'tis Henry.

HENRY.

Noblest lady, I impart
To these listening flowers and fountains,

Of which thou art the aurora,
Love's complainings.

FLERIDA.

And for what ?

HENRY.

For at seeing thee, Señora,
Beauteous goddess of this flower-world—
Deity of this sweet place,—
Killing like the sun with radiance,
And with glances, like love's darts,—
I exclaimed, To-day you need not
Squander, Love, your ammunition :
If one beam alone can conquer,
If one dart can all suffice,
Why, O tyrant Love, employ thus
Such a host of darts and beams ?

FLERIDA.

This discourse awakens, Henry,
Two surprises, which are these :
First, that you should so address me ;
Secondly, that I should hear.
Leave my presence : if his highness
Sent you to my court, it was
Not that you should act the traitor
Unto him as well as me.

HENRY.

Nor to him, nor you, Señora,
Do I think that I am one,
Since it is the duke who feeleth
Everything that I have said.

FLERIDA.

Marriages by means of proxy
Oft the world has seen, I know,

But a lover's wooing never.
And though I the fact admit,
That it was for him you flatter'd,
Did I not expressly say,
That you should his highness mention
Only when I spoke of him ?

HENRY.

Yes, Señora, but I never
Fancied the condition was,
That if you were always silent,
I for ever should not speak.

FLERIDA.

If I am to speak, then, Henry,
Some time, let it be to-day,
To declare to you how vainly
Doth the duke attempt to cross
Waves of fire with oars of feather,
Or with wax wings seek the sun.
Now, withdraw, before I answer—
Rather pride will speak for me—
With accumulated anger,
Henry, to the duke and you.

HENRY.

I obey you, madam, fearing
Greater punishment may come,—
If the greatest is not leaving
Loveliness like thine : 'tis death !

Exit.

FLERIDA.

Deeply has this sudden boldness
Given me food for thought : O love
Leave, oh ! leave a little moment,
My imagination free
To examine..... But who enters ?
Who has ventured here ?

Enter FABIO.

FABIO.

'Tis I:—

O most prating of princesses !
I, whose heart is overflowed
With the many-billowed load
Of the weight that it oppresses,
For my being such a prater ;
And, although 'tis rude in stating,
Yet I must assert, in prating
That your highness is a greater.

FLEBIDA.

What would you tell by this ? confess.

FABIO.

What did you tell by that ? avow,
In your late conversation ?

FLEBIDA.

Now

I understand your meaning less.

FABIO.

Did it arise from your believing
That what I told you would have rotted,
If in your noddle you had got it
An hour or so without revealing ?

FLEBIDA.

Who, was it then I told it to ?

FABIO.

To no one if it was not he,
Who, full of rage and cruelty,
When you had just got out of view,
Attack'd me in so fierce a way,

That if he were not forced to pause,
He would have killed me.

FLERIDA.

Why ?

FABIO.

Because
Your highness has too much to say.

FLERIDA.

But if I spoke not to him since,
How can it be that he has got
The news from me ?

FABIO.

Why then, if not
He learned it from the infernal prince,—
Which is unpleasant ; as I swell,
I burst with news I fear to tell.

FLERIDA.

Say what it is.

FABIO.

I do not know.

FLERIDA.

Did he another letter get ?

FABIO.

Oh ! I know nothing.

FLERIDA.

Has he gone ?

FABIO.

Oh ! I know nothing.

FLERIDA.

Any one
Been here to see him, whom he met
In secret ?

FABIO.

Still I nothing know.

FLERIDA.

Then I am forced to think that you
Repent of what you vowed to do—
Lately to serve me ; and thus show
More zeal for Frederick's sake, by such
Refusals, than for mine.

FABIO.

Not this
The cause explains.

FLERIDA.

And what ?

FABIO.

It is
Because your highness talks too much.
If he finds out this time, in glory
Soon, by his hand, I rest.

FLERIDA.

As yet
He has killed you not, and may forget.

FABIO.

'Tis true : but hear a little story !—
A gay gallant and sprightly dame
Were once engaged in conversation ;
When, enjoying the occasion,
An insect that I need not name
Thus astutely thought and said :
“ Now as he can scarcely scratch,
I methinks had best despatch

A quiet meal, nor danger dread.”
The gentleman, with great politeness,
Bore it long : but then the gnawing
Grew so fearful, that with drawing
His right hand unseen, with lightness
Attacked the enemy *con amore*,
And with his fingers, ere in flight
He could escape from out the fight,
Bore him prisoner from that foray !—
The lady, turning time enough
To see her lover’s fingers press’d
Against each other, so compress’d
As if they held a pinch of snuff,
Asked him with a look serene,
A serious air her mockery screening,—
None being by to know her meaning,—
“ And did he die, that cavalier ? ”
Quite unembarrass’d—self-possess’d,
Holding his hand thus—he replied,
“ No, Señora, he has not died,
Though he is dreadfully hard press’d.”
And so this matter, as I view it,
Admits the same reply being made :
’Tis little matter not being dead,
When I am just the next thing to it.
And so I am afraid to say,
What all this time I had been saying,
But for your treacherous betraying ;
That, in his hands, I saw to-day
A portrait, whence you may discover,
If you can get a peep at it,
The face and form and every bit
Of her of whom he is the lover :—
This and more would I endeavour,
Lady mine, to tell thee here,
But so much your tongue I fear,
That expect not I will ever
Tell thee this or aught I know :

For when thinking of my master,
Though my tongue runs fast, yet faster
Well I know that yours can go. [*Exit.*]

FLERIDA.

Ah ! he then doth wear a portrait :
Now my subtle wit and skill
Find some proper mode for drawing
Forth the secret from his breast ;
But with only this precaution
That I shun a public place.

Enter FREDERICK.

FREDERICK, *aside.*

After all, it is the safest
Plan, the subject to avoid
Until she doth speak about it :—
Since you ordered me to come [*Aloud.*]
For that purpose, say, Señora,
Does your highness wish that I
Lay before you the despatches ?

FLERIDA.

Yes ; but then the open garden
Is not an appropriate place,
More especially when sinking—
Lo ! in sapphire sets the sun ;
At his birth an amber cradle,
At his death a golden tomb :
Bear them to my presence-chamber,
And before you enter there,
Bear in mind that you this evening
Many things for me must write ;—
If that lady doth expect you
Whom so secretly you serve,
You should send to her to tell her
Not to wait for you to-night ;

For although the journey's shorter
Than the one you lately made,
Still the absence is more certain.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

What is this, O Heavens! I hear?

Enter LAURA.

LAURA, *aside*.

Frederick and Florida here!
Since an opportune occasion
She deprived me of, so I
Shall of one deprive her also:—
Has indeed your highness made
Compact sweet with April weather,
Giving to that beauteous time
Lasting loveliness? [Aloud.

FLORIDA.

How so?

LAURA.

Since the live-long day you scarcely
Leave this gladsome garden sweet,—
Giving to the rose its purple,
To the jessamine its snow.

FLORIDA.

Now at least I wish to leave it;
Let us, Laura, go: do you
Follow soon with the despatches;
And whilst you retire for them,
You upon the way may proffer
The advice of which I spoke.

FREDERICK.

I, indeed, am not so favoured
As your highness doth presume.

Draws out his handkerchief.

And this counsel that you give me,
I, methinks, can send from this :
For.....

LAURA, *aside*.

I see he makes the signal,
I must now observe his words.

FREDERICK.

My bliss—hath almost wholly faded ;
My soul—is but the seat of pain ;
My life—is but death's dreary prelude,
Señora—since love's cruel reign.

LAURA, *aside*.

" My bliss, my soul, my life, Señora,"—
These are the words that he has said.

FREDERICK.

This—tyrant Love usurps each feeling,—
Cruel—thus to pierce my heart,
Enemy—of all my dreamings,
Of mine—hopes and all my joys.

LAURA, *aside*.

What he further says is plainly—
" This cruel enemy of mine."

FREDERICK.

To-day—the anguish of my spirit
Prevents—the tranquil flow of thought,
My speaking—is with fear embarrass'd
With thee—lest I had failed in aught.

LAURA, *aside*.

" To-day prevents my speaking with thee."

FREDERICK.

Do not—blame me, do not leave me,
To the—thought that thou’rt displeased ;
Garden—thou wilt be my graveyard !
Go—not, lady, angry forth.

FLORIDA.

Good—sufficient.

LAURA, *aside.*

All he uttered

Must I, if I can, repeat ;—
“ My bliss, my soul, my life, Señora,
This cruel enemy of mine
To-day prevents my speaking with thee ;
Do not to the garden go.”

FLERIDA.

Laura, come with me, do thou [*To Frederick.*
Follow also on the moment.

FREDERICK, *aside.*

Is there any love so wretched?

FLERIDA, *aside.*

Is there pain so unrequited ? [*Exit.*

LAURA, *aside.*

Is there jealousy more open? [*Exit.*]

Enter FABIO.

FABIO, *aside*.

Is there any way of leaving
Without meeting with my master?—
Ah! no sooner said than done,
There he standeth.

FREDERICK.

Fabio !

FABIO, *retiring*.

Beat me

Not in cold blood now, I pray.

FREDERICK.

Why thus fly me ?—What vexation !

To dissemble with this knave. [*Aside.*]

FABIO.

Why the reason is, I fear me,
That the civil demon who
Whispers now and then such stories
In your ear, may now have said
Something to my disadvantage,
Just as true as was the last.

FREDERICK.

I have come to learn the real
Truth about it, and I know
You were faithful.

FABIO.

Ay, so faithful,
That I would to God that some
In Madrid were half as honest.

FREDERICK.

I will give thee a peace-offering;—
A new dress.

FABIO.

A dress ?

FREDERICK.

'Tis so.

FABIO.

May your soul for this be covered
In a cloak of scarlet hue,
With fine pantaloons of crystal
And a vest of ambergris,
In the life that's everlasting.

FREDERICK.

But you must inform me this.....

FABIO.

What ?

FREDERICK.

And quickly, for I hasten
With some papers to her grace.....

FABIO, *aside*.

God now gift my tongue with cunning !

FREDERICK.

Has Florida questioned you
Aught about my love ?

FABIO.

No surely :—
But I have made up my mind,
That you are the prince of dunces
Not to understand her wish.

FREDERICK.

Said she something then about me ?

FABIO.

Ay, enough.

FREDERICK.

Thou liest, knave :
Wouldst thou make me think her beauty,
Proud and gentle though it be,—
Which might soar, even like the heron,
To the Sovereign Sun itself,—
Could descend with coward pinions
At a lowly falcon's call ?

FABIO.

Well, my lord, just make the trial
For a day or two, pretend
That you love her, and.....

FREDERICK.

Supposing
That there were the slightest ground
For this false, malicious fancy
You have formed ; there's not a chink
In my heart where it might enter :—
Since, a love, if not more blest—
Far more equal than the other
Holds entire possession there.

FABIO.

Then you never loved two women
At one time ?

FREDERICK.

No.

FABIO.

Then avow.....

FREDERICK.

What ?

FABIO.

That you were very lazy.

FREDERICK.

That is falsehood, and not love.

FABIO.

The more the merrier.

FREDERICK.

In two places

 How could one make love?

FABIO.

Why thus:—

Near the town of Ratisbon
 Two conspicuous hamlets lay,
 One of them called Ageré—
 The other called Macárandón;
 These two villages, one priest,
 An humble man of God, 'tis stated,
 Served, and therefore celebrated
 Mass in each on every feast:
 And so one day it came to pass,
 A native of Macárandón
 Who to Ageré had gone,
 About the middle of the mass
 Heard the priest in solemn tone
 Say, as he the Preface read,
 "*Gratias ageré*,"* but said
 Nothing of Macárandón.
 Then to the priest, this worthy made

* The words of the Preface on which Calderon has founded this lively little story are as follow: "*Vere dignum et justum est, æquum et salutare, nos tibi semper et ubique gratias agere*," &c.

His angry plaint without delay :
 " You give but thanks for Ageré,
 As if your tithes we had not paid !"
 When this sapient reason reached
 The noble Macarandonese,
 They stopp'd their hapless pastor's fees,
 Nor payed for what he prayed or preached.
 Seeing his dues had taken wing,
 He asked his sacristan the cause ;
 He told him wherefore and because :—
 From that day forth when he would sing
 The Preface, he took care to intone,
 Not in a smother'd or a weak way,
 "*Tibi semper et ubique*
Gratias—Macarándón."
 If from love—that god so blind—
 Two parishes thou holdest, you
 Are bound to gratify the two ;—
 And after a few days you'll find,
 If you do so, soon upon
 You and me will fall good things,
 When your lordship wisely sings
Flerída et Macarándón.

FREDERICK.

Think you I have heard your folly ?

FABIO.

If you listened, why not so ?

FREDERICK.

No, my mind can only know
 Its own tale of melancholy.

FABIO.

Since you stick to Ageré
 And reject Macarándón,
 Every hope I fear is gone
 That love his generous dues will pay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE OF THE
DUCHESS:—EVENING.

*Enter FLERIDA and LAURA; LIVIA and FLORA
attending with lights.*

FLERIDA.

You can here set down the lights,
And then leave me for a little;
No society I want,—
Even mine own I could dispense with.

LIVIA to Flora.

What strange sadness!

FLORA to Livia.

It is more
Even than sadness, 'tis delirium.

*Livia and Flora go out. Laura is about
following.*

FLERIDA.

Laura, do not thou retire.

LAURA.

How, Señora, can I serve thee?

FLERIDA.

By a little kindly act,
Since alone your faithful friendship
I can trust.

LAURA.

And your commands?

FREDERICK.

Are, when Frederick hither cometh,
That you stay behind this door,
And by every means that caution
Can devise, prevent the chance
Of a listener.

LAURA.

Be certain
I shall fail not in due care,
As you'll see ; but has there happened
Aught that's new ?

FLERIDA.

I have resolved
To find out by a manœuvre,
Who his mistress is.

LAURA.

Who is
His mistress ?

FLERIDA.

Yes.

LAURA.

I cannot fancy [Asi
In what manner :—oh ! if I
Can but make her tell the method,
When he enters here, I can
Secretly apprise him of it.

FLERIDA.

Hear, then, Laura.....

LAURA.

Yes, I hear thee.

FLERIDA.

That I know, he carries hid.....
 But he comes, and now I could not
 Tell without his hearing me ;
 But I give thee leave to listen
 To the plan that I have formed :—
 Now conceal thee.

LAURA.

I will do so :—
 Giving little thanks, I own, [Aside.
 For the licence you have given ;
 Even had you not permitted,
 I had taken leave to hear.

*Conceals herself.**Enter FREDERICK with a portfolio and papers.*

FREDERICK.

Here, Señora, are the papers.

FLERIDA.

Leave them there, for I no longer
 Can permit that you should hold them ;
 Or that you should act henceforward
 As my confidential agent.
 Faithless servant—base betrayer
 Of my interest and honour.

FREDERICK.

Lady, how have I been wanting
 In my duty, as to merit
 For my long and faithful service,
 Such an infamous reproach ?

FLERIDA.

Dost thou dare to ask me wherefore,
 Knowing that I have sufficient
 Evidence to prove thy guilt ?

FREDERICK.

Let me know on what foundation
Rests the notion of my guilt.....

LAURA, *peeping*.

I am curious to discover
How by such a charge, Florida
Means his lady's name to learn.

FREDERICK.

And I trust to exculpate me.

FLERIDA.

I will tell you ; information
Has been given me of collusion
'Twixt my greatest foe and you !

FREDERICK.

Ah ; Señora, if I harboured
In my house the Duke of Mantua,
It was but the night he sought me
Here at Parma in disguise.

FLERIDA, *aside*.

How is this ?—the duke ! All-seeing
Heaven, that knows I only sported
With a fond, fictitious anger,
Now has sent a real cause !

FREDEBICK. •

He has lived within the palace
Since your highness spoke unto him.

FLERIDA.

Was the duke the cavalier whom
I admitted to my palace ?

FREDERICK.

Yes, Señora.

FLERIDA, *aside*.

Oh ! how often
Is a truth the child of falsehood !

LAURA, *at the door*.

Scared by terror after terror,
Still I cannot see her meaning.

FLERIDA.

Why from me was this kept secret ?

FREDERICK.

As the suitor of your highness,
I believed that you would pardon
What was but love's indiscretion,
Not the dark crime of a traitor.

FLERIDA.

Now, I understand 'twas easy
To present my letter to him.

FREDERICK.

Yes, Señora ; at the moment
I was going on my journey
He arrived : and I was able
Without going out of Parma,
Thus to execute my mission.

FLERIDA.

Well, allowing that to be so,
Tell me, whence came Laura's letter ?

FREDERICK.

That—the duke himself brought with him.

LAURA, *at the door.*

He has answered most adroitly ;
But I yet cannot discover
How she means to gain her object.

FLERIDA.

Do you think my information
Endeth here ? Produce the letters
Which you have received this morning
From his grace the Duke of Florence,
On the subject of the ancient
Claim he makes upon my kingdom.

FREDERICK.

Humbly I entreat your highness,
That at least you will remember
Who I am : if I have acted
Wrong in giving my assistance
To a lover who adores you,
Do not think that I am guilty
Of a crime, so much unworthy
Of my stainless blood and honour.

FLERIDA.

He who finds one crime when starting,
May find many on the journey.
Give the letters I have asked for.

FREDERICK.

Letters ! Take, oh ! take, Señora,
All the papers that I carry.
Take the keys of all the others
In my house ; and if in searching
You can find the smallest cypher
Of disloyalty or treason,
Then my life shall be the forfeit.

*He draws out a handkerchief, a bunch of
keys, and a small box, or miniature-case,
which last he conceals.*

FLERIDA.

What is that you seem so anxious
To conceal?

FREDERICK.

A box.

FLERIDA.

Permit me

To examine it.

FREDERICK.

I plainly [*Aside.*

Now can understand her meaning.—
As this box cannot, Señora,
Be the proof of any treason,
I implore you to excuse me.

LAURA, *at the door.*

Gracious Heavens! it is my portrait.

FLERIDA.

I insist at once on knowing
What this box contains.

LAURA, *aside.*

We're ruined!

FREDERICK.

'Tis a portrait; and if only
This you wish to know, Señora,
Now you know it.

FLERIDA.

Till I see it

I will not believe: produce it.

FREDERICK.

If, Senora——

LAURA.

What a trial !

FREDERICK.

It were this——

LAURA.

What dreadful danger !

FREDERICK.

That did make me——

LAURA.

How I tremble !

FREDERICK.

Traitor to your grace,

LAURA.

What terror !

FREDERICK.

Rightly——

LAURA.

Oh ! what bitter anguish !

FREDERICK.

Would you call me.

LAURA.

Cruel torture !

FREDERICK.

But before I——

LAURA.

What confusion !

FREDERICK. .

Would expose it——

LAURA.

What misfortune!

FREDERICK.

I a thousand deaths would suffer!

*Laura slips from her hiding-place, snatches
the portrait from his hands, changes it
instantly for the portrait of Frederick,
which she herself had, and gives the latter
to Florida.*

LAURA.

Traitor! wilt thou now refuse it?

FREDERICK.

Laura, how is this?

LAURA.

'Tis simply,

That I heard your conversation—
Heard her grace demand to see it,
And your ungallant refusal.
Take it from my hands, Señora.

FLERIDA.

Never in my whole existence
Did you do me greater service.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

Doubtless, Laura takes this method
Of proclaiming our affection.

FLERIDA.

Bring the candle hither, Laura.—
Now at length I'll see this wonder [*Aside.*
That awakes my jealous fears.

FREDERICK.

When she recognises Laura,
What will be her wrath ! [Aside.

FLERIDA.

Oh ! heavens !
What is this I see ?

LAURA, to *Florida*.

No question—
'Tis the gentleman's own likeness !

FLERIDA.

Why so anxious to conceal this ?

FREDERICK.

Do you wonder, when it gives
To my eyes the dearest object
That the world contains ?

FLERIDA.

Aye, true,
Since you love it as yourself;
Laura, what is this has happened ? [Aside to
What can be its meaning, say ? *Laura.*]

LAURA.

How can I know aught about it
More than you have seen ?

FLERIDA, *aside*.

I can
Scarce restrain my rising anger.—
She gives the portrait to Laura and retires.
Take it, for I must withdraw
To avoid an open rupture.
Give the picture back to this
Self-adoring new Narcissus—

And say to him..... but 'tis better
To say naught :—My heart is Etna—
Serpents brood within my bosom—
Basilisks within my soul!

[*Exit.*]

FREDERICK.

Tell me, Laura, how it happens,
That her grace, your portrait seeing,
Does not seem to be offended,
Nor with thee, nor yet with me?

LAURA.

See, I merely changed the pictures,
Giving thine, and keeping mine!

FREDERICK.

Wit like thine could only draw us
From a danger so extreme.

LAURA.

Yes, but then she still continues
Apt and able as before.

FREDERICK.

Would that we were once in safety.

LAURA.

I, to-morrow shall advise
What 'tis best we should decide on :—
Take this picture, and adieu!—

Gives him one of the portraits.

FREDERICK.

Of the two self-seeming portraits
Which is this that now you give?

LAURA.

It is thine, lest she should ask it
Back again.

[*Exit.*]

FREDERICK.

Thou'rt right; O Heavens!
Never was there equal danger!—
Who could e'er have thought.....?

Enter FABIO, with two dresses on his arm.

FABIO.

My lord,
Which of these two handsome dresses
Am I to put on?

FREDERICK.

Thou wretch!—
Base-born, vile, atrocious villain.

FABIO.

It is this that now I get?—

FREDERICK.

Yes, for through thy fault, I see me
Almost lost without redress.

FABIO.

And I too without a dress.

FREDERICK.

Did you think then, that this portrait
Was a lady's, and not mine?

FABIO.

No, my lord, for I was certain
That you loved yourself right well.

FREDERICK.

As God lives! you die this moment
'Neath my hands!

FABIO.

O Lord! I'm off.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

But this rage is injudicious,
Having just escaped so well :
It is best not drive things farther :—
Fabio !

FABIO.

Master !—

FREDERICK.

 Come with me,
And select what dress doth please you,
Since I know that in this matter
Thou art true, and not to blame.

FABIO, *aside*.

Such caprice was never equalled !
Well, by Heaven, if I had any
Sense to lose—I'd lose it now. [*Exeunt*.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—FREDERICK'S CHAMBER.

Enter FABIO.

FABIO.

He who found, perchance, the senses
Of a miserable valet,
Who has lost them for this reason,
That his master's wits first went,
(Proof—how valueless—how worthless
Were they to the natural owner,)
Let him come and own the fact :—
They will little serve the finder,
And the loser may reward :—
There is no one here to tell me,
Howsoe'er I ask or question :
But, the senses once departed,

Are they ever found again?—
If you have no great objection,
Let us, Memory, some moments,
You and I soliloquize :—
Is there any news?—I know not :—
What's the reason, at the time
When I seem to stand securest
In the favour of my lord,
That, with sudden fury striking,
He, two thousand blows should give me?
Why, the reason is—he's mad :—
And when I more guilty far
Fly his presence, with new dresses,
And caresses loads me then?
Memory, say, what means such conduct?
Why, it means that he is drunk :—
Two conclusive answers truly
To the questions I have put;
And a third I cannot wait for,
For I see Don Henry comes,
Speaking as they say, *submissa*
Voce; and if they desire,
Coming to this quiet chamber,
To conceal themselves from me,
I would wish to save them trouble
And conceal myself from them,
Partly that I wish to hear them,
Partly that, if he at times
So agreeable or angry—
Alternating with the wind;
When the angry fit approaches,
It is just as well to let it
Pass away, or waste its fury
On the wind from which it sprung.
All is lost if I can find not
Something quickly here, behind
Or beneath which I can hide me:
If this open buffet here

Is not high enough to let me
Underneath—there is nothing else.
Why delay ? 'tis not so novel,
Since it is not the first time
That I have been buffeted.
Conceals himself under the buffet.

Enter FREDERICK and HENRY.

HENRY.

Why look round ?

FREDERICK.

Lest some one hear us.

HENRY.

Do not fear, for all the servants
Have gone out of the house.

FABIO, *aside*.

Not all :

There is one of them remaining.

FREDERICK.

To this uttermost apartment,
Not without a cause I bring thee,
Where there is no other witness.

FABIO, *aside*.

True ! a false one goes for naught.

HENRY.

Speak !

FREDERICK.

I first the door shall fasten !
And, since now, your highness, we
Are at last alone—the moment
Has arrived to speak out clear :—

FABIO, *aside*.

Highness ?—good !

HENRY.

On what compulsion,
For what reason, are you forced
Thus to treat me ?

FREDERICK.

There are two :
Both of principal importance,
One for me, and one for you.
And yours is, that I have now
(Well I know, that you will pardon
Aught that seems in opposition
To my friendship, and excuse
What necessity imposes)
To reveal, and to inform you
That your rank and name are known
To Florida, and 'tis useless
To affect a secret longer
Which is known to all the world,—
And mine is.....

HENRY.

Before you tell it,
Let me know what way Florida
Came my secret to find out.

FREDERICK.

This is what I cannot fathom,
But I know she knows.....

FABIO, *aside*.

Oh ! hear him ;
What a pimp my master is !

FREDERICK.

For it was herself that told me !

HENRY.

Let us pass then to the reason
Which is thine, for as to mine,
I shall venture to continue
My disguise until she speaks.

FREDERICK.

Then in what I have to tell thee,
Pledge to me your princely word,
Pledge me as thou art, that buried
Thou wilt keep it in thy breast.

HENRY.

Yes, I do so ; and I promise
That what thou dost stamp in wax,
I shall ever hold in marble.

FREDERICK.

Noble Henry de Gonzaga—
Mantua's proud, illustrious duke—
You have been informed already
I, a beauteous lady love.
Well, this prodigy of nature—
Well, this magic gift of Heaven—
This most beautiful of wonders—
This amazement's sweetest cause—
Has to-day, o'er frights and terrors,
The impossible effecting,
Triumphed over fate itself,
And from out the combat gathered
Two immortal garlands blent
Of her faith and my good fortune ;
And this letter, which a zephyr
Doubtless gave into my hands,

Since, in order to have reached them
 From her elevated heaven
 To my deep despair's abysses—
 As the warrant of my freedom—
 It must have, descending, flown.
 But I badly so express it,
 Since it rather is the warrant
 Of my slavery : for it
 Doth contain the happy contract
 Which will make me live for ever
 An unchanging love's sure slave ;
 Whose close-link'd and fastened fetters,
 Not the silent file of Time
 Will be able to dis sever.
 It says then..... But it will better
 Be its own clear exposition
 Of the truth with which she writes,
 And the faith with which I worship :—

Reads.

" My master, my dear lord and love,
 Fortune doth declare against us
 Every moment more and more,—
 Let us intercept her footsteps :—
 Have then ready about midnight
 Two fleet horses near the portal
 Which looks out upon the bridge
 That divides the park and palace ;
 I will come forth at your signal,
 And from jealousy escaping,
 Fly, if it can e'er be fled from :—
 So farewell,—and may God guard your
 Precious life a thousand years." [*Resumes.*]
 Thus she writes, and so I trust me,
 Mighty lord, to thy assistance,
 Since I know my zeal to serve thee
 May claim *so* much as a debt :
 If, to serve your love, in Parma
 You my humble aid accepted,

And if I, to thee confiding,
Ask thy service now in turn :
It is clear that I recover
All the former debt you owe me,
And that I repay thee also
All the debt that I incur :—
Give me, then, my lord, some letters
Unto Mantua ; and here
Use thy powerful intercession
In defending me, until
I this lady place in safety.

HENRY.

I so thankful am to Heaven,
That it gives me an occasion
To repay your friendly service
With my services : that I
Shall not only grant the favour
That you ask, but shall be proud,
Happy, and delighted also,
To accompany you myself,—
Until you have gained the frontier
Of my territory, where
You shall meet with every honour.

FREDERICK.

No, my lord, with your permission,
I will go alone : much more
Can you aid me here in Parma,
If you will protect my fame :—
Here a safeguard and defender,
There your word will be enough.

HENRY.

I in all things will obey you.

FREDERICK.

Write the letters, while I go

To the palace to dissemble,
By my zeal and my attention,
What I mean to do this night,—
And to find that devil Fabio,
Whom I have not seen all day.

FABIO, *aside*.

Then you haven't far to seek him.

FREDERICK.

Though he's not to know the cause,

FABIO, *aside*.

Oh! of course.

FREDERICK.

That he the horses
May have ready, as I said.

HENRY.

You are right, and I remaining
Shall endeavour to fulfil
What my evil fate may order.

FREDERICK.

Here I shall return to seek you.

HENRY.

Writing, shall I wait thee here?

FREDERICK.

Love! assist me with thy favour.

HENRY.

Love! take pity on my grief.

[*Exeunt.*

FABIO, *coming forth*.

He who listens, seldom heareth
Any good, the adage says ;—

But a proverb sometimes lieth,
As I've heard what's very good :—
As from listening, I have gained
Four important bits of knowledge.
First—I know the stranger's name ;
Second—the exact condition
Of my master's love at last ;—
Third—the news that I am bursting
Now to tell unto Florida ;—
And the fourth—some new reward.

Exit.

SCENE II.—A HALL IN THE PALACE OF THE
DUCHESS.

Enter LAURA *and* ARNESTO.

ARNESTO.

No, Lisardo's fault, dear Laura,
Is not of so grave a kind,
That he may no solace find,
If he humbly speak his sorrow ;—
Faults that have the strong defence
Of love, can give no very great offence—
And so, I wish you speak to him more kindly,
Since the long-expected dispensation
Any hour may reach its destination.

LAURA.

I will obey thee blindly,
Since it is better (O strong power of fate !)
To do thy bidding than provoke thy hate—
And so, submissively I say,
That I will take the state
That is to me presented by my fate—
And bind myself to-day,
To set all further doubts at rest,
And wed the spouse that doth deserve me best.

ARNESTO.

I am pleased at thy obedience ;
Lisardo, you may enter :—
Laura, stay.

Enter LISARDO.

LISARDO.

Señora, if I venture,
It only is to offer my allegiance :
And at thy feet my life to lay—
The price of that sweet pardon that I pray.

LAURA.

Lisardo, this permission
My father's liberal wish dispensed.
To-day my acts are influenced
Not by election, but submission,
And so, you need not thank me for a hand—
Another's hand, and given thee through command.

LISARDO.

It is enough to make my joy divine
To know, Señora, that I have thy hand ;
How or why I need not understand,
If it is only mine ;
The happiest destiny is this
That seeks not out, but finds the road to bliss ;
O slow and sluggish sun,
Quicken thy course, or shorten thy career,
And bring the happy moment near
To which my swift hopes run.

Enter FLERIDA.

Arnesto ! Laura !

ARNESTO.

To thy chamber speeding,
Laura, my lady, was with us proceeding.

FLERIDA.

Lisardo, I congratulate you truly,
That you are pardoned 'spite of Laura's shyness.

LISARDO.

Such favour makes my dying hope bud newly.

ARNESTO.

She acts as doth become my child.

LAURA.

Your highness,
How do you find yourself in health to-day?

FLERIDA.

You know the grief that on my heart doth pray.

LAURA.

Some aid, some remedy you should procure.

FLERIDA.

Ah! what are vain attempts at healing,
That but increase the anguish of my feeling;
My sorrow being an ill that doth augment by cure.
But that it never may be said,
That solitude or pining struck me dead,
Do you my friends invite,
Unto a festival I shall prepare
To-morrow, all the noble and the fair
Of Parma:—thus I may bring forth to light [*Aside.*
The murderous fair that kills this heart of mine.

ARNESTO.

Thine is my every wish.

[*Exit.*

LISARDO.

My life is thine. [Exit.

FLERIDA.

Ah ! Laura mine, how blest thou art
To be the happy wife of one
Who loves thee so.

LAURA.

Ah ! yes indeed, I own
The joy, the rapture of my heart,
(If truth is to be said)
That he who loves me is with me to wed.

FLERIDA.

Ah ! more unhappy far
Is she who, with the impossible at strife,
Subdued, must yield her life !
But no, my evil star
Shall find my resolute will
Enough to curb her baneful influence still.

LAURA.

That remedy can fail not in effect ;
But tell me of the mode to be pursued ?

FLERIDA.

In such a dangerous ill as mine, I should
The gentlest means select.

LAURA.

And what are they ?

FLERIDA.

To own the hopes that thrill me.

LAURA.

Is that to conquer ?

FLERIDA.

Yes.

LAURA, *aside*.

It is to kill me !

FLERIDA.

To yield to fate
Is but to gain a subtler victory ;
But Laura, shall I be
The first, who in the married state
Wedded unequally ?

LAURA, *aside*.

My death is near !

FLERIDA.

Frederick is a noble cavalier.

LAURA.

To that indeed you have my full consent.

FLERIDA.

Since we have touched upon this theme at all,
Ah ! Laura, let us now recall
The singular event
Of his portrait which your quickness won ;
What explanation have you ?

LAURA.

I have none :

Because, as I no interest then had
In the affair, it vanished from my mind :—
Jealousy doth drive me mad ! [*Aside*.

FLERIDA.

What secret motive could there be behind
His earnest wish to keep his picture hid ?

LAURA.

I know not: but to give it as you did,
Back to his hands, before the case I viewed
Minutely—I could scarcely so have done—
If he had other reasons, doubtless one
Was that it held his lady's too.

FLERIDA.

And so I must conclude.
O jealous love! that every thought doth scare!

LAURA.

No doubt it was his lady's face was there.

Enter FREDERICK and FABIO.

FREDERICK.

Must it take an hour to find you?

FABIO.

With that question I reply,—
Since I have been looking after
You, the livelong day till now—

FREDERICK.

Hush! the duchess!—be in waiting—
I shall want you presently.

FABIO.

Yes: although I do not want you [Aside.
Presently nor futurely.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

Trembling, fearful of her anger,
Do I come before her.

FABIO.

Why?

FREDERICK.

Owing to a strange adventure.

FABIO.

Recollect the little story
That I told you, and you'll see
With what ease and expedition
You will get through all you fear.

FREDERICK.

How ?

FABIO.

By saying a thanksgiving
For Macarandón in turn.

LAURA, *to Florida.*

Pause.....

FLERIDA, *to her.*

My pain I must acknowledge
Now.

LAURA, *aside.*

And I to suffer mine.

FLERIDA.

Frederick !

FREDERICK.

Most illustrious lady.

FLERIDA.

How is it, that through the day
You have not appeared, and only
Seek the court when night comes on ?

FREDERICK.

Because when I am near thee, lady,

Whatever time or hour it be,
A noontide glory shines from out thee,
And the departing sun appears
Endiademed with lovelier splendour—
Encircled with a rosier light ;—
Because whatever hour we see thee,
It doth appear resplendent noon.

FLERIDA.

What flattering words !

FREDERICK.

These words, believe me,
Are not mere flattery.

FLERIDA.

What are they ?

FABIO.

Mere Macarándónas, lady.

FLERIDA, *aside to Laura*.

Do you not perceive, my Laura,
That he clearly understands
My inclination ?

LAURA.

He does well.

FREDERICK.

Another good excuse remaineth,
Which I can state.

FLERIDA.

And what is that ?

FREDERICK.

As I judged you were offended
With me, I deferred awhile
Thus appearing in your presence.

FLERIDA.

I offended?—for what cause?

FREDERICK.

It were foolish to recall it,
If you do not recollect.

FLERIDA.

It *is* not that I do not know it.

FREDERICK.

Then *how*?

FLERIDA.

I do not wish to know.

FREDERICK.

By so much is my good fortune
Greater, that you thus forget
From the best of motives—pity—
He, this virtue only knows,
Who forgets the wrong he suffers.

FLERIDA.

I am doubtful what you mean.

LAURA.

If you grant me your permission,
I, methinks, can make it plain.

FLERIDA.

Do so, and in such a manner,
That he understand.

LAURA.

I shall. [*Takes out her handkerchief.*
I—that any mind is generous,
Am—convinced of, when its owner,

E

Dying—hides the fatal anguish
Of jealousy—disdain and love.

FREDERICK, *aside, taking out his handkerchief.*

You have—only proved the major,
Laura—of your proposition,
No grounds—for the minor giving :—
For it—find some argument.

LAURA.

Yes, I will :—That this were certain ! [*Aside.*
“That I had no grounds for it.”—
Then—if silence is true courage, [*Aloud.*
I will come forth—proving all.

FREDERICK.

If you come forth—thus victorious
I will meet you—with the wreath.

LAURA.

This being granted, now I prove it
Evenly by opposite :
Since the querulous complainer
Cannot be called generous :
He who stifles his complainings
In his breast, must then appear
Generous by the very contrast.

FREDERICK.

Thine—must be the laurel, Laura ;
I am—to lay it at thy feet.

LAURA.

Thine—is the praise—’twas thine idea—
I will be—found that praise to give.—
“Thine I am,” he said ;—what rapture !

Aside.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

"Thine I will be," she said—what joy !

FABIO, *aside*.

'Gad ! I believe they're both Freemasons,
And understand each other well.

FLERIDA.

Then it seems the whole conclusion
I can draw from what you say
Is, that he who hoards his feelings
Is the liberal person.

THE TWO.

Yes.

FLERIDA.

Then supposing that I tell thee,
Frederick, that I do not know
What I know, and you know also,
Do not fear to see me then ;
Come and see me at all moments,
Being sure that there is naught
That can waken my resentment
Or resuscitate your fear.
Half is said, and half is silent—
'Tis sufficient ;—Laura, come. [*Exit*.

LAURA.

Frederick !

FREDERICK.

Speak, divinest Laura !

LAURA.

What is said is said. [*Exit*.

FREDERICK.

'Tis well :

Fabio, tell me how it happens,
When I thought to meet her frowns,
Fair Florida smiled upon me ?

FABIO.

Think now what it is to find you
Passionate and peevish, when
I expected all good humour ;
'Tis a case in point : but I
Can an other reason offer.

FREDERICK.

Do so.

FABIO.

That Macárandóna
Of the sun and rosy light
Which you told her of.

FREDERICK.

A truce

Now to idle jests ; get ready
Horses for two persons, quick !

FABIO.

This appears to me but right :—
Now that you have celebrated
At Macárandón, to go
And say mass at Ageré.

FREDERICK.

Cease ! and have the horses waiting
Near the path :—Florida, fair— [Aside.
May your haughty soul forgive me—
Noble lady, pardon, pray ;—

Since to this, a woman ever
Is exposed, who doth avow
Love for any man she knoweth
Doth another lady love.

[*Exit.*]

FABIO.

To-day, that I have so much news,
Must I be compelled to practise
More than usual silence? no:
For it were a cruel pity
Thus to let a secret rot
In the bosom, being therefore
Of no use to man or beast.
For a secret done in secret,
As doth sing the Cordován,
Must have vent, and by confinement
Smelleth bad and does no good;
Therefore will I seek Flerida.
But there is no need of that,—
She returns:—

*Enter FLERIDA.*FLERIDA, *aside*.

Although I wholly
Trust to Laura, I have left her
That I may achieve the conquest
Of this cruel love alone:
But I see that Frederick is not
Here.

FABIO.

And do you wish to know
Why he is not here, Señora?

FLERIDA.

Yes; why so?

FABIO.

Because he's gone.

FLERIDA.

Where ?

FABIO.

To Ageré, I fancy.

FLERIDA.

I don't understand you :

FABIO.

I

Shall not speak Macárandóna
Clearly, if you give me naught.

FLERIDA.

I desire no information,
Since this knowledge only serves
But to make us feel more keenly.

FABIO.

How ! not know it ? say for what
Have I been this blessed morning
More than two good hours or three,
Like a cat in ambush ?

FLERIDA.

I

Only say, that you must leave me.

FABIO.

Give me nothing : listen gratis—
Only hear.

FLERIDA.

I have no heed.

FABIO.

Well I will not burst, a Dios ;—
Some one I must seek, to whom
I can say that my good master
Means to give the slip to-night.

[*Going.*

FLERIDA.

Stay ! what's this you say ?

FABIO.

'Tis nothing ;

FLERIDA.

Stay, and tell me what it means :—

FABIO.

I don't wish it.

FLERIDA.

See this diamond :

Take and tell.

FABIO.

Well, why should we

Be so very coy about it ?

If I am a valet, and

You a woman, one is dying

To be told, and one to tell :

My master and his unknown lady

Have agreed, to-night.....

FLERIDA.

Oh ! what ?

FABIO.

To play the truant or the devil.

FLERIDA.

How ?

FABIO.

By going ; but of course
Not on foot :—for he has ordered
That I have two horses ready
Near the bridge from out the park.

FLEBIDA.

At the bridge, you say ?

FABIO.

The same.

FLEBIDA.

This revives the old suspicion,
That his mistress must be one
Of my ladies ; has he said so ?

FABIO.

No, Señora, but his guest,
Who is duke of Mantua—
Gives them shelter in his kingdom.—
Glory be to God ! I now
Can repose from all my labours :
Let who pleases now come hither,
I have been before him here. [Exit.

FLEBIDA.

Help me, Heaven ! What's this I've heard ?
Who has seen a fate more cruel ?

Enter ARNESTO.

ARNESTO.

In thy name have I invited
All the noble and the fair
'Mong our cavaliers and ladies
For to-morrow.

FLEBIDA.

It is well :
And your are, yourself, Arnesto,
Truly welcome, for I need
All this night your faithful service.

ARNESTO.

I am ever at your feet ;
What do you command ?

FLERIDA.

It seemeth
Frederick is now involved
In a very serious trouble.

ARNESTO.

And with whom ?

FLERIDA.

I have not heard ;
Since my only information
Is, that love has been the cause ;
And that the offended party
Has to him a paper sent,
Saying, that he would await him,
Where I know not : you know well
How I value him.

ARNESTO.

And also
How he merits being so.

FLERIDA.

Should I show that I had knowledge
Of the meeting, it would only
Make the matter public.

ARNESTO.

Yes :
What, then, do you order ?

FLERIDA.

Simply,
That you seek him, and without

Saying that I sent you to him,
Leave him not the whole night through ;
And when he is bent on going
Forth, go forth along with him ;—
If his proud impatient spirit
Should object, arrest him then,
Taking with you for that purpose
Force enough if there be need,—
So that he, until the morning,
Be kept safe the whole night through.

ARNESTO.

I shall go this very moment,
And, Señora, seek him out ;—
Not an instant shall I leave him. [Exit.

FLERIDA.

You shall learn to-day, ungrateful !
What a wild extreme of daring
Can a jealous woman reach. [Exit.

SCENE III.—FREDERICK'S CHAMBER—EVENING.

*Enter HENRY and FREDERICK : a servant places
lights upon the table and retires.*

FREDERICK.

Have you yet written ?

HENRY.

Yes ; these few
Letters, I trust, will make you find
A friendly welcome—warm and kind,
Like that I have received from you :
Just payment for a debt so just.

FREDERICK.

Thou art a sovereign prince, my lord,
And firmly to thy royal word,
My life, my honour, I entrust:
Remain with God: while I prefer,
Now that the night descends, to wait
Her coming:—to anticipate
Rather than, through delaying, err.

HENRY.

Well have you said; but will you not,
At least, allow me for a while
To attend you, if 'twere but a mile
Or so, until you leave this spot?

FREDERICK.

Excuse me, if I cannot be
So proudly companied: I swear
My very shadow now I fear;
And if I hide my love from thee,
Believe the truth with which I say,
I so respect the darling prize,
That I would hide her from all eyes,
Even mine own, this happy day.

HENRY.

You wish to go alone: confess.

FREDERICK.

'Tis so: adieu.

HENRY.

Adieu, since I
Vainly to change thy purpose, try.
A knocking is heard at the door.

FREDERICK.

Do you not hear a knocking?

HENRY.

Yes.

FREDERICK.

Pray, who is there ?

ARNESTO, *entering*.

'Tis I.

FREDERICK.

No doubt,
Some business drives you out so late ?

ARNESTO.

Why, no ; the distance was not great,
And I but came to seek you out.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

To seek me ?—(How I quake with fear.)
My lord, I wait your lordship's will.

ARNESTO.

They told me that you came home ill,
Depressed and low ; and being near,
I thought it would be most unkind
If I unto my bed retired,
Before I had, my lord, inquired
How you your health this evening find.

FREDERICK.

May Heaven with all its choicest wealth
Your lordship's friendly care reward !
But I can tell you now, my lord,
I never felt in stronger health :
They spread a false report, in sooth,
Who told you this.

ARNESTO.

I much rejoice
To find that rumour's lying voice
Is wholly unsustained by truth.
But how did you contrive to spend
• The time ere I came in ?

FREDERICK.

In chat,
With Henry here, of this and that.

ARNESTO.

The conversation of a friend,
Who is with wit and sense imbued,
Who teaches with his voice and looks,
Is worth a thousand printed books.

FREDERICK.

This solemn preface bodes no good. [*Aside.*]

HENRY, *aside.*

For Frederick's sake, I much desire
To stop the old man's long discourse ;
To leave them is the proper course :
Will you allow me to retire ?

ARNESTO.

Is it because I came you go ?

FREDERICK.

Why, partly yes, and partly no.
Yes, for I wished to go, I own,
Before your steps did hither wend—
And no, for parting with my friend
I do not leave him now alone. [*Exit.*]

ARNESTO.

Adieu.

FREDERICK.

I beg you will declare
Whate'er you're anxious to confide ;—
Why do you look on every side ?

ARNESTO.

I'm only looking for a chair.
For, being quite unused to walking,
I feel fatigued and somewhat heated ;
I think we may as well be seated
As standing, all the time we're talking.
They sit down.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

Oh, heavens ! was ever such assurance !
To come at such an hour as this,
When I was on the wings of bliss !
His coolness is beyond endurance !

ARNESTO.

How do you make the night pass o'er ?

FREDERICK.

I sometimes at the court attend ;
Whither I shall be proud to lend
My arm, and see you to your door.

ARNESTO.

'Tis rather early.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

Powers that rule !
Must I then lose my life and love ?

ARNESTO.

Do you play piquet ?

FREDERICK, *aside*.

Heavens above !
Was ever anything so cool ?
No, my good lord.

[*Aloud*.

ARNESTO.

Being out of tune,
Depressed, I left my home to-day,
And feeling better, wish to stay,
Nor care for going home so soon.

FREDERICK.

My lord, I feel disturbed, enraged,
At being compelled to go : to-night
I have, in truth, so much to write,
That all my time shall be engaged.

He wishes to rise, but Arnesto prevents him.

ARNESTO.

Let me assist you with your task :
A good, fair, flowing hand I bring.

FREDERICK.

I could not think of such a thing !

ARNESTO.

Nay, 'tis a favour that I ask !

FREDERICK.

A very bad return 'twould be
For your great kindness and attention :
Besides, my lord, I have to mention
One reason why I wished to see
Your lordship home,—it is that one
Of my best friends I'm bound to meet
To-night, quite near your lordship's street.

ARNESTO.

I will attend you—let's be gone.
My power to serve you is not great,
But what I can I'll do ; I'll wait
Outside the door till break of dawn ;
Or, trust me, Frederick, tell me, is it
An assignation you have made ?
If so, come on ; be not afraid
That aught shall interrupt your visit.

FREDERICK.

My lord, your courage well I know,
But I must go alone ; adieu.
He rises from his chair.

ARNESTO.

With you
I go to-night where'er you go.

FREDERICK.

My lord, what thus compelleth thee ?

ARNESTO.

To find the cause, perhaps 'twere best
To ask the trouble of your breast.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

What shall I say ? ah ! woe is me !—
No trouble doth my bosom hide. [*Aloud.*]

ARNESTO.

What it concealeth—well I know :—
And so from this thou shalt not go,
Unless by me accompanied.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

Was e'er bewilderment more rare ?

ARNESTO.

You seemed surprised.

FREDERICK.

I am, indeed.

ARNESTO.

Well, let us, Frederick, speak out fair :
I know a person waits you now,
By whom a message has been sent.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

Will cruel fortune ne'er relent ?
Can fate a sterner aspect show ?

ARNESTO.

To my honour and my fame,
Having heard of it, 'twas due
To prevent this interview :—
When you recollect my name—
Governor of Parma—you
Must, upon the moment, see
That a certain duty claim
My unspotted rank and fame :
If I now could part from thee,
I would wholly fail, I fear,
In the motives that should move
An appointed judge, and prove
But a worthless cavalier :
So, by Heaven ! 'tis only due
Unto both, for both agree,
That you here remain with me,
Or that I go hence with you :—
Knowing now what 'tis you seek—
What you rashly would commit,
Think you that I could permit ?

FREDERICK, *aside*.

Ah! can words more plainly speak?
My lord, your arguments must claim [*Aloud*.
Great weight, no doubt, but do not chafe
If I insist that still are safe
Your spotless character and name;
By me they cannot be made less.

ARNESTO.

How, if you act as you intend?

FREDERICK.

First, will you graciously extend
Your kind indulgence to me?

ARNESTO.

Yes.

FREDERICK.

My birth, my blood, you recollect?

ARNESTO.

I know thy noble blood has run
Pure as the light that leaves the sun.

FREDERICK.

Trusting to this, I now expect
That you will cause the person, who
Has written, as you understand,
Also to offer me the hand.

ARNESTO.

That, Frederick, I shall gladly do,
Nor from the friendly task desist,
Until your hands together meet.

FREDERICK.

A thousand times I kiss your feet !

ARNESTO.

So tell me your antagonist,
And I shall in the instant fly....

FREDERICK, *aside*.

Ah ! me, how vainly I believed
My bliss was real !

ARNESTO.

To the aggrieved
Expectant party waiting nigh.

FREDERICK.

And can it possibly be true,
You know not yet the person ?

ARNESTO.

No ;
That you have quarrelled I but know,
And that your rival challenged you.

FREDERICK.

Know you no more than this ?

ARNESTO.

No more.

FREDERICK.

Then I shall.....

ARNESTO.

What ?

FREDERICK.

No more inquire ;
Since to allow it to transpire

Who my opponent is, before
You learned it otherwise, would be
To act unlike a cavalier ;
And so my duty is quite clear
To keep the engagement without thee.

ARNESTO.

Think you, my honour knows not how
Its duties also to fulfil ?

FREDERICK.

Indeed, I know it well, but still
Mine is more pressing : longer now
Thus to absent myself, will lay
My peace, my honour in the dust.

ARNESTO.

Well, notwithstanding all, I must
Prevent this meeting.

FREDERICK.

How ?

ARNESTO.

This way :

Ho ! there.

Enter some Soldiers.

SOLDIER.

My lord ?

ARNESTO.

These doors secure.

I give them to thy charge this night :
Yield yourself prisoner ; nor fight [*To Fred.*
Against your fate.

FREDERICK, *aside*.

Alas! how sure
Have my misfortunes ever been!—
With a less numerous guard, you may
Be quite secure!—O Heavens! to-day
Naught but dead hopes and joys are seen!

ARNESTO.

As matters are, I well may be
Perfectly safe; but still would I
Caution you not to attempt to fly,
As death will be the penalty.
[*Exit with Soldiers; Frederick remains alone.*]

FREDERICK.

Ah! how little would appear
The threatened vengeance of this man,
If no other risk I ran—
If I had not more real fear :—
For, O Heavens!—to force my way
Out of this prison now, would prove
A public scandal to my love;—
But any longer here to stay
Ignorant *how* have matters gone
With Laura, even that pain exceeds;—
I know a secret way that leads
From *this* house to the neighbouring one.
Laura, wait—with panting breath,
Love, thy longed-for presence gains,
Though thy father threatens chains—
Though Florida threatens death! [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—THE GARDEN NEAR THE BRIDGE—

NIGHT.

LAURA.

Oh! thou cold, fatal shadow of the night,
The cradle and the sepulchre of light;
If all the crimes of love, from age to age,
Were written on thy dark and mourning page,
Then would as many tales be read on high,
As there are sapphire planets in the sky.
There, too, perchance, my destiny is drawn,
To fade and vanish in the coming dawn.
There in thy shining annals may be read
The fate of one like me, who thus doth tread
Blindly the jealous shadows of despair.
But thy impartial pages would declare
The cause, and thus to every eye discover
A tyrant father, and a hated lover;
A jealous mistress too. But oh, dread fear!
My love, my life, my lord, my Frederick dear,
Why dost thou now delay? why make this wild
unrest?

Alas! how fear afflicts the expectant breast!—
What can have happened to him? Ah! my woes,
How soon a fatal reason you suppose—
That he has changed (O pitying Heavens above!)
Because Florida has declared her love:—
Were it not better that you should suggest
No fault like this could stain so pure a breast—
And that some accident must interfere
To hold him back, and keep me waiting here?—
But not with ease, the mind its fear resigns,
To trust the good and doubt the evil signs:—
How does it happen, let me ask, that joy
Lives in our hearts less honoured than annoy?

It cannot be, when anxious questions rise,
That joy alone can answer love with lies ;
While grief's foreboding ever seemeth true,
We know not *why* they do so, but they do.

Enter FLERIDA, without perceiving Laura.

FLERIDA.

Fabio told me that his master
Bade him in the park await him ;
Which doth clearly prove his mistress
Dwelleth somewhere in the palace.
Laura went to rest so early,
That I had not time to order
Her attendance in the garden ;
And as I could trust none other,
I have been compelled to venture
Here alone, for fear Arnesto
May have failed in what I ordered.
Ah ! if I may trust the lustre,
Shining through the trembling branches,
From the azure planets yonder,
I can recognise some person.
Who is there ?

• LAURA, *aside*.

It is Flerida !

Now my subtle wit assist me :—
Tell me who is that that's waiting ? [*Aloud.*
For her highness has commanded
I should learn who is the person
That, protected by the darkness,
In the precincts of her palace,
Treats her with so much dishonour.

FLERIDA.

Laura, do not speak so loudly.

LAURA.

Who are you ?

FLERIDA.

I am Florida.

LAURA.

You, Señora ? how does't happen
That at such an hour I see you ?

FLERIDA.

Having all the day forgotten
To request you——

LAURA, *aside*.

How I tremble !

FLERIDA.

To come hither, I considered
It were best to come myself here.

LAURA.

Oh ! you wrong me, dear Señora :
Is it not enough to tell me
Once the object of your wishes,
Without giving me each moment
Special orders for my guidance ?
Furthermore, I had this evening
Other reasons for my coming.

FLERIDA.

What were these ?

LAURA.

Beneath my window,
Which upon the park doth open,
I could hear the tramp of horses ;
And the novelty induced me
To descend and search the garden.

FLERIDA.

What you tell me is in keeping
With my private information ;
For your zeal I'm very grateful.
Did you in the park discover
Anything that seemed peculiar ?

LAURA.

I saw nothing whatsoever
Of the person that I looked for.
But you can retire, Señora,
Now that I am here ; believe me
Nothing shall escape my searching.

FLERIDA.

Be it so, but you remain here.

LAURA.

Certainly. [Some one knocks.

FLERIDA.

What means this knocking ?

LAURA.

Many times the wind deceives one.
[Knocking repeated.

FLERIDA.

This is surely no deception :
Open and reply.

LAURA.

Señora ?

FLERIDA.

Open ; and to give you courage,
I myself shall stand beside you.

We shall learn who seeks admission,
And the name of her he seeketh,
If he should but chance to name her.

LAURA.

But my voice is too familiar.

FLERIDA.

You can slightly change your accent—
Come, I say.

LAURA, *aside*.

Oh ! never, never,
Was there such a cruel precept !
How shall I support the double
Part assigned me in this drama,
When the night forbids my using
Our ingenious secret cipher ?

FLERIDA.

Why thus tremble ?

LAURA.

Lest they know me
When I speak.

FLERIDA. •

What groundless terror !
Come, I say—

LAURA.

Who's there ?
[*Opens the window of the trellis.*

FREDERICK, *within*.

FREDERICK.

A wretched,
Dying man, divinest Laura !

LAURA.

Did I not declare, Señora,
That I would be known the moment
That I spoke—you see't has happened
At the first word that I uttered.

FLERIDA.

Yes, and that is little wonder ;
I too would have known you, Laura.

LAURA.

Cavalier, since you do know me,
You do also know for certain
That I'm not the wished-for lady,
Whom your hopes are here expecting—
Go away, and thank your fortune
That my much-offended honour
Takes no deeper mode of vengeance
Than to close the window on you.
[Closes the window.]

FREDERICK.

My life, my soul, my dearest Laura,
My love, indeed, I am not guilty—
My tardiness was forced upon me—
Listen, lady, though you kill me,
Or I will myself destroy me !

LAURA, to Flerida.

Why do you compel my speaking ?
When just now I told you—

FLERIDA.

Silence !

LAURA.

If my father, or Lisardo
Could have known.

FLERIDA.

Speak not so loudly.

LAURA, *aside*.

Who e'er felt so strange a torture ?

FREDERICK.

Hear me, though you kill me after—
Once again, my beauteous Laura.

[*Flerida opens the window.*]

FLERIDA.

What then would you wish to tell me ?

FREDERICK.

That Flerida's jealous anger
Sent to me your sire, Arnesto,
Who, by force of arms, detained me
All the evening in my chamber,
So that till this moment, dearest,
I could not come here.—Why linger ?
In the park our horses tarry.
From the duke I carry letters,
Which will gain us full protection
In his royal court of Mantua.
Come with me—what, though the morning
Glimmers o'er the eastern mountains—
Once with thee upon the journey,
I shall fear no interruption.

LAURA, *aside*.

If a word he could have added,
He would not have stopped ! I perish !

FLERIDA.

Frederick, it is too near morning
Now to think of going with you ;

It is better you should enter
Once again your prison chamber,
And, perhaps a kinder fortune
May befriend us on to-morrow.

FREDERICK.

Thou, my life, my soul, for ever
Shall I study to obey thee ;
But thou art not angry with me ?

FLERIDA.

Not with thee, but with my planet !
Now adieu ! [*Closes the grating.*

FREDERICK.

Adieu ! [*Exit.*

FLERIDA.

So, Laura.....

LAURA.

Lady !

FLERIDA.

Tell me naught,
For of nothing do I ask you :—
Jealousy will strike me dead ! [*Aside.*

LAURA.

But consider.....

FLERIDA.

Lead the way ;
Here we can remain no longer.

LAURA, *aside.*

How I tremble at her vengeance !

FLERIDA.

I shall show the world, I am
Who I am :—now let us enter.

LAURA, *aside*.

Ah ! unhappy :—since to-day
Every hope of mine hath perished !

*The garden-gate is opened, and ARNESTO, FABIO, and
the guard enter. Day begins to dawn.*

FLERIDA.

But who opes the garden-gate
At this early hour of morning ?

LAURA.

If the light, which yet doth tremble
Doubtfully, doth not deceive,
One among them is my father.

FLERIDA.

Yes, 'tis he ; let us remain,—
To find out with what intention
Thus he comes so early.

LAURA, *aside*.

Heaven !
Guard my life, my fame, my honour.
[*They retire.*]

ARNESTO.

Fabio, you have now to tell me
With what purpose you were waiting
With two horses in the park.

FABIO.

First your lordship will take notice
That I never in my lifetime
Ever did a thing on purpose—
Being a very different person
From a man of purpose.

ARNESTO.

What
Kept you waiting there, I ask you ?

FABIO.

Why, as I would, some time longer,
Sit at table with my master,
I must do as he commands.

ARNESTO.

Say, with whom did Frederick quarrel
Yesterday ?

FABIO.

It must have been
With his lady, since the period
Of her meeting him is past.

ARNESTO.

I will make you tell me truly
All you know. Do not imagine
That you can escape me.

FABIO.

So
Said a doctor once, when hunting,
To a man who came to say,
Look ! Sir, there a hare is lying
In its bed.—Your worship lend
Me your arquebuse to shoot her,
E'er she rises from her form :—
In a loud voice thus he answer'd,—
Have no fear that she will rise,
Since she's lying in her bed,¹
And the doctor called to see her—
Think you she will e'er get up ?

ARNESTO.

Fabio, I am glad to find you
In so light and gay a mood.

FABIO.

'Tis my nature.

ARNESTO, *perceiving the Duchess.*

Ah! Señora,

Art thou here?

FLERIDA.

My griefs have drawn me
To the garden: what is this?

ARNESTO.

Anxious to obey your orders,
Frederick, I, this night confined,
Since I could by no manœuvre
Keep him quietly at home.
Having left him safely guarded
In his house, without the danger
Of his making his escape.....

FLERIDA.

Ay! 'tis evident how strictly
He was guarded.

ARNESTO.

I went seeking
Through the park, to meet the man
Who was waiting for his coming,
And the only one I found,
Was his servant, Fabio, standing
With two horses; wishing then
That the news of his confinement
Would not be divulged by him,

I desired to bring the fellow
To my quarters, through this gate
(Since a master-key I carry),
And secure him there.

FABIO.

What crime
Is it to be found, your worship,
Holding horses ?

ARNESTO.

What must I
Do with him and with his servant ?

FLERIDA.

You must here bring Frederick,
Since my only motive was
To prevent a great misfortune ;
And as I, or more, or less
Know enough of its occasion,
I can bear to see him now :
And you may set free the servant.

FABIO.

I a thousand kisses tender
To your feet.

ARNESTO.

I bring him here.
[Exit, with guard.]

LAURA.

Lady ! what is thy intention ?
Oh ! be kind to my good name !—

FLERIDA.

Let me, Laura.....

T

Enter HENRY.

HENRY.

 If a stranger
May presume to ask a boon
Of your kind consideration,—
Frederick's pardon let it be,
And his freedom too.

FLERIDA.

 'Tis nothing
That you ask me, since in all things
He is free as thought could wish:—
But, of this inform me, Henry,
Have you had to-day a letter
From the duke?

HENRY.

 Señora, no.

FLERIDA.

Then, I have.

HENRY, *aside*.

 A strange invention!

FLERIDA.

And in it the duke has written,
That your quarrel is arranged,
And all difficulties settled;—
So that you, to-morrow morning,
May from Parma go, since naught
Needs your longer stay in Parma.

HENRY.

Though, Señora, from the duke,
I, indeed, received no letter,
I have had one from a friend,

Which doth tell me, not too quickly
To go hence, for still my dearest
Hopes are all unrealized.

FLERIDA.

That is what your friend has written,
This again is what I say—
That you go to-morrow morning
Forth from Parma ; nothing needs
Here your stay, and there you're needed.

HENRY, *aside*.

What a courteous style, O Heavens !
Doth Flerida use in driving
Me from all my hope and her !

Enter LISARDO.

LISARDO.

Let me kiss your hand, O sovereign
Goddess of this verdant sphere !—
Let me kiss the hand of Laura,
As the earnest of my joy—
Since the hoped-for dispensation,
Which for ages hath my love
Long awaited, in these letters
Has arrived !

FLERIDA, *aside*.

Most opportunely
Has it come.....

LAURA, *aside*.

O final sorrow !

FLERIDA.

Since to-day I have.....

Enter ARNESTO and FREDERICK.

ARNESTO.

Señora,

Here is Frederick.

FREDERICK.

I wait

Your commands, your highness.

FLERIDA.

Give

Here a husband's hand to Laura,

For I conquer now myself;

And the world may know the reason.

ARNESTO and LISARDO.

What *say* you?

FLERIDA.

I am who I am.

ARNESTO.

But Señora, thou forgettest

That my honour thou dost wrong?

LISARDO.

Do you not reflect, Señora,

That you wrong my fondest love?

FLERIDA.

This, Lisardo, this, Arnesto,

Both of them require.

ARNESTO.

And this—

Did my honour need new reasons—

Why I never could consent—

Were itself even o'er sufficient :
Never shall the voice of rumour
Dare to whisper, dare to utter,
That for any secret reason
Did my Laura, Frederick wed.

FREDERICK.

Be it public, be it secret,
Have you aught against me ?

ARNESTO.

No :—

'Tis enough that I dislike it.

FREDERICK.

It may be enough for grief,
Not enough though to offend you :—
You besides have made a promise
Laura's hand to give me now.

ARNESTO.

I ?

FREDERICK.

'Tis true.

FLERIDA.

And when ?

FREDERICK.

Last evening

In my chamber, when you said,
That you would induce the person
Who had written unto me,
And who then was waiting for me,
To present me with her hand :—

It was Laura that was waiting :—
That for thee is quite enough.

LISARDO.

Yes, for him, but not for me !—
For my life shall not be backward
To defend its dearest rights.

[*Puts his hand to his sword.*]

FLERIDA.

How's this ?

FREDERICK.

And mine too, to sustain them.

ARNESTO.

I am at thy side, Lisardo.

HENRY, *to Frederick.*

And I at thine.

FLERIDA, *aside.*

O bitter pain !
But if love has learned to cause it,
Honour be the remedy :—
If—because it is my pleasure—
My command is not enough,
Let it be enough to tell thee,
That at Frederick's side doth stand
The duke of Mantua.

[*Aloud.*]

ARNESTO.

Who, Señora ?

HENRY.

I, who serving fair Flerida,

Was an inmate of his house :—
I, who Frederick and Laura
Thus am happy to defend.

FLORIDA.

And I also, that the world
May behold my moderation,
Even my passion doth exceed.

ARNESTO.

Since, Lisardo, duke and duchess
Thus protect them, thus defend them,
Nothing more my honour needeth,—
I must favour them likewise.

LISARDO.

Though the loss to me is mighty,
Equal is the consolation,
That I see her heart's affections
Ever were to Frederick given.

HENRY to *Florida*.

And I, too, thus humbly kneeling
At thy feet, implore thee, lady,
To reward my love, my pains.

FLORIDA.

Take my hand : for I am anxious,
Once, of who I was, forgetful,
Now to think of who I am.

LAURA.

Heaven my dearest hope fulfil!eth !

FREDERICK.

Now my bliss, completeth heaven !

FABIO.

Oh ! how many times ! how often
Was I on the point of saying
That the mistress of my master
Was the lovely lady, Laura :
But the Secret now is uttered
Out in words—as is the title
Of our play, whose faults to pardon
Humbly at thy feet we pray.

END OF THE SECRET IN WORDS.

THE
PHYSICIAN OF HIS OWN HONOUR.
A Tragedy.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

The King, DON PEDRO.

The Infante, DON ENRIQUE, *his Brother*.

DON GUTIERRE ALFONSO DE SOLÍS.

DON ARIÁS.

DON DIEGO.

LUDOVICO, *a Surgeon*.

COQUIN, *servant to Don Gutierre*.

Doña, MENCIA DE ACUÑA, *wife of Don Gutierre*.

Doña LEONORE.

INES, *servant to Doña Leonore*.

JACINTA, *slave to Doña Mencia*.

THEODORA, }
SILVIA, } *servants to Doña Mencia*.

Soldiers, Musicians, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—SEVILLE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

THE
PHYSICIAN OF HIS OWN HONOUR.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

The open country. A public road at one side, and near it a château. The sound of a hunt is heard from within. The Infante DON ENRIQUE enters tottering, and falls upon the stage. A little after, DON ARIAS and DON DIEGO enter; and last of all, the King DON PEDRO, with his attendants.

ENRIQUE.

Good Heavens! my brain whirls round and round!
[Falls.]

ARIAS.

May Heaven protect your grace!

KING.

How now?

ARIAS.

His steed has fallen, I know not how,
And thrown the prince upon the ground.

KING.

If in this manner he doth kneel,
Saluting Seville's ancient towers,

Better it were the heavenly powers
Had still detained him in Castile.
Enrique! Brother!

DIEGO.

Lord! and chief!

KING.

Does he not move?

ARÍAS.

Alas! like stone
He lies; his pulse and colour gone.
What sad mischance!

DIEGO.

What bitter grief!

KING.

To yonder pretty country-seat
Beside the public way, advance,
Good Don Arias; there, perchance,
The quiet of the calm retreat
May soon the prince's health restore.
Here you can all remain, and see
The end; but bring a horse to me,
For I have yet to travel more:
This accident has made me wait
Too long already. I must try,
Before the light of day doth die,
To reach as far as Seville's gate—
There you can bring the news to me. [*Exit.*

ARÍAS.

This single act that now we know,
More than a thousand proofs will show
How stern and hard his heart must be,

Who could a brother thus neglect,
Leaving him without sense or breath,
And struggling in the arms of death ?
By heaven !—

DIEGO.

Be silent. Recollect,
That if at times stone walls may hear,
Trees, Don Arias, sometimes see ;
Besides, 'tis naught to you or me,
And might, perchance, soon cost us dear.

ARIAS.

Thou, Don Diego, quickly go
To yonder villa ; bring them word
How that the prince, our gracious lord,
Is thrown from off his horse. But no ;
Better that in his present state,
We bear the Infante in.

DIEGO.

You give
Good counsel.

ARIAS.

Let Enrique live,
I ask no other boon of fate !

Exeunt, the attendants bearing the Infante.

SCENE II.—A SALOON IN DON GUTIERRE'S

VILLA.

Enter DOÑA MENCIA and JACINTA.

MENCIA.

I saw him from the tower below,
The winding road advancing over ;
And though I could not well discover
What followed after, well I know
That some misfortune has occurred.
I saw a gallant cavalier
Upon a light steed riding near,
It rather seemed the swiftest bird
That ever on the quick winds flew ;
For like a bird's rich plumes, his crest,
Descending o'er his head and breast,
Upon the air its splendour threw :
The earth and sky did both unite
To grace it with their several powers—
The beauteous earth bestowed its flowers,
The wondrous sky its starry light—
Changeful in hue, as chance doth fling,
Or tinted shades, or golden beams,
For now a perfect sun it seems,
And now it seems the painted spring.
The steed that thus did prance and bound
Fell ; when another change occurred :
For what did late appear a bird
Lay like a rose upon the ground,—
Thus imitating in one hour
Whate'er is best of bright and fair.
'Twas sun—'twas sky—'twas earth and air :
At once bird, beast, and star, and flower !

JACINTA.

Ah! Señora, hither press
In through the doorway—

MENCIA.

Who?

JACINTA.

A throng,
Crowding confusedly along.

MENCIA.

Why they come here I cannot guess.

*Enter DON ARIAS and DON DIEGO following the
attendants carrying the INFANTE in their arms.
They place him in a chair.*

DIEGO.

In the houses of the noble
Is the royal blood so valued,
So esteemed, it gives us courage
Here to enter in this manner.

MENCIA.

Who is this I see? Oh, Heavens! [*Aside.*]

DIEGO.

'Tis the Infante, Don Enrique,
Brother of the king, Don Pedro.
At your door his horse has fallen,
And, half dead, we've brought him hither.

MENCIA, *aside.*

Help me, Heaven! O sad misfortune!

ARÍAS.

Tell us, lady, in what chamber
We can place the prince, our master,
Till he may regain his senses.—
But can I trust my eyes, Señora?...

MENCIA.

Don Arias?

ARÍAS.

Oh! 'tis certain
This is all a dream, a vision,
That I see thee, that I hear thee:
Can it be that Don Enrique,
The Infante—your adorer—
Now your lover more than ever—
Coming back to thee and Seville,
In so sad a manner meets thee?

MENCIA.

'Tis no dream:—alas! 'tis real.

ARÍAS.

Here what dost thou?

MENCIA.

Thou wilt know it
Presently; but now we cannot
Spare a moment from attending
On the suffering prince, your master.

ARÍAS.

Who'd have said, that thus so strangely
He would come to see you?

MENCIA.

Silence;—
It concerns me, Don Arias.

ARÍAS.

Why?

MENCIA.

It doth affect my honour :—
 Enter into yonder chamber,
 There you'll find a couch that's covered
 With a soft skin, flower-embroidered—
 And, although the bed be humble,
 There the prince may rest. Jacinta,
 Quickly bring the finest linen;
 Perfumed with the sweetest odours,
 Worthy of such high employment.

Exit Jacinta.

ARÍAS.

While they make their preparations,
 Let us leave a while his highness.
 We, perchance, may give assistance,
 If there's help in this misfortune.

*Exeunt Don Arias, Don Diego, and the
 attendants.*

MENCIA.

Now, at length, alone they've left me :
 Would, oh ! would it were, ye heavens !
 With the sanction of my honour.
 Now to speak my inmost feelings :
 Would that I with words could open
 The icy dungeon of my silence,
 Where the glowing flame is prisoned ;—
 That sad dungeon which, in ashes,
 Even in its ruins telleth,
 Here was Love ! What's this I've spoken ?
 What is this, ye heavenly powers ?
 Ah ! I'm what I am ! Return me,
 Tell-tale air, the frenzied accents
 Thou hast from my pale lips carried ;

Since, although I've dared to breathe them,
'Tis not right that thou should'st publish
What I ought to hide in silence;
For I know that now I am not
Mistress of my heart or feelings;
And if I, to-day, indulge in
These my feelings, 'tis but only
That I may the more subdue them;
Since no virtue can be real
That has not been tried. 'Tis only
In the crucible that truly
Gleams the golden ore; the loadstone
Tests the steel, and by the diamond
Is the diamond tried: while metals
Gleam the brighter in the furnace.
Thus my honour, by relying
On itself, shall still grow brighter,
When I come myself to conquer—
Since no honour can be perfect
That has never yet been tested.
Pity!—Powers of goodness, pity!
May I, thus my love concealing,
Live! as now I die, in silence!—
Enrique!—lord!

ENRIQUE, *recovering*.

Who calls?

MENCIA.

O! gladness.

ENRIQUE.

Heaven be praised!—

MENCIA.

That you are living
Still, your highness.

ENRIQUE.

Say, where *am* I ?

MENCIA.

Where, at least, is one that feeleth
For your safety.

ENRIQUE.

I believe it,—
If this happiness, for being
Mine, shall not in air evanish :
Since, within myself debating,
I am doubtful at this moment
Whether I awake, am dreaming,
Or asleep, but seem to hear thee :
But why make inquiry further,
Seeming truth still darker clouding ?
If 'tis true that now I slumber,
May I never wake from sleeping !
Or if I in truth am waking,
May I never sleep henceforward !

MENCIA.

Let it please your royal highness
Prudently to think but only
Of your health, that it may lengthen
Out your life through years unnumbered.
Phoenix of your deathless glory—
Imitating that strange being,
Bird, and flame, red coal, and glow-worm,
Urn, pile, voice, and conflagration,
Which in fire is generated,
Breathes, and lives, and lasts, and dyeth—
Of itself the child and parent—
Then you'll learn from me hereafter
Where you are.

ENRIQUE.

I do not wish it ;
Since if I do live, and see thee,
Greater bliss I cannot hope for ;
Nor if I am dead, can ever
Greater happiness delight me,
Since, indeed, it must be heaven
Where so fair an angel dwelleth.
Thus I care not to discover
What the accidents or chances
That my life have hither guided,
Nor what turned thy own life hither ;
Since to know that I am with you,
Where you are, is full contentment.
And thus *you* have naught to tell me,
Nor to aught have *I* to listen.

MENCIA.

Of so many fair illusions
Time will quickly disabuse thee.
But at present, tell me truly
How your highness is ?

ENRIQUE.

Why, never
Have I in my life been better ;
Only in this foot, a little
Pain I feel.

MENCIA.

The fall was fearful ;
But a little rest will quickly
All your former health restore thee.
And thy bed is now preparing,
Where thou canst repose in safety.
You will pardon me, I pray thee,
For such humble entertainment ;
Though, indeed, I stand excused.

ENRIQUE.

Spoken like a noble lady,
Mencia. Are you then the mistress
Of this house?

MENCIA.

Why no, your highness,
But of him who is the master,
I must say I am.

ENRIQUE.

Who *is* he?

MENCIA.

An illustrious caballero,
Solís Alfonso Gutierre,
Both my husband and your servant.

ENRIQUE.

What!—your husband! [Rises.

MENCIA.

Yes, your highness.
Do not raise yourself; detain thee.
See, to stand you are not able
On your foot.

ENRIQUE.

Yes, yes, I'm able.

Enter DON ARÍAS.

ARÍAS.

Let me, lord, enfold a thousand
Times your feet in my embraces,
Grateful for the happy favour
Which, in saving thee, has given
Life unto us all.

Enter DON DIEGO.

DIEGO.

Your highness,
Now unto your own apartment
Can retire, where all is ready
That the finest thought could picture
On the fancy.

ENRIQUE.

Don Arias,
Bring me here my horse this instant—
Bring me my horse, good Don Diego :
Hence we must depart this moment.

ARIAS.

What do you say, my lord ?

ENRIQUE.

That quickly
You bring here my horse.

DIEGO.

Consider——

ARIAS.

Think a moment——

ENRIQUE.

Troy is burning,
And my heart, a new Æneas,
Must I rescue from the ruin !—
Ah ! Don Arias, my o'erthrowing
Was not purely accidental,
Rather a prophetic omen
Of my death : indeed, 'twas fitting
That, by Heaven's decree, I hither
Should be carried to my death-bed,
In the house where you are married,

To Mencia.

That at once might then be spoken
Gratulations and condolence,
For your wedding and my burial.
When my horse approached your dwelling
He, with double fire and spirit,
Dared the most surprising actions :
For a rapid bird appearing,
He, with scornful neighings, challenged
Even the lightnings to the combat,
When the swift winds he had conquered ;
'Till, before your very threshold,
Jealousy raised unseen mountains,
Over which his proud feet stumbled ;
For sharp jealousy will madden
Even the very brute. No rider
Ever sat his horse so firmly,
That he could not from his stirrups
Be cast down at such a moment :
Miracle of thy sweet beauty,
I conceived this fall the saving
Of my life : but now the illusion
Being o'er, it seems the vengeance
Of my death : since it is certain
I, indeed, must die ; and never
Miracles are proved by dying.

MENECIA.

He who now would hear your highness
Thus complaining and repining,
Would be forced to treat my honour
With presumptions and suspicions
Most unworthy of it : nathless,
If, perchance, the wind doth carry
Any perfect observation,
Without tearing it asunder
In divided accents, *I* would
Wish to answer such impeachments ;
For whene'er complaints are spoken,

Often will the same breath utter
Explanations too. Your highness,
Liberal in all your fancies—
Generous in all your pleasures—
Prodigal of your affections—
Placed your eyes on me : I know it—
It is true, and I believe it.
You must also know how many
Years of trial and temptation
Has my honour been unvanquished,
Standing like an ice-crowned mountain,
Which the squadrons of the flowers,
Armed by time, were round besieging.
If I married, with what reason
Can you now complain ? well knowing
I was one beyond the circle
Of your passions and your wishes :
Far too high to be your mistress,
Far too low to be your consort.
Thus being wholly exculpated
In this matter, as a woman,
Humbly at your feet I ask you,
Not, my lord, to leave this mansion,
Placing at such certain peril
Health and life.

ENRIQUE.

Ah ! greater dangers
Do I in this house encounter.

Enter DON GUTIERRE and COQUIN.

GUTIERRE.

Let me to your highness render
Homage, if I dare draw nigh
To the sun that lights the sky
Of Spain with majesty and splendour.
With my heart, confused and tender,

Sad and joyful, draw I near ;
And with eyes both blind and clear,
Where that planet's light is blazing,
Now an eagle, sunward gazing,
Now a dazzled moth appear—
Sad, for that mischance which late,
When you fell, did darkly throw
O'er Castile a cloud of woe—
Joyful, that the hand of Fate
Has unto its former state,
With the charms that health embraces,
Quite restored your lordship's life :
Thus, confused in pleasing strife,
Interchanging mutual graces,
Pain and Pleasure change their places.—
Who till now saw Pleasure's tear ?
Who till now saw Sorrow's smile ?—
Honour, for a little while,
With your beams this humble sphere ;
For the sun, so bright and clear,
Though it light a palace wall,
Still doth not disdain to fall,
With its veil of golden woof,
On the straw-thatched cottage roof,
In its loving care of all :
Thus wilt thou, who dost appear
The sun of Spain, by tarrying here.
'Tis not the splendour that outbreaks,
It is the king the palace makes,
Even as the sun doth make the sphere.

ENRIQUE.

I esteem your pain and pleasure
As you felt it ; and for this,
Gutierre Alfonso de Solís,
Gratitude beyond all measure
In my bosom shall I treasure,
Which you yet must feel.

GUTIERRE.

Your grace
Honours me too much.

ENRIQUE.

And though
The greatness of this house did throw
Its ample shadow round the place,
Though 'twere a sphere as great in space,
As it in truth is beauty's sphere,
Still I could not here remain :
This fall will cost my life 'tis plain ;
And not the fall alone, for here
I must forego, in doubt and fear,
An object that doth all engage
My mind ; and were it but one stage
I must depart ; till *that* is clear,
Every moment is a year,
Every instant is an age.

GUTIERRE.

And can my lord have such a cause
For thus departing hence, that he
Will place in such extremity
A life whose every action draws
Down on itself the world's applause ?

ENRIQUE.

I must this day to Seville go.

GUTIERRE.

To pierce your secret well I know
Is wrong, and that would greatly grieve
My sense of right ; but I believe
My love, my loyalty are so——

ENRIQUE.

And if the cause I now would own,
What would you say ?

GUTIERRE.

I do not seek
The silence of your breast to break ;
My lord, I'm not so curious grown.

ENRIQUE.

Listen ; the cause shall now be known.
I had a friend, who was to me
A second self——

GUTIERRE.

How blest was he !

ENRIQUE.

To whom, when led by duty's call
Away, I did entrust my all—
My life—my soul—one peerless she !
Say, was it just that he should break
His plighted faith, his friend forsake,
And all his promised care forego,
When I was absent from him ?

GUTIERRE.

No.

ENRIQUE.

When for another's will and pleasure,
He gave the keys of that rich treasure ;
When to another favoured guest,
He oped that fond and feeling breast
That late was mine ! How truly measure
The lover's pain, the friend's regret !
Can the lorn heart so soon forget
Its vanished dreams—its blissful sighs ?

GUTIERRE.

No, my good lord !

ENRIQUE.

And then the skies
Conspire to darken and to fret
My heart to-day ! Before my eyes
I see my jealous thoughts arise ;
In bodily shape they stand before me ;
Where'er I look, they threaten o'er me,
With monstrous leer and giant size.
I see them here, and so would fain
Fly from their looks so dark and drear :
Strange though the miracle appear,
They come with me, and yet remain !

MENCIA.

They say a woman's heart and brain
Can best good council feel and give ;
And so I pray, my lord, forgive
The freedom that I take, when I
Attempt the adviser's part to try,
And make you once more hope and live.
I leave your jealousy apart,
And say, that you should first attend
The explanation of your friend.
His innocence, far more than art,
May quick restore him to your heart,
For even in faults such difference lies,
That punishment should not be given
To all alike. Oh ! be not driven
Headlong by passion's stormy sighs,
Though jealousy o'er veils thine eyes.
Think that no man has power to move
Another being's will or love.
As to your friend, methinks that I
Have given your doubts a fit reply.

As to the lady, Heaven above
 Alone can tell how strong the power
 That forced her to forget thy flame.
 Oh ! call her no unworthy name—
 The fickle changeling of an hour.
 Judge her not, though suspicion lower—
 She may excuse her act.

ENRIQUE.

Ah ! well

I know 'tis vain.

DIEGO, *to the INFANTE.*

My lord, the steed
 Is ready that you bade me lead.

GUTIERRE.

If 'tis the same from which you fell
 This morn, my lord, ah ! do not sell
 Your life so cheap, as him to ride ;
 Rather accept from me the pride
 Of all my stud—a piebald mare—
 Swift as the wind and wondrous fair,
 Upon whose smooth and glossy side
 A palm-leaf is impressed—a sign
 That fortune meant her to be thine ;
 For, even of brutes, the birthdays are
 Ruled by a good or evil star.
 This wondrous prodigy, in fine,
 Is quite proportioned and well made ;
 Wide in the back, and broad of chest ;
 Its head and neck, as might be guessed,
 Short, and its feet and legs arrayed
 In strength, and daring undismayed.
 To form this steed, so light and tall,
 With its wide chest, and head so small,

The mingled elements conspire—
Its body earth, its soul of fire—
Its foam the sea, and wind for all.

ENRIQUE.

Here the mind is lost, indeed,
At the effort to explain
Which doth lose, or which doth gain,
By this animated diction—
Whether the steed by the description,
Or the description by the steed.

COQUIN.

Here I enter. Please your grace,
Let me your hand or foot embrace,
Though it is hard, as matters stand,
Either to give your foot or hand.

GUTIERRE.

Hence, fool ! this moment quit the place.

ENRIQUE.

Why so ? Do not his freedom blame—
His humour pleases me.

COQUIN.

I came,
Obedient to your call. You said,
Hither let the steed be led.
Well we, my lord, are both the same.

ENRIQUE.

Then who are you ?

COQUIN.

My words declare
My station. I, my lord, am one
Coquin, also Coquin's son ;

The livery of this house I wear—
 Provider-general of the mare ;
 I sleep amid its fragrant hay ;
 In liberal fellowship I share
 Its nightly bed and daily fare ;
 And so, my lord, I come to pay
 My compliments upon your day.

ENRIQUE.

My day ?

COQUIN.

Why yea, the thing is plain.

ENRIQUE.

They call that day a festival,
 Whereon some good event doth fall.
 How can the day that brought me pain
 Be mine ? Good Coquin, pray explain.

COQUIN.

Because you *fell* on it. They say,
 As every body knows, in all
 The almanacks, such *feasts* do *fall*
 On such and such a day. Then pray,
 Is this not Saint Enrique's day ?

GUTIERRE.

If your lordship is so prest,
 That you must go, 'tis best you stay
 No longer here ; for lo ! the day,
 Amid the cold waves of the west,
 Sinks, to be the sea-god's guest.

ENRIQUE.

Fairest Mencia, Heaven protect you !
 And to show that I respect you,

I will seek that lady, driven
 By the counsel you have given.
 Ah! my grief, must I reject you [Aside.
 From my breast unspoken. Bleed,
 Bleed in silence, and restrain
 Even the utterance of thy pain.
 Sad exchange I've made indeed—
 To leave my love and take his steed!
*Exeunt the Infante, Don Arias, Don Diego,
 Coquin, and the attendants.*

GUTIERRE.

O dearest Mencia!—brightest—best—
 My queen, my mistress, and my wife!
 Two souls in each divided life—
 Two lives in each divided breast
 Have thou and I, my love, possess.
 'Tis to that love, that now I feel,
 I may securely trust to-day,
 For leave to go awhile away,
 And at my sovereign's feet to kneel,
 Upon his entering Castile.
 To give him hearty welcome there,
 Should every cavalier repair.
 Methinks I should his presence gain
 As one of Don Enrique's train;
 For it is only just and fair,
 That I upon the prince should wait,
 Who, from this fall, has given so great
 An honour to this house and me.

MENCIA.

Some other cause, I plainly see,
 Moves thee to go, than what you state.

GUTIERRE.

Naught else, I swear, by those bright eyes!

MENCIA.

Who doubts that unextinguished sighs
For Leonore—from this dull spot
Drive you away ?

GUTIERRE.

Oh ! name her not.

MENCIA.

'Tis thus with men, to-day they prize
The thing to-morrow they may shun ;
And what was joy to win, when won
Turns in their hearts to cold despair.

GUTIERRE.

Ah ! yes, I own the moon looked fair,
Because I did not see the sun ;
But now that I behold its light,
And worship its divinest ray,
I cannot so forget the day
As think upon the vanished night,
A flame once burned pure and bright,
Whose lambent breath and shining hair
Lit the sweet region of the air.
The sun unveiled his glorious head,
When lo ! amid the orient red,
The roseate blush of morning fair,
The little flame was lost and gone ;
No more it sparkled, burned and shone,
Quenched in the sunlight's sea of rays.
Need I explain, with useless phrase,
The little picture I have drawn ?
I loved a light, whose flame was seen
Until a greater planet rose—
Which, in the light that planet throws
From off its disk of dazzling sheen,
Vanished as if it ne'er had been.
The flame that once seemed pure and bright,

As in a crucible of light,
Was melted by thy sunnier eyes ;
Until the sun appears, we prize
The faintest star that decks the night.

MENCIA.

Oh ! what a flatterer thou art—
So metaphysical, and so...

GUTIERRE.

In fine, you give me leave to go.

MENCIA.

'Tis plain you're anxious to depart ;
And yet, I cannot nerve my heart
To bid you go.

GUTIERRE.

Perhaps we two, .
In thought, may both depart and stay.
My heart, though I be far away,
Will still be here—

MENCIA.

And mine with you.
Adieu, my lord.

GUTIERRE.

My love, adieu !

[*Exit.*

Enter JACINTA. "

JACINTA.

How sad, my lady, you remain.

MENCIA.

Ah ! yes, Jacinta, and with cause.

JACINTA.

I cannot guess what reason draws

The colour from your cheek : 'tis plain
Some hidden grief, some inward pain
Affects you.

MENCIA.

Yes, 'tis even so.

JACINTA.

Will you not trust the cause to me ?

MENCIA.

Dost thou desire I trust to thee
My honour and my life, and show
My inmost secrets ? Thou shalt know.

JACINTA.

Say on, Señora.

MENCIA.

I was born
In Seville. There Enrique saw
And loved me, by the potent law
That rules the world ; subdued my scorn,
And, like a star that doth adorn
The brow of heaven, upraised my name
First in the lover's lists of fame.
My father, by abuse of might,
Restrained and trampled on my right
Of choice, and gave, short time ago,
My hand to Gutierre. Lo !
The prince returns : my heart is pained—
Love I have lost, and honour gained.
And this is all even I do know. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A HALL IN THE ALCÁZAR, AT
SEVILLE.*Enter DONA LEONORE and INES, veiled.*

INES.

He comes to seek the chapel's calm retreat.
Here wait the king, and kneel before his feet.

LEONORE.

Now shall I gain what I have hoped for long,
If I obtain but vengeance for my wrong.

*Enter the KING followed by attendants and
petitioners.*VOICES, *within*.

Make way !

ONE.

So please your majesty, peruse
This paper.

KING.

I shall do so.

ANOTHER.

Oh ! refuse

Not this, your grace.

ANOTHER.

Nor this one, I beseech.

KING.

'Tis well, 'tis well.

SOLDIER, *aside*.

He wasteth little speech.

I am——

[*Aloud*.

KING.

Leave the petition—that will do.

SOLDIER.

I tremble, and cannot my fear subdue.

KING.

What makes you fear.

SOLDIER.

Have I not seen your grace?

KING.

Yes; 'tis enough! What seek you in this place?

SOLDIER.

My lord, I am a soldier: some more pay.

KING.

You ask but little; for your late dismay.
I make you serjeant.

SOLDIER.

Oh! with outstretched palms

I bless you!

OLD MAN.

A poor old man asks your alms.

KING.

Here, take this diamond ring.

OLD MAN.

What! can it be

You give it from your fingers unto me?

KING.

Yes! had I power to aid thy suffering,
I would bestow the world as now this ring.

LEONORE, *kneeling*.

My lord, with troubled feet I come
Before your feet to fall.

I come, for honour's sake,
 To ask, with weeping eyes,
 With sighs soon swallowed up in tears,
 With words that end in sighs,
 For justice at your hands,
 As I on God do call.

KING.

Lady, arise ; no fear need thee appal.

LEONORE.

I am...

[*She rises.*]

KING.

Do not, I pray, address me yet—
 Let all who hear me go away.

[*The petitioners, and others go out.*]

Speak now, because if you have fled
 To me for honour's sake, as you have said,
 It were not just or right
 That honour should complain thus in the public
 sight ;
 Or that the hand of justice e'er should trace
 The slightest blush upon so sweet a face.

LEONORE.

Don Pedro ! whom the world doth call the Just,*
 Sole Sun and Sovereign planet of Castile,
 Whose light illumines this hemisphere of dust,
 Great Spanish Jove, from whose well-tempered
 steel
 Quick lightnings flashed with every vengeful thrust,
 As through the quivering air, with bloody wheel,
 It circled, when from clouds of gold it flew,
 And many and many a Moorish neck cut through,
 I am Leonore, whom flatterers named,
 In Andalusia, Leonore the Fair.

* "JUSTICIERO," Don Pedro is better known by his less complimentary title "THE CRUEL."

Not for this name my beauty must be blamed,
But my malignant star ; for never were
Beauty and happiness together framed
To live in union, or one form to bear.
Be sure, my lord, where beauty doth abound
But small good fortune and less bliss are found.

His glances turned on me, to cause my ruin ;
A cavalier—ah ! would that love's slow sting
Were as the basilisk's for my undoing,
Or jealousy's green serpent to my spring.
To looking fondly, soon came fond pursuing,
To fond pursuing, love on rapid wing.
He wooed my very street, in his desire ;
There saw he night depart, and day expire.

How can I tell, my gracious lord, that wounded,
At length my heart surrendered to his suit ?
Although in public by disdain surrounded,
I felt in private proud of his pursuit.
On obligation gratitude is founded,
From gratitude the passion-flower takes root ;
For in Love's University we seize
Upon his dignities but by degrees.

A little spark a mighty flame igniteth ;
A little wind can wake the whirlwind's crash ;
A deluge from a little cloud alighteth ;
A little light can feed the lightning's flash ;
A little love, though blind and small delighteth
To find out wiles that must the god abash :
Thus spark, wind, cloud, and all delight in turning
To storm and rain, to lightning and to burning.

His word he gave me he would be my spouse—
A bait that doth so many women lure,
Which in life's sea the cautious fisher throws,
With hellish heart, for maiden honour pure ;
Which woos the bosom to unsafe repose,

And lulls the sense to slumber insecure.
Here my lip fails to tell how he, untrue,
Who gave this word, again recalled it too.

Thus freely often to my house came he ;
But honour never for a moment slept ;
For I, though liberal of love could be,
Niggard of *that*, which I have sacred kept ;
But, then, there was so much publicity,
That I my reputation could have wept,
And thought 'twere best that I should less deserve it
Than thus with public scandal to preserve it.

Justice I sought, but I was very poor—
Complained of him, but he was very strong :
Then as my honour is beyond all cure—
For he is wed, and can't make good my wrong—
All that I ask, most gracious lord of your
Justice is this, that cloistered I prolong
My life at *his* expense who did all this—
Don Gutierre Alfonso de Solís.

KING.

Lady, your extreme affliction
I compassionate, and justly,
Being one upon whose shoulders,
Atlas-like, the law dependeth :
Since Don Gutierre's married,
He cannot make fit atonement
For your wrong, as you have granted ;
But though short of that full measure
Of redress, my power and justice
Are sufficient to compel him
To make partial compensation.
Honour he cannot restore you,
Since, indeed, you never lost it.
On the other side, however,

We must hear his explanation ;
For 'tis right a judge should always
Keep his second ear wide open
For the story that comes after.
Trust me, Leonore, that nothing
Shall prevent your cause from being
Fairly tested ; and that never
You again will have occasion
To repeat your lamentation,
" I am poor, and he is powerful,"
While Castile doth call me monarch.
Yonder Gutierre cometh ;
If with me he chance to see you,
He will know you have informed me :
Hide behind this screen a little,
Till you can come forth in safety.

LEONORE.

I, in everything obey you.

[She conceals herself.]

Enter COQUIN.

COQUIN.

On from chamber unto chamber,
In the footsteps of my master,
Who is staying here, I've wandered
Just this far. Defend me, Heaven !
Bless me ! 'tis the king in person !
He has seen me, and looks awful.
Heaven but grant that this balcony
Is not very high, for headlong
Must I throw myself this moment.

KING.

Who are you ?

COQUIN.

My lord ?

KING.

Yes.

COQUIN.

Truly
(Aid me, Heaven), my lord, I'm only
What your majesty would wish me :
Nothing greater, nothing smaller ;
For a man of much discretion
Only yesterday advised me,
That I never, in my lifetime,
Should be aught but what you'd wish me ;
And so highly do I value
His advice, I mean to use it,
For the present, past, and future.
Thus I *was* what you'd have had me ;
What you'd wish me be, I *will* be ;
What you please, I *am*—at all times
Your obedient humble servant.
So, my liege, with your permission,
I would wish now to withdraw me ;
Since my feet have brought me hither,
I would do as much for them too.

KING.

Notwithstanding your long answer,
You, in truth, have told me nothing.
Who and what you are I asked you.

COQUIN.

And I would have truly answered
To the question you have asked me,
If I did not fear, for telling
Who I am, that you would throw me
From this high balcony downward,
For presuming here to enter
Without knowing why or wherefore,

Being the holder of an office
Which you do not need, I fancy.

KING.

What office do you hold ?

COQUIN.

Why, that of
A sort of courier, or footman,
Bearer of all kinds of secrets—
Spy of myriad proceedings,
So that neither monk nor novice
Ever yet escaped my prying.
Just as I get much or little,
Speak I either well or badly.
Every house I make my dwelling ;
And though this be so, at present,
I'm content to use the stable
Of Don Alfonso Gutierre,
Where my mid-day meal I share with
A cordován of Andalusia.
I'm a brother of Contentment ;
Grief to me is quite a stanger,
Not being ever in his service.
Briefly, I am what you see me :
Marjordomo unto Laughter,
Pleasure's gentleman in waiting,
And the chamberlain of Frolic—
Which a glance, indeed, might show you.
This being so, with fear I trembled
Lest your majesty might know me ;
For a king who never laugheth
Might have ordered me a hundred
Fisticuffs and bastinadoes
Somewhere underneath the shoulders,
As a vagabond.

KING.

It seemeth
You are himself, one whose business
Is but laughter.

COURTIER.

Yes, your lordship,
And that you may be more certain,
This is to play the jester,
Is the pattern [He puts on his cap.

KING.

Right well, truly;
And since now I know your calling,
Let us make a bargain.

COURTIER.

How so?

KING.

To make one laugh is your profession?

COURTIER.

Yes.

KING.

Well, then, for each occasion
That you make me laugh, I'll give you
A hundred crowns; but on condition,
That if ere a month is over,
You don't make me laugh, that instant
You your teeth to me must render.

COURTIER.

Ah! you make me a false witness,
And the contract is illegal,
Being hurtful to one party.

KING.

Why ?

COQUIN.

It will hurt me, with a vengeance.
'Tis said that every man in laughing,
Shows his teeth ; but I with weeping
Should show mine—which would be laughing
The wrong way. 'Tis also whispered
That you're so severe a master,
And so biting in your censure,
As to show your teeth to all men.
How, then, is it that you only
Wish to take my grinders from me ?
But to come to your proposal,
I accept it, if you let me
Go away in peace at present ;
Since a month will pass as quickly
Here as in the street ; and even
At the end 'tis but the coming
Of old age a little sooner
To my mouth, as with post-horses.
So I go to practise over
All my jokes. Ah ! would to Heaven !
That I could but see you laughing !
But adieu ! I'll see thee shortly. [Exit.

Enter DON ENRIQUE, DON GUTIERRE, DON DIEGO,
DON ARIAS, *with attendants, soldiers, &c.*

ENRIQUE.

Let your majesty permit me
Kiss your hand.

KING.

Thou'rt truly welcome ;
How dost thou feel thyself, Enrique ?

ENRIQUE.

Why, my lord, the fright was greater
Than the fall. I ne'er felt better.

GUTIERRE.

I pray your majesty to let me
Kiss your hand, if one so humble
May demand so great a favour ;
For the ground on which thou walkest
Seems a fair and beauteous carpet,
Which the winds of heaven illumine
With the colour of the rose-leaf.
Mayst thou health and strength bear with thee,
Such as this great kingdom needeth ;
For, my lord, all Spain adores you,
Crowned, as now thou art, with laurel.

KING.

Of you ! Don Gutierre Alfonso . . .

GUTIERRE.

Why thus turn thy back upon me ?

KING.

Great complaints but now have reached me.

GUTIERRE.

They are most unjust, I doubt not.

KING.

Tell me, know you Leonora—
One of the chief dames of Seville ?

GUTIERRE.

Yes, a fair and noble lady,
'Mong the highest of this country.

KING.

Say what potent obligation
Made you treat so fair a lady
With discourtesy and insult?

GUTIERRE.

I have little need of falsehood;
For, my lord, a man of honour
Knows not how to play the liar,
'Specially before a monarch.
Her I courted, and intended,
Once, to marry, if delaying,
And perhaps my fickle nature,
Had not changed my first ideas.

Her I visited, and often
Entered publicly her dwelling;
So that I would still defend her
Reputation, with my sword-point.
Feeling, then, thus alienated,
I conceived that I might alter
My intent; and, being freed from
This affection, wed in Seville
Doña Mencía de Acuña,
A distinguished lady, with whom
I reside outside the city,
In a country-house of pleasure.
Leonore, through evil counsel—
For all counsel must be evil
Which destroyeth reputation—
Sought to interrupt my marriage;
But the judge who tried the question,
Though most strict, found naught against me;
Which decision she did charge with
Being founded upon favour,
As if favour e'er is wanting.
To a young and handsome woman,
If she ever should require it.
Influenced by this decision,

She has come to claim your succour,
For 'tis plain you know the story.
I, too, throw myself before you,
Firmly trusting to your justice.
For my faith, my sword I offer,
And my head for my allegiance.

KING.

What could have so soon occasioned
Such a change in your affections ?

GUTIERRE.

Is man's fickleness so novel
As to cause your wonder ? Surely
Every day bears witness to it.

KING.

Yes : but then it seldom happens
That a man who loves should fly from
One extreme unto another,
Without some most powerful reason.

GUTIERRE.

I beseech you not to press me :
I am one who, in the absence
Of a lady, would surrender
Life in preference to speaking
Anything unworthy of her.

KING.

Then it seems you *had* some reason.

GUTIERRE.

Yes, my lord ; but still, believe me,
If for my exoneration,
It this day were needful for me
To declare it,—though depended

Life and soul upon my speaking—
Still a true and faithful lover
Of his honour would not say it.

KING.

But it is my wish to know it.

GUTIERRE.

Ah! my lord....

KING.

I'm very curious.

GUTIERRE.

Look....

KING.

No further answer make me!
It doth only irritate me.
By my life!—.....

GUTIERRE.

My lord, I pray thee
Swear not; for 'tis less important
I should change my nature wholly,
Than that I should see you angered.

KING, *aside*.

I compel him to lay open
This concealed affair thus loudly,
That, if he in this deceives me,
Leonore may give the answer.
And if he the truth doth utter,
That, persuaded of her error,
Leonore may know it also,—
Speak then.

[*Aloud*.

GUTIERRE.

To my grief, I do so.—
As one night I sought her dwelling,
Noises reached me from the courtyard ;—
I approached, and at the moment
That I entered, saw the figure
Of a man from her balcony
Downward leaping. I pursued him ;
But, before I recognised him,
He escaped from me by running.

ARÍAS, *aside*.

• Bless me, Heaven ! What revelation
Comes to light !

GUTIERRE.

And though excuses
Could be made, and though I never
To my wrong gave ample credence,
Still the very apprehension
Was enough to stop my marriage ;
For 'tis plain, if love and honour
Are the mind's most powerful passions,
He hath done to love an outrage
Who hath done a wrong to honour—
Any pang that wounds the feelings
To the soul brings anguish also.

Enter LEONORE.

LEONORE.

Your majesty will grant me pardon,
Since I can endure no longer
All the manifold misfortunes
Which in crowds have fallen upon me.

KING, *aside*.

As God lives ! he has deceived me.—
Well, my stratagem succeedeth.

LEONORE.

And when listening to those charges
Which are brought against my honour,
It were but to act the coward
Not at once to give the answer,
Though it cost me life—'tis little.
For, far worse than death I suffer
From those daring accusations
Which destroy both life and honour.
Don Arias came to visit

ARÍAS.

Stay, Señora—speak not further.
Let your majesty permit me
Answer ; for it is my duty
To defend this lady's honour.
On that very night resided,
In the house of Leonore,
One with whom I would have married,
If her thread of life the Parcae
Had not cruelly divided ;
I, her beauty's faithful lover,
Fondly followed in her footsteps,
And, with all a lover's daring,
After her the house I entered,
Without Leonore being able
To foresee it or prevent it.
Then Don Gutierre coming,
Leonore, in terror, bade me
Seek a neighbouring apartment,
And I did so.—Ah ! a thousand
Errors must that man fall into ✓
Who obeys a woman's counsel.—
As I left, I heard the stranger
Speak ; and, thinking 'twas her husband,
Down I leaped from the balcony :
And if I, on that occasion,

ENRIQUE, *aside*.

Under the pretext of hunting,
And her husband here, this evening
May afford me an occasion
To see Mencia.—Don Diego, [*Aloud.*
Come with me ;—I am determined
Now to perish or to conquer. [*Aloud.*

LEONORE.

Dead I here remain ! God grant that,
Heartless, treacherous, and cruel,
False deceiver and dissembler,
Without faith, or God, or conscience,
As I innocently suffered
Loss of fame and reputation,
Heaven may also grant me vengeance !
May you feel the selfsame sorrow
That I feel ! The same dishonour
May you in your blood see bathed ! ✓
For 'tis only just you perish
With the weapons that you slay with !
Be it so ! amen. So be it !
Woe is me ! I've lost my honour !
Woe is me ! my death has found me !

ACT II. SCENE I.—THE GARDEN OF DON
GUTIERRE'S VILLA.—NIGHT.

Enter JACINTA, conducting DON ENRIQUE.

JACINTA.

Silently advance.

ENRIQUE.

I scarcely
Place my feet upon the ground.

JACINTA.

'Tis the garden we have entered :—
Since the night with dusky mantle
Wraps your Highness round, and since
Now Don Gutierre lieth
In his prison, there's no doubt
But that you can safely compass
Love's so gentle victories.

ENRIQUE.

If the liberty, Jacinta,
I have promised thee, appears
Small reward for such a service,
Ask me more, I'll not refuse,
Since to thee I am indebted,
From this hour, for life and soul.

JACINTA.

Here my lady is accustomed
To descend, to spend a portion
Of the cool, calm summer night.

ENRIQUE.

Hush ! oh, hush ! another sentence
Do not add, because I tremble
That the very winds should hear us !

JACINTA.

That I may avoid suspicion
By my absence, and avoid
Needless blame, I think it better
Now to leave you. [*Goes into the house.*]

ENRIQUE.

Love encourage
My attempt. These verdant leaves
Will conceal and screen me wholly;
For I will not be the first,
Who, beneath such shelter, cheated
Even the solar rays: Actæon
With Diana exculpate me. [*Conceals himself.*]

Enter DOÑA MENCIA with her attendants.

MENCIA.

Jacinta! Silvia! Theodora!

JACINTA.

Your orders, Lady?—

MENCIA.

Here bring lights,
And a while with me remaining,
Labour to divert my sorrow
For the absence of my husband,
Now that nature doth presume
These delicious grounds to darken:—
Theodora!

THEODORA.

Lady mine!

MENCIA.

With your gentle voice divert me
From my sadness.

THEODORA.

I shall gladly
Sing your favourite words and tune.

[*The lights are placed upon a small table,
Doña Mencía reclines upon a sofa beside
it, and Theodora sings.*]

Nightingale, whose joyous strain
Gladdens all these sleeping flowers,
Oh! depart not from these bowers,
For thy absence gives me pain!

[*While the song is continued and repeated,
Doña Mencía falls asleep.*]

JACINTA.

Sing no more, for see, sweet slumber
Hath poured out upon her soul
Rest and peace; and since her troubles
Have this calm asylum found,
Let us leave and not awake her.

THEODORA.

Yes, in silence leave her here.

JACINTA, *aside*.

Thus I act, that he may freely
Venture forth to seek her now;—
O ye servants! what unnumber'd
Noble and illustrious houses
Have been lost by means of you!

[*Exeunt Jacinta and the others.*]

DON ENRIQUE, *advancing*.

She remains alone. No longer
Doubt should cloud such happiness;
Oh! I must not let this moment
Pass without the happy chance
That the time, the place secure me:—
Fairest Mencía!

MENCIA, *swaking*.

Heaven defend me!

ENRIQUE.

Be not frightened;—

MENCIA.

Who is this?

ENRIQUE.

One whose daring must be pardoned
For his many years of hope.

MENCIA.

You, my lord!....

ENRIQUE.

Oh! be not troubled!

MENCIA.

In this way to....

ENRIQUE.

Nor alarmed :—

MENCIA.

Dare to enter....

ENRIQUE.

Nor be angry.

MENCIA.

(This my house, without the fear
That you may destroy the honour
Of a woman, and a noble,
Generous vassal's pride offend.

ENRIQUE.

I but follow your own counsel,

Since you counselled me to hear
The excuses of that lady :—
And I hither come to learn
How it is you exculpate you
From the wrongs my love hath borne.

MENOCIA.

Ah ! 'tis true, I was in error ;
But if I would deign to give
Any reason for my actions,
Does your highness doubt, 'tis only
For my honour's sake alone ?

ENRIQUE.

Can you then presume, I know not
The respect that is your due,
From your blood and many virtues ?—
A pretext of sport has led me
Here, a seeming hunter, now.
But 'twas neither fawn nor falcon
Wiled me forth ere dawn of day ;
No, it was thyself, proud heron—
Thou, that soarest up so high
Through the azure fields of heaven,
That you seem to touch the golden
Balustrades that gleam and glisten
Round the palace of the sun.

MENOCIA.

My lord, your highness doth correctly
Attribute to this cautious bird
The efforts you describe: the heron
Presumes so much upon its instinct,
That flying even up to heaven,—
A flash of feathers without light—
A bird of flame, with soul and spirit—
A wingéd cloud endued with instinct—

A dark-grey comet without fire ;
 It seeks by every means to baffle
 The strong wings of the royal hawks :—
 Nay, 'tis said, although it flies from
 All the falcons that pursue,—
 It doth know, amid the many,
 In whose talons it must die ;
 And before the final struggle
 Is commenced, it trembles o'er—
 Throbs its boding heart with terror,
 And on ruffled plumage flies :—
 Thus at seeing here your highness,
 I stand mute and motionless—
 Full of terror—full of horror—
 Since my fear cannot ignore—
 Since no doubt can terror leave me
 Who it is will cause my death.

ENRIQUE.

To speak *with* you I came hither,
 Time and chance must not be lost.

MENCIA.

That the heavens this wrong should suffer !
 I shall cry for aid.

ENRIQUE.

And so,
 Be thy honour's worse defamer.

MENCIA.

Oh ! will not the wild beasts come
 To protect me with their favour ?

ENRIQUE.

No, they fear to wake my wrath.

DON GUTIERRE, *within*.

Coquin, hold the reins, while I
Alight: knock loudly at the gate.

MENCIA.

O heavens! my bodings come too late!
My end of life at length draws nigh,
'Tis Gutierre!—What a fate!

ENRIQUE.

Born for misfortune I must be!

MENCIA.

What, my lord, becomes of me
If he meets you?—what his ire?

ENRIQUE.

Say what *can* I do?

MENCIA.

Retire.

ENRIQUE.

Retire? conceal myself before
The face of any man?

MENCIA.

Much more
A woman's honour doth require:
You cannot go—(my life is o'er!)
Since my servants, little knowing
All the evil they were doing,
Have reclosed the garden door:
Now you cannot go away.

ENRIQUE.

How to act in this confusion.....

MENCIA.

In this arbour's green seclusion
Lies a room of mine, you may
There conceal you.

ENRIQUE.

Until now,
I a notion ne'er could have
What was meant by fear. How brave
Ought a husband feel? [*Conceals himself.*]

MENCIA.

And how
Timid ought the guilty be,
When a guiltless woman even
Dreads the angry wrath of heaven,
Nor can shun adversity?

Enter DON GUTIERRE, COQUIN, *and* JACINTA.'

GUTIERRE.

Dearest, let my fond caresses
Once and many a time enfold thee!

MENCIA.

Envy, I cannot withhold thee
From my heart, whose happy place is
In the midst of such embraces.

GUTIERRE.

Said you not, that I would fly
To see you?

MENCIA.

And to prove thereby
The firm fond heart your breast doth cover.

GUTIERRE.

I do not cease to be thy lover,
My life, because thy spouse am I ;
For that dear tie, so proudly pure,
Chills not affection's tender core,
But ever feeds it more and more,
And makes its wavering pulse secure,
And doth, at every risk, procure
Means, the beloved form, for seeing,
And closer binds his grateful being.
He who holds the Alcaide's station,
Being a friend and a relation,
Has, my body's prison freeing,
Thrown it round my soul, for he
Gives me in this secret way
The happy privilege to pay
This hurried visit unto thee.

MENCIA.

What a joy it is !

GUTIERRE.

To me—

Although if I deliberate,
The boon he gave was not so great
To let me hither come to thee,
Because in my captivity,
My soul, on unseen wings elate,
Had flown to thee in chainless flight—
Joy of my heart ! 'twas only right
That for the period I should be
Wholly captive, or wholly free,
And thus my life and soul unite ;
For otherwise in tiresome strife,
With all division's sorrows rife,
The two should seek a separate goal,
In one prison were my soul,
And in another were my life.

MENECIA.

Two instruments, I've heard it stated ;
 When strung and tuned in unison ;
 The dulcet notes evoked by one,
 By echo are communicated,
 Similarly modulated,
 To the other, so that even
 If you wake but one alone,
 On the silent lyre, the tone
 Which the skilful hand hath given
 Is waken'd by the winds of heaven !
 An equal concord doth appear
 'Twixt blended hearts, how far or near,
 This would experience soon declare,
 For the same blow that struck thee there
 Would reach and kill me even here.

COQUIN.

Señora, wont you give your hand
 Unto a fellow-prisoner,
 Who sighs and mourns and sheds the tear,
 Without the power to understand
 Why into tears he is trepanned ?
 And who his death is now awaiting,
 Without the power of calculating
 Why or when this grisly friend
 Of mortals.....

GUTIERRE.

Coquin, to what end ?—

COQUIN.

'Tis my own end that I'm relating :—
 But if the king, who doth admire
 Your humble servant, in his ire
 Puts you to death without remorse,
 You'll be a sort of knight-errant corse,
 Since you will bring with you a squire.

MENCIA, to Gutierre.

You must partake of some collation ;
Excuse my want of preparation,
No guest expecting now : and so
I go for this.

GUTIERRE.

A slave can go.

MENCIA.

Holds not the one who goes, that station ?
Yes, I am one, and love to be :
Do thou, Jacinta, come with me :—
O fortune ! fortune, be obedient, [Aside.
Since this desperate expedient,
Honour, I but make for thee !
[*Exeunt Doña Mencía and Jacinta.*

GUTIERRE.

Coquin, here you must remain,
And a little while restrain
Your pleasantries : Remember we
Are bound by every tie to be
Back within our cell again
Ere the dawn, which now is nigh.

COQUIN.

I shall faithfully attend you,
But would wish to recommend you
A stroke of ingenuity—
The most subtle, the most high
Ever thought of amongst men,
Oh ! how clever !

GUTIERRE.

Tell it then.

COQUIN.

By which safe and sound you may
Easily from prison stay.

GUTIERRE.

How ?

COQUIN.

Never to go back again.—
Better wind and limb to save
Than keep the promise that you gave.
Safe and sound outside you've got ;
Stay as you are.

GUTIERRE.

Upon the spot,
My hand shall kill thee, villain ! knave !—
Dare you thus to counsel me
To act with such base treachery
Towards the Alcaide : in this way
His kind confiding to betray ?

COQUIN.

No doubt, there's some perplexity ;
But since I have become observant
Of the king's humour—fierce and fervent
Is my desire to escape his claws.
As to a breach of honour's laws,
No one will mind it in a servant ;
But even so, I am, to-day,
Resolved to take the safer track,
To leave you here, and not go back.

GUTIERRE.

To leave me ?

COQUIN.

And why not, I pray ?

GUTIERRE.

And what of thee will people say ?

COQUIN.

✓ Must I then prematurely die,
To earn a word or two of praise ?
If I could act like him who plays
At cards, who puts the small ones by,
Preferring for success to rely
On those of greater power and name ;—
Then, my lord, for you I durst
Give up a few poor days at first,
Which afterwards I might reclaim :—
But is not life a different game ?
The cards once gone, then all is gone ;
How could I then get back the stake
That thus I perilled for thy sake ?
As at piquet, death would have won
Every point to a hundred and one.

Enter MENCIA, exclaiming.

MENCIA.

Help ! help ! my lord.

GUTIERRE.

What mean these cries ?
May heaven my love from danger shield !

MENCIA.

A man.....

GUTIERRE.

Quick ! quick !

MENCIA.

I found concealed
Within my room, whose face and eyes

Were hid beneath a thick disguise ;
For this I called you.

GUTIERRE.

What do you say ?
O Heavens ! my very heart's congealed ;—
Disguised in my house ?

MENCIA.

The moon revealed
His presence.

GUTIERRE.

Coquin, lead the way,
Take the light with you.

COQUIN.

I ?

GUTIERRE.

You may
Fear nothing, since with me you go.

MENCIA, to Coquin.

Coward thou art, to tremble so !—
I shall conduct thee—draw thy sword ;
Ah me ! the light has fallen, my lord.
[*She designedly drops the light, and they
remain in total darkness.*]

GUTIERRE.

No matter, I shall find my foe
Even in the dark : I go alone.
[*While Don Gutierre enters the house by one
door, Don Enrique, conducted by Jacinta,
leaves it by the other.*]

JACINTA.

Follow me, my lord, you may
Escape securely by this way,
Since all the house to me is known.

[As they go out at the opposite side, Don Gutierre returns, and meeting with Coquin, who is groping about in the dark, seizes him.]

COQUIN, *aside*.

I can see neither stick nor stone.

GUTIERRE.

Ah ! I have met the man !

COQUIN.

My lord,
Take heed, I pledge to thee my word . . .

GUTIERRE.

By heavens ! I shall not let thee go,
Until thy name and state I know,
Then thou shalt perish by my sword.

COQUIN.

But look ! I am . . .

MENCIA, *aside*.

What speechless terror
Now doth my trembling soul affright !
Can it be he ?

GUTIERRE.

What, ho ! a light !

[Enter Jacinta, with a light.]

Who art thou, man ?

COQUIN.

I've got no mirror,
But think I'm Coquin!

GUTIERRE.

What an error!
What a mistake!

COQUIN.

I told thee so.

GUTIERRE.

I heard and knew thy voice, although
I did not think thou wert the same
I held:—O blind abyss! O shame!
That I must tamely wait to know!

MENOLA, *aside*.

Has he gone forth, Jacinta?

JACINTA.

Yes.

MENOLA, *to Gutierre*.

Can thy absence have tempted this?
Look well through all the house, lest some
Who knew perchance thou wert from home,
Some thieves have dared this hardiness.

GUTIERRE.

I go to make suspicion clear:—
Kind heaven dispel the boding fear [*Aside*.
That makes my heart feel chill and numb,
To think that any man should come
Into my house, and I not here!

[*Exit with Coquin.*

JACINTA.

That was a daring stroke, attended
With danger of a great disaster,
Which you now ventured with my master.

MENCIA.

✓ More than my life on it depended.

JACINTA.

What was the object you intended ?

MENCIA.

This was intended : to dispel
The clear presumption there would be
Of some arranged complicity—
If Gutierre's heart should feel
What I should die, or else conceal—
In such a strange perplexity,
I found but little difficulty
The simple project to conceive,
And thus make truth itself deceive.

[*Don Gutierre returns from the house, holding a dagger concealed beneath his cloak.*]

GUTIERRE.

Some mere illusive phantasy
Mocked you— some fancied form of air ;
Through all the house I have gone with care,
Searched every room, but could not meet
The shadowy phantom of deceit
Which you but now imagined there :—
But I deceive myself :—ah ! me— [Aside.
This dagger, gracious heavens ! which I
Found in her room—with jealousy
The herald of my fate must be,
Which a more fitting hour will see :—
My love, my life, I must away, [Aloud.

For lo ! the night, its cloak of grey
 Loosely around its neck unties—
 And like a trembling coward flies
 Before the beauteous light of day ;—
 Ah ! how I grieve it must be so,
 Not only that I needs must go,
 And longer leave you lonely here,
 But worse—a prey to causeless fear.

MENCIA.

Will you not once your fond arms throw
 Round her who loves you ?

GUTIERRE.

Proud I may :—

*[As he throws open the cloak, she perceives
 the dagger in his hand.]*

MENCIA.

Ah ! stay, my lord ! in pity, stay !
 Your dagger, is it turned on me ?
 I never have offended thee,
 Turn then your vengeful hand away,—
 Hold !

GUTIERRE.

What makes my Mencia fear ?
 My joy, my treasure, and my wife.

MENCIA.

At thus beholding you, my life
 Seemed to depart : I did appear
 Bathed in my blood to perish here.

GUTIERRE.

When lately through the house I flew,
 This dagger from its sheath I drew.

MENCIA.

My very life is an illusion !

GUTIERRE.

'Twas but a fancy—a delusion.

MENCIA.

I never have offended thee.

GUTIERRE.

How needless this apology ;
But often in a great confusion
We feel a fear we can't explain.

MENCIA.

My troubled sadness, as it seems,
Chimeras and unreal dreams
Doth picture on my heart and brain.

GUTIERRE.

To-night, I will return again
To see thee, if I can : adieu !

MENCIA.

May God, my lord, depart with you !—
Oh ! what a fear my bosom pains ! [*Aside.*]

GUTIERRE, *aside.*

Ah ! honour—honour, much remains
To say, but only 'twixt us two !
[*They go out at opposite sides.*]

SCENE III.—A HALL IN THE ALCÁZAR.

Enter the KING and DON DIEGO, the former carrying a shield, and dressed in a coloured cloak, which during the representation he changes for a black one.

KING.

Take this buckler, Don Diego.

DIEGO.

Late your majesty returns.

KING.

I have spent the night in going
All around this city's streets,
Wishing thus to know the nature
Of the many strange adventures
Which in such a place as Seville
Happens every night that falls :
That I thus may know the better
To prevent or punish crime.

DIEGO.

You do well, my lord, in this,
For a king should be an Argus,
Watching o'er the realm he rules,
And the eyes upon his sceptre
Should but symbolize his own.
Please your majesty, what saw you ?

KING.

I saw many a sly gallant—
Many a waiting, watchful lady—
Music-ringing feasts and dancing—
Many gambling-houses, whence
Loud resounding voices published,

Better than the painted tablet,
Here is gaming, wanderer :
I saw bullies without number,
And there's nothing that so grieves me
As to see this crowd of bullies
Swagger openly, as if
They a lawful calling followed ;
But that they should never praise me
For neglecting to examine
So important a communion,
I a troop of them encounter'd
In the open street alone.

DIEGO.

That was wrong, my lord,—imprudent.

KING.

No, 'twas right, because they carried
Blazoned in their blood from me . . .

DIEGO.

What ?

KING.

The charter of their body.

Enter COQUIN.

COQUIN, *aside.*

I have not the tower re-entered
With my master, since I wish
To find out what says the public
Of his prisonment : but pause !
For the noblest dog stands yonder
Of the celebrated breed
Of the true Castilian mastiff—
'Tis the king himself—Don Pedro,
I must pause, his paws to shun.

KING.

Coquin !

COQUIN.

Majesty !

KING.

How goes it ?

COQUIN.

I will answer like the student.

KING.

How is that ?

COQUIN.

*De corpore bene,
Sed male de pecuniis.*

KING.

Tell me something pleasant, Coquin,
Since if you can make me laugh,
You a hundred crowns will pocket.

COQUIN.

It seems that we enact to-night
The famous comedy, entitled,
From your promise, "The Crown Prince ;"
Notwithstanding all, I bring thee
Now a little tale, that neatly
Endeth in an epigram.

KING.

If 'tis yours, it must be truly
Elegant : unfold the tale.

COQUIN.

I saw yesterday a eunuch,
On his getting out of bed,

Put a cover on his whiskers ;
 Laugh now at the *bare* idea !
 Seeing so much needless care
 On a crop of such poor promise
 Made me make the epigram :—
 I don't ask thee, mighty Pedro,
 For houses or vineyards,—all I ask
 Is that you, by way of earnest,
 Will your blessed laughter give
 Unto a bashful gracioso ;—
 Floro, your house must needs be poor
 And badly furnished all within,
 Since in this way you're forced to pin
 A lying ticket on the door.
 Can there be rind without the core ?
 Good nuts without the kernel ?—no.
 He cannot reap who cannot sow,—
 Why then waste time ? A harvest yields
 The ploughing of the fallow fields,
 But fallow faces never—no !—

KING.

A cold conceit :

COQUIN.

A hot one, rather.

Enter DON ENRIQUE, the Infante.

ENRIQUE.

Give me your hand, my lord.

KING.

Infante,
 How do you find yourself ?

ENRIQUE.

Quite well ;
 Content, my liege, if I but find you

In the good health that I enjoy :—
And now, my lord, permit my asking
For Don Arias

KING.

He, I know,
Has the privilege of your friendship ;
Free him from prison then, and thou
Make them again be friends, Enrique,
Since 'tis to you they owe their lives. [*Exit.*

ENRIQUE.

May thine own by Heaven be guarded
Until thou makest even of time
A never-ending bright inheritance !
Don Diego will please to go
To the tower, and to the Alcaide,
And command him, hither to bring
Both his prisoners. [*Exit Don Diego.*

The heavens give me
Patience under misfortunes like these,—
And prudence amid so many evils :
Coquin, I perceive you are here.

COQUIN.

I would be better away in Flanders.

ENRIQUE.

Why ?

COQUIN.

The king is a prodigy
'Mong all the animals on the earth.

ENRIQUE.

How ?

COQUIN.

Because indulgent Nature

Doth permit the bull to bellow,
 The lion to roar—the ox to low—
 The ass to bray—the bird to warble—
 The dog to bark—the cat to mew—
 The horse to indulge himself in neighing—
 The wolf to howl, and the pig to grunt,
 But man alone it only permitteth
 To laugh, and Aristotle thus,
 As the most perfect definition,
 Calls him the laughing animal:—
 But the king, 'gainst the order of nature,
 And sometimes of art, doth never laugh.
 Grant me, Heaven, to draw but one chuckle
 Out of his throat, the pincers of wit!

Enter DON GUTIERRE, DON ARÍAS, and DON DIEGO.

DIEGO.

Behold, my lord, I bring to thee
 The prisoners.

GUTIERRE.

Thy feet we kiss.

ARÍAS.

You raise us to the skies by this.

ENRIQUE.

The king, my gracious lord, to me
 Has given, what with humility
 I asked for, both your lives to-day :
 Once more be mutual friends, I pray.

GUTIERRE.

Thus honour is conferred by thee.

[*He perceives that the sword of the prince is
 of the same design as the dagger which
 he found in Mencía's apartment.*]

But what is this, O God! I see? [*Aside.*]

ENRIQUE.

Shake hands.

ARÍAS.

Behold I lead the way,
Here then is mine.

GUTIERRE.

And mine : all traces
Of our late difference now must lie
Hid 'neath the friendly knot we tie,
'Till death the twisted bond displaces.

ARÍAS.

And may these mutual embraces
Confirm the friendships that they show.

ENRIQUE.

It gladdens me that this is so :—
As cavaliers the strife begun,
As cavaliers you both have done
All that nice honour bade you do :—
'Tis therefore right that you should be
True friends, and he who now will dare
This to deny, had best prepare
In deadly fight to answer me.

GUTIERRE.

The friendships which, my lord, for thee
I now reawaken, must endure,
I my obedience shall procure,
Nor can I doubt that you will give
This crowning honour, to believe
That of me you may be sure :—
A potent enemy are you,
And leaving loyalty apart,
Fear were enough to keep my heart

From breaking what it swore to do :—
 You and I 'gainst some other two,
 Oh ! 'twere delightful then to show
 To all the world, how well I know
 Obedient to my word to be ;—
 But with you for an enemy—
 Oh ! who would dare to venture ?—who ?—
 So much would fear my senses scare—
 So strangely darken and control
 My cautious and attentive soul,
 That it would not have power to dare
 To look at you :—If unaware
 My sword should ever cross with thine,
 Such fearful instinct shall be mine,
 Such terror shall o'ercloud mine eyes—
 That I must fail to recognise
 Your grace, though noontide's sun may shine.

ENRIQUE, *aside*.

In those hints and sighs I trace
 The clearest marks of jealousy :—
 Come ! Don Ariás, I with thee [Aloud.
 Have business in another place.

DON ARIÁS.

I attend upon thy grace.
 [Exeunt Don Enrique, Don Diego, and Don
 Ariás.

GUTIERRE, *alone*.

Enrique answered naught, and so
 Even by his silence he doth show
 My fear is not an idle guess :—
 Can I bewail my grief ?—ah, yes !
 But to console my anguish, no :—
 I am now alone, and therefore
 Can commune with my own mind :—

Is there one, O God ! that knoweth
To reduce to one discourse—
Or to heal with one idea
Such a numerous host of evils—
Such a progeny of pain,
That in coward crowds assail me—
That in daring troops surround :—
Now, oh ! now's the moment, valour,
That the soul its wail repeating,
Tombed in burning tears and sighs,
Cometh to the open portals
Of the soul, which are the eyes :—
And indeed, on this occasion,
Eyes, you fitly melt in weeping,
That you may wash out my shame !—
Now, my valour, now's the moment,
You can prove how well you know
For the curing of my honour
To call prudence to thy aid :
But a truce to barren feeling,
Forced by honour, forced by valour,
I must not thus weakly yield me
Up to mere complaints and sighs ;
He but dallies with his grievance
Who but asks for its redress ;—
Let me first think o'er the matter—
It, perchance, can be explained :
Oh ! I ask of God to grant it,
Would to God it may be so !—
'Tis true, last night, when unexpected,
I went home,—but then the doors
Opened quickly, and in quiet
Found I there my tranquil wife.
Then the sudden exclamation
That a man was in the house,—
Strange, no doubt, but still remember
That 'twas she who told me so :—
But the light, too, was extinguished—

Yes, but still what proof have I
That, indeed, it did not happen
Through an actual accident?—
Next, the question of this dagger—
It is possible it may
Have been left there by a servant,
And although (oh! woe is me!)
In its fashion, it resembles
Closely the Infante's sword,
Other swords it may resemble,
As the form is not so strange
But a thousand more may have it:
Deeper let me sift the matter,
And confess (ah! me) that it
Was the Infante's—nay, even further,
That he was himself there hid,
Though my hot eyes could not see him;
But supposing all this true,
Still may Mencia be guiltless?
Gold, that magic master-key,
In the bribed hand of a servant
Opens wide the closest doors:—
Oh! how glad I am for having
Found this subtle argument;—
So, abridging our reflections,
Let us make the points converge
Thus, that Mencia is Mencia,
And that I am who I am;—
Nothing could a moment tarnish
Light like hers so bright and pure;
If I thought so, it were error,—
Then a cloud could stain the sun,
Which it dulls not, though it troubleth,
Nor eclipses, though it chills:—
What unrighteous law would punish
Innocence with pains and death?—
But still, honour, thou'rt in danger,
There is not an hour but may

Bring the crisis on : thou'rt living
In thy sepulchre, sustained
By a woman's breath, and treading
On the edge of thine own grave :—
I have now to cure thee, honour :
First, the symptoms clearly show
How excessive is the danger;
Let the first prescription be
To prevent all new infection,
And to drive the old one forth :—
So the Physician of his Honour
Thus prescribeth and ordains,
First, the sparing diet of silence,
To keep cool both tongue and mouth
By the gentle aid of patience.
Which doth mean, that you apply
To your wife all soft endearments,
Kindness, fondness, friendship, love,
Flatteries too, which are a powerful
Safeguard, that the fell disease
May not grow the more through harshness
For contentions and displeasures,
Insults, jealousies, suspicions,
As indeed they ought to do,
Ever give unto a woman
The disease they meant to cure.
I to-night shall seek my dwelling,
Secretly shall enter there,
To examine more minutely
The disease, and while inquiring,
To dissemble, if I can,
This misfortune, this affliction,
This extremity, this wrong,
This offence, this aggravation,
This amazement, this delirium,
This oppression, this affront,
Finally, this jealousy—
Jealousy ! what have I uttered ?

Badly, madly uttered :—back !
Back ! again into my bosom
Fly that venom'd word ! but no ;—
For if it indeed be poison
That's engendered in my breast—
Since it did not kill in coming,
It might kill in going back.
As 'tis written of the viper,
That it dies by its own poison
If outside itself it meets it :—
Said I jealousy ? Oh ! said I
Jealousy ? It is enough !
When, alas ! a wretched husband
Comes to know that he is jealous,
Science then is unavailing,
Then remains the final cure
To be tried, to be applied by
The Physician of his Honour !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—THE HOUSE OF DOÑA LEONORE.*Enter DON ARIAS and DOÑA LEONORE.*

ARIAS.

Do not think, fair Leonore,
That I meant not to come nigh thee,
Thereby meaning to deny thee
The great debt that, o'er and o'er,
Claims thy honour : no, I plead
Even its magnitude, the better
To explain why I, thy debtor
(Not to pay the debt indeed),
Have but now before thee come ;
For 'twere folly, desperation,
To expect such obligation

Could be paid by any sum :—
 Though I cannot pay the debt
 Of atonement that I owe thee,
 Still I venture here, to show thee
 My repentance and regret.

LEONORE.

Señor, I must at once declare
 I feel obliged for this, though you,
 In the account betwixt us two,
 Have scarcely struck the balance fair ;
 Though you deprived me, I confess,
 Of a fond lover that I loved,
 Still, the blessing you removed
 May have increased my happiness
 Since it is better lose even life—
 Honour, fame, and reputation,
 Than to assume the hapless station
 Of an abhorred and hated wife.
 I blame my destiny—not thee ;—
 'Tis true I feel a lasting pain,
 But then I only must complain
 Of evil stars.

ARÍAS.

This must not be :

No, beauteous Leonore, to take
 This fault from me, is to remove
 The chance of telling thee the love
 I long have cherished for thy sake.
 Then in the briefest, simplest way
 Let me declare, nor thou reprove me,
 That 'tis thy love that now doth move me
 To come with trembling lips to say,
 That since I have occasioned thee
 So many griefs, such sorrows cost—
 If a spouse through me you lost,—
 Accept a husband now through me.

LEONORE.

Señor, with reason do I feel
The motive that compels thee now,
At such a moment, to avow
The choice your flattering words reveal;
But though I prize this act of thine,
You will permit me to reply
Respectfully, Señor, that I
Your courteous offer must decline ;
For, though it were, at any time,
An honour, still, as you have said,
Through you was Gutierre led
To think me guilty of a crime
Against love's laws, and if he saw
Me married unto you, this fact
Following the former fancied act
Would proof from mere suspicion draw.
It were but wantonness to tempt
The censure of the world ; so clear
The demonstration would appear
That I deserved its deep contempt :
No, I shall never yield the strong
Just privilege of complaint, that they
Who blame me now should have to say
I gave occasion for my wrong.
Then would the guilty party fill
The place from which the guiltless fell—
No one must think he acted well,
Who as I know did act so ill.

ARÍAS.

This reply of yours doth prove,
Fair Leonore, quite frivolous,
Since though it clearly proved 'tween us
The existence of an ancient love,
It, at the same time, blotteth out
The slightest shadow of a stain ;
But see how worse you will remain

If he who now thy truth doth doubt,
Will still doubt on, and ne'er discover
The reparation that thy heart
Refuses ?

LEONORE.

It is not the part
Of a wise or prudent lover,
Don Arias, to advise
What I feel is for my ruin ;
For, the wrong that he is doing,
Naught can alter or undo ;
Nay 'twere even worse, since he
From doubt would rise to certainty.
As little were it right in you
To act thus either.

ARIAS.

As for me,
I, from my full confidence
In your bosom's innocence,
Ever satisfied will be ;
In my life, I never knew
Any jaundiced jealous lover
Who in trifles could discover
Gravest faults, when married too,
That the Heavens did not chastise :—
Gutierre, Leonore,
Can on *this* point tell thee more,
He whose overwatchful eyes,
On a stranger's dwelling thrown,
Could a man detect, and be
Outraged so, had better see
What is passing in his own.

LEONORE.

Don Arias, I cannot hear
This falsehood or this bold untruth—
Don Gutierre is in sooth

The model of a cavalier,
One who knows on all occasions
How to live and how to die,
Making word and act comply
With his knightly obligations.
He, a man whose strong bright steel,
Whose sense of right as bright and strong,
Would ne'er have borne the slightest wrong
From an Infante of Castile ;
If you thought by this address
Me to flatter, and awaken
Base revenge, you are mistaken :—
Nay, if I the truth confess,
You have lost your chance of me.
If a noble nature's token
You possess'd, you ne'er had spoken
In this way of your enemy ;—
For though such my indignation
For his doubting me, I could
Wash out my insult in his blood,
A disloyal imputation
'Gainst his honour wounds me still.
Even for vengeance, time doth tell,
He who loveth once and well
Never seeks the lov'd one's ill.

[*Exit.*]

ARÍAS.

I know not what reply to make :
In honour's schools it is confess'd
Woman's tongue can argue best,
I'm convinced by my mistake.
To the prince I shall direct
Now my steps, and humbly pray
That in his pursuits he may
Hence some other friend select.
Lo ! his beams the day doth bury
Tombed within the western main.
I shall die ere I again
Seek the house of Gutierre.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—THE GARDEN OF DON GUTIERRE'S VILLA BY NIGHT, AS IN THE FORMER SCENE. DOÑA MENCIA IS SEEN RECLINING UPON A COUCH ASLEEP, BESIDE HER IS A TABLE WITH A LIGHTED LAMP UPON IT. DON GUTIERRE IS SEEN DESCENDING FROM THE GARDEN-WALL, WHICH HE HAS CLIMBED.

GUTIERRE.

In the mute silence of this breathless night,
Which fills my breast with terror and delight—
Whose dusky shades, and glimmering stars, at strife,
Build the dark sepulchre of human life,
Here to my house in secret have I come—
Here I approach to Mencia and to home.
No tidings of my freedom reached her ear,
Lest (woe is me!) she should expect me here.
I call myself, Physician of my Honour,
Since I procure the cure of my dishonour.)
And so I come, my visit here to pay,
At the same hour I did on yesterday,
To see if jealousy's sharp, sudden pain
Hath left the patient, or doth still remain.
For this I've leapt the garden's barrier o'er,
Lest I be seen when entering the door.
Oh God! what falsehood doth the whole world taint,
That no man dare examine his complaint,
Without the danger of perpetual fears!
Badly *he* spoke who said, the wretch has tears
To shed for his misfortunes. 'Tis untrue
That he who feels the jealous shaft pierce through
His heart can e'er be silent thereupon.
It may be, that that man has never known
What 'twas to feel that agony of pain;
But knowing *that*, he *must* perforce complain.
This is the place, within whose cool retreat
She loves at night to rest; and though the feet

Make no sharp echo 'neath those boughs of gloom,
 Let us tread gently, Honour, since we've come.
 For prying thus, beneath o'ershadowing leaves,
 Oft jealous men must use the step of thieves.

[*He sees Mencia sleeping.*]

Ah! fairest Mencia—ah! my gentle dove,
 Badly you meet my constancy and love!
 Another time I will return again;
 My honour I find well, and freed from pain.
 Now that 'tis so, it needs no other cure,
 And in its health I feel myself secure.
 But—not a slave attends upon her here—
 Perhaps she watcheth for some stranger near;—
 O, slanderous breath! vile terror! cruel thought!
 Still this suspicion chains me to the spot,
 And, till by sifting it, it pass away,
 Here must my doubting footsteps lingering stay.
 The light I quench, and treading through the night,

[*Extinguishes the light.*]

Come doubly blind, bereft of sense and light.
 My voice, too, sinks its usual pitch beneath;
 And thus I whisper, with my gentlest breath—
 Mencia! [Awakes her.]

MENCIA.

My God! Who's there?

GUTIERRE.

My love, speak low.

MENCIA.

Who's there?

GUTIERRE.

'Tis I. And does my life not know?

MENCIA.

Ah! yes, my lord, no other would have dared.

GUTIERREZ.

She knows me, then. What agony is spared!
[*Aside.*]

MENCIA.

To venture here. If any one but you
Did dare so much, this hour I would imbrue
My hands in the hot blood that warms his frame,
Defending thus my honour and my name.

GUTIERREZ, *aside.*

Oh! joy—how sweetly am I undecieved!
Well does he act who probes where he is grieved.
Mencia, dear Mencia, do not now persist [*Aloud.*]
In fear.

MENCIA.

How badly, terror, I resist
The feeling!

GUTIERREZ.

Ever in my heart shall live
Your worth.

MENCIA.

Say what excuse, thou now shalt give?.....

GUTIERREZ.

None.

MENCIA.

For your highness daring to come here?

GUTIERREZ, *aside.*

Highness! Oh God, what word is this I hear?
She knows me not. I struggle once again
With doubt, misfortune, misery, and pain!

MENCIA.

Would'st thou a second time behold my death?
Think'st thou each night.....

GUTIERRE, *aside*.

I gasp—I faint for breath!

MENCIA.

Thou canst conceal thyself?

GUTIERRE, *aside*.

O Heavens!

MENCIA.

And by

Extinguishing the light.....

GUTIERRE, *aside*.

Now let me die!

MENCIA.

At my extremest peril, from this place
Escape before Don Gutierre's face?

GUTIERRE, *aside*.

I doubt my own existence, since I live;
And that my breath her death-stroke doth not give.
She does not chide the prince for being here:
No coyness doth she feel, but only fear,
Lest he, perchance (oh! bitter, bitter pain),
Should be compelled to hide himself again!
Oh! let my heart be firm, my hand be strong,
To make my vengeance equal to my wrong!

MENCIA.

My lord, I pray your highness to retire.

GUTIERRE, *aside*.

Oh! God, I feel myself all rage—all fire!

MENCIA.

Risk not again your safety, I implore.

GUTIERRE, *aside*.

Who for such care but would return once more ?

MENCIA.

This hour, Don Gutierre I expect.

GUTIERRE, *aside*.

Who would not now all patience quite reject ?
Ah ! only he who waits a fitting time,
To wreak his vengeance, and to punish crime !—
He will not come. I left him late to-day, [*Aloud*.
Engaged in business. By the public way,
A friend of mine doth keep a strict look-out ;
He will not come unnoticed, do not doubt.

Enter JACINTA.

JACINTA, *aside*.

Trembling I come to see who speaketh here.

MENCIA.

Methinks I hear some footsteps drawing near.

GUTIERRE.

What shall I do ?

MENCIA.

Retire, retire, your grace,
Not to my chamber, but some other place.
[*Don Gutierre retires to the back of the stage.*

JACINTA.

My lady !

MENCIA.

The cool air that trembling crept
Amid these whispering branches, while I slept, //

Blew out the lamp : you may again retire
And bring a light. [*Jacinta goes into the house.*]

GUTIERRE, *aside.*

Enkindled in my fire ! —
If I remain here, when the light is shown
She must behold me, and then all is known, —
Because then Mencia will know
And understand my soul's overwhelming woe.
This can not be, I must at any price
Prevent the pang of being offended twice,
Once by the intent,
And once by the thought I knew, and could consent
Her well-earned death one moment to delay,
So I must needs dissemble in this way : —

[*He advances and continues in a loud voice,*
Ho ! how is this ? What, no one from the whole
Household attends ! —

MENCIA, *aside.*

Rejoice, my coward soul,
'Tis Gutierre, not the dreaded fate
You feared.

GUTIERRE.

No lamp lit yet, and it so late !

Enter JACINTA with a light. DON GUTIERRE
advances as if from the garden-gate.

JACINTA.

Here is the light.

GUTIERRE.

Ah ! Mencia, my dear wife !

MENCIA.

My husband ! joy and glory of my life !

GUTIERRE, *aside*.

Her false caresses strike my bosom chill,
But heart and soul we must dissemble still.

MENCIA.

How did you enter, my dear lord ?

GUTIERREZ.

This key.
 Through the small garden-gate admitted me;
 My love! my life! but tell me how
 You here enjoy yourself?

MENCIA.

I came but now
Down to this garden, where the winds of night,
Cooled by these fountains, have blown out the light.

GUTIERREZ.

I do not wonder at it, darling mine,
Because the air that killed this light of thine,
Was breath'd out by a zephyr wild and bold,
And then ran circling round so icy cold
That, of this, you need have little doubt,
Not lights alone, but lives it could blow out.
Had you slept then, my wife,
Its poisoned breath might have destroyed your life.

MENOLA.

I wish to understand you, but I find
Your thoughts too subtle, or too dull my mind.

GUTIERREZ.

Have you not seen a burning flame expire,
Struck by the air, and quenched before your eyes,
Which, by the embers of another fire,
Is soon relit, while that which lights it dies ?
Thus death and life the quick combustion finds,
And so the flattering tongue of wanton winds

May kill the light with thee,
And, the same moment, kindle it for me.

MENCIA.

'Tis plain, your words two meanings must conceal.
Can it be jealousy, my lord, you feel ?

GUTIERRE, *aside*.

Too soon my sorrows to my lips arise,—
But then the jealous never yet were wise ; —
Jealousy ? Know you then what jealousy is ?

[*Aloud*.

As the Heavens live ! I know no pang like this,—
For if I could, from any reason, know
What jealousy was

MENCIA, *aside*.

Alas ! O bitter woe !

GUTIERRE.

If I had grounds to fancy what may be
This phantom terror you call jealousy—
That it were more than a mere dream of night
That some poor slave or handmaid doth affright,
Whoe'er the object, I would cruelly tear
Out bit by bit the warm heart she doth bear ;
Then as the quivering fragments came
Reeking with blood and liquefied in flame,
I would the red drops as they fell,
Drink with delight and eat the heart as well ;—
Nay, her very soul I forth would snatch,
Which with a thousand wounds I would despatch,
If souls, by pain, can e'er be visitéd :—
But heavens ! what words are these my lips have
said ?

MENCIA.

You overwhelm my trembling heart with fear.

GUTIERRE.

O God! O God! my Mencia, Mencia dear!
 My good, my wife,—the glory of my skies!
 Dear mistress mine, oh! pardon by thine eyes
 This wild disorder, this strange burst of grief,
 Which past conception, past all sane belief,
 A mere chimera of the brain did cause,
 Making my thoughts o'erleap all natural laws;
 But by thy life, I swear to thee, my dear,
 I still look on thee with respect and fear,
 Yes, notwithstanding this my strange offence:—
 Heavens! how I must have been bereft of sense!

MENCIA, *aside*.

Fear, terror, dread, as if with poisoned breath
 Breathe o'er my soul the pestilence of death.

GUTIERRE.

I called myself Physician of my Honour.
 And in the earth shall bury my dishonour. [*Exeunt*.]

ACT III. SCENE I.—A HALL IN THE ROYAL
 PALACE.

Enter the KING and his attendants, among whom is
 DON GUTIERRE, *who advances*.

GUTIERRE.

Pedro, the footsteps of whose throne
 Are bathed by India's sun-bright sea,
 Alone I wish to speak with thee.

KING *to his attendants, who retire*.Retire awhile: I *am* alone.

GUTIERRE.

Apollo of this Spanish zone—

Castilian Atlas, unto thee,
To whose strong shoulders, constantly
The mighty destiny is given
To bear the sapphire orb of heaven,
The diamond globe and pearly sea,—
To thee I come to lay the prize
Of life before thy feet, if I
Can call that life which seems to die
Each moment, stifled in my sighs—
Wonder not then, my lord, these eyes
Of mine are neither cold nor dry :
'Tis said that they whose bosoms prove
Worthy to feel the joys of love,
Or those of honour, still more deep—
Have the proud privilege to weep
Their sorrows, and no man reprove :—
Honour and love have both been mine—
Honour which I have always worn
As being a noble and well born ;—
And love, which lately thou didst twine
My marriage, in those bonds of thine :
Thus rich by gain and inheritance,
I saw my happy days advance,
Till clouds that envied such a life,
Darken'd such splendour in my wife—
Such lustre in my confidence :—
But now my tongue can scarce evince
The cause of so much sorrow. Since
He against whom my wrong demands
Justice and rigour at thy hands,
Is your own brother—even the prince :—
Not that he may learn, dread sire,
That outraged honour in its ire
Knows not how to pause or cower,
Even in the regal front of power—
To him who feels that sacred fire
The bare conception will suffice :—
And so I hope by your advice

Life for my honour to procure,
 And that prevention more than cure
 May heal the anguish in a trice :—
 For if I could, before I heal it,
 From bad to worse increasing feel it,
 Then would my wrath, in wilder mood,
 Wash out the shameful stain in blood,—
 And deep within the earth conceal it :—
 Start not ! the blood that I shall seek,
 Must only trickle from this breast :—
 Of Don Enrique be at rest—
 On him no vengeance shall I wreak,—
 Of that, this witness here shall speak—
 This brilliant tongue of glittering steel—
 This dagger which I now reveal,
 Was his : ah ! judge how safe is he,
 When even his dagger trusts to me.
 The proud Infante of Castile !

KING.

Say no more, Don Gutierre,
 For the man that Honour crowns
 Every hour with never-vanquished
 Garlands of respect and love,—
 Garlands that in brightness rival
 Even the rays of the sun—may live
 Satisfied his honour.....

GUTIERRE.

Do not,
 Please your majesty, my lord,
 Make me think that you imagine ;
 I have need to be consoled
 Ere my own good name I credit :—
 Oh ! I have a wife so honest,
 Chaste and firm, she leaves behind.
 Roman Portia and Lucretia,

Scythian Thomyris : I ask
But precautions.

KING.

Still precautions
Prove some danger threatens near ;
What then saw you, Gutierre ?

GUTIERRE.

Nothing, since men formed as I
Do not see—enough they fancy,—
Dream, foreshadow, or suspect,
Feel some instinct—some divining—
Some.....I know not what to say :—
For no word could give the meaning
Of what I have felt and feel—
Feelings that resemble atoms—
Too minute to analyze :—
I your majesty consulted,
But for this one cause alone—
To avoid a threatened evil,
Not an actual one to cure ;
Had it happened, you may trust me,
I myself would have prescribed
Remedies, instead of asking
Tardy cures at others' hands.

KING.

Since you call yourself Physician
Of your Honour, Gutierre,
Tell me what remedial measures
Have you taken up to this ?

GUTIERRE.

Not a jealous word I've uttered
To my wife, but every moment
Seemed to love her more and more.
In a sweet and peaceful villa
Some leagues off she lately lived :
Thinking that, perchance, the lonely

Place might have a sad effect,
 I to Seville moved my household,
 And she now resideth here,
 Where she now no more need envy
 Those who share its gaities,
 For harsh treatment and reproaches
 Are but used by common husbands—
 Who when they have told their insults
 Lose all further fear of them.

KING.

The Infante hither cometh ;
 If he sees you here, 'tis certain
 That he will from that discover
 You have told me your complaints :
 But I call to mind another
 Day, when one in mournful accents
 Made the like complaints of thee—
 How behind some flowing curtains
 I concealed on that occasion
 Her who made me those complaints ;
 And as similar diseases
 Call for corresponding treatment, ✓
 Let it be repeated here,
 As with you I am desirous
 Now to do what then I did ;
 But be sure let nothing tempt you
 To come forth, whate'er is said.

GUTIERREZ.

Oh ! my lord, thus humbly bending,
 At your royal feet I kneel :
 I will be the bird depicted
 With a pebble in its bill. [*Conceals himself.*]

Enter the Infante DON ENRIQUE.

KING.

Just in time you come, Enrique,

Evil though the time may prove,
Since you find me.....

ENRIQUE, *aside*.

Oh! I tremble!—

KING.

Full of wrath.

ENRIQUE.

My gracious lord!
Say with whom? what crime compels thee?

KING.

With yourself, Infante—you.

ENRIQUE.

Then my life will be unhappy
If the sun that was its glory
Leaves it dead in dark eclipse.

KING.

Are you not aware, Enrique,
More than once a sword has wash'd out
Private wrongs in royal blood?

ENRIQUE.

For what end, my lord, what purpose
Asks your majesty?

KING.

For you,
You yourself, it is I ask it:
Honour is a sacred place
Which the soul alone inhabits—
I am not the king of souls,—
Saying this I've said sufficient.

ENRIQUE.

Still I understand you not.

KING.

If your love shows no amendment,
From this very moment ceasing
Vain impracticable efforts
To obtain a certain beauty
Whom a noble vassal's bosom
Loves with lawful sovereign sway,
Not our mutual blood shall save you
From my justice and my wrath.

ENRIQUE.

Though, my lord, your slightest precept
Is a law your tongue impresses
On my heart, as if 'twere written
In the ever-during bronze—
Hear at least my exculpation.
Never should it be forgotten
That a judge's equal ears
Should be open to both parties:—
Yes, my lord, I loved a lady—
For I know of whom you speak,—
Loved her well on slight foundation—
In a word, my lord, I loved her
To the extent.....

KING.

And what imports it,
If she is beyond thy reach?

ENRIQUE.

True indeed, but then.....

KING.

Be silent.

ENRIQUE.

Will you not, my lord, permit me
Offer an excuse ?

KING.

There's none,
Since she is a peerless beauty
Without blemish.

ENRIQUE.

Beyond doubt :
But as time doth conquer all things,
Love may triumph over all.

KING, *aside*.

God ! how badly have I acted
In concealing Gutierre !—
Silence ! silence !—

ENRIQUE.

Oh ! incite thee
Not against me, knowing not
What has driven me on to act so.

KING.

Nay, I know it all right well :—
What a terrible position !

[*Aside*.

ENRIQUE.

'Tis my right, my lord, to speak :
Yes, I loved her when a maiden—
Who by that is injured ?—say,—
Ere a vassal.....

GUTIERRE, *aside*.

Ah ! unhappy !

ENRIQUE.

Took this lady as his wife—
I.....

KING.

You must not dare to tell me :
Silence ! silence ! since I know
You have feigned some wild chimera
Merely to excuse thy fault.—
Come Infante, come Infante,
Let us put an end to this—
Tell me, do you know this dagger ?

ENRIQUE.

On returning to the palace
Late one night, I found that I
Had it not.

KING.

And then you know not
Where it was that it was lost ?

ENRIQUE..

No, my lord.

KING.

I *do* : 'twere easy.
Where 'twas found to have enstained it
With the best blood of your breast,
If he was not, he who found it,
The most true and loyal vassal
Ever owned by prince or king :—
See you not what noble vengeance
Seeks the man, who though offended
Thus surrenders arms and breast ?
Do you see the gold inlaying
Of this dagger's glittering blade ?
'Tis an hieroglyph that speaketh
Your offence ; of you it comes
To complain, and I must hear it :—
Take its bright steel from the sheath

And look on it ; there, Enrique,
You will see your faults.

ENRIQUE.

My lord,
Think, that in your wrath you treat me
So severely, that disturbed.....

KING.

Take the dagger.

[*Enrique takes the dagger, but in his confusion wounds the king's hand.*]

Ah ! what mean you,

Traitor ?

ENRIQUE.

I ?

KING.

What ! with my blood
Will you thus your steel ensanguine ?
Thou, the dagger which I gave thee
Wilt thou turn against my breast ?
Do you then desire to kill me ?

ENRIQUE.

Think, my lord, of what you say,
So confused am I.....

KING.

So daring
Even to me ?—Hold ! hold, Enrique,
Turn its point away !—I die !

ENRIQUE.

Such a mournful misconception !—
It is best I now retire

And withdraw me from thy presence
 Even for life, that you again
 Ne'er may form the dread delusion
 That I meant to shed thy blood :—
 I a thousand times unhappy !

[Flings the dagger from him and exit.]

KING.

Heaven defend me ! what is this ?
 What intolerable terror !
 Bathed I saw me in my blood—
 Dead I seemed !—What dismal fancy
 Darkly circled me around,
 With its horror-folding phantoms,
 And with icy weight lay heavy
 On my frozen heart and soul !—
 God I ask, that these beginnings
 May not come to such an end,
 That with bloody inundations
 All the world be not amazed !*

[Exit.]

GUTIERRE, *advancing.*

Such a wonder is this day !—
 So made up of dread surprises,
 It is but a trifling matter
 That the king forgot me here,
 Ah ! what words were those that reached me ?
 But why speak then with the tongue,
 When my wrong can be but measured
 By the miseries of my life ?—
 Let me then tear up the hapless
 Root of so much woe at once :—

* The historical reader need scarcely be reminded, that Don Pedro's presentiments were not without good cause, he having been eventually slain by the hand of his half brother Henry of Trastamara—the Don Enrique of this drama.

Mencia must die, and purple
With her blood her bridal bed !—
And since now this fatal dagger
Gives to me, a second time,
The Infante, with this weapon
Must the fatal deed be done :

[*Takes up the dagger.*

W . (But 'twere wrong to make it public,
Since I know that secrecy
Ever gains the proudest conquests,
And an outrage which is secret
Doth demand a like revenge :
Mencia indeed must perish,
But the cause must not be known—
Ere the fatal moment cometh,
Heaven in pity take my life !
That I may not see the tragic
End of so much hapless love !—
Why, transparent fields of azure,
Why reserve your lightning bolts ?—
Is it not full time to hurl them
Down—with burning points transfixing
Him who'll thank thee for the stroke ?—
Skies too tranquil and too cloudless,
Have ye not a death to give
To a being so unhappy ?—
Not one flash for such a wretch ?

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—A ROOM IN DON GUTIERRE'S HOUSE,
IN SEVILLE.

Enter DOÑA MENCIA and JACINTA.

JACINTA.

Señora, what deep source of sadness
Darkens thy beauty and denies thee gladness,
That day and night you can do naught but weep ?

MENCIA.

The anguish that o'erwhelms me is so deep,
So full of doubtful terror, no allusion
Can ope this dark confusion on confusion,
Or this phantom fear dismember :—
Since that doleful night, if you remember,
When at our country-house residing,
I, Jacinta, unto thee confiding
My secret troubles, came and told to thee,
How Don Enrique spoke but then to me,
When (I know not how my grief to tell)
You said that that was quite impossible—
For at the time I said he spoke to me
He in another quarter spoke to thee :
I am sad and tearful,
Doubtful, distracted, timorous and fearful—
Thinking it must necessarily be
Gutierre who did speak to me.

JACINTA.

Could such an error happen thee without
Thy knowing ?

MENCIA.

Yes, Jacinta, now I cannot doubt,—
'Twas night and in low whispering words he spoke,

Frightened and in confusion I awoke,
 And thinking 'twas the prince's voice I heard,
 Easily the mistake might have occurred.—
 Besides to see him smile and hear him groan,
 Joyful with me and weeping when alone,—
 The prey of troubles and dark jealousies
 Which make such fatal friendship with the eyes,
 That from them they nothing can conceal—
 All make my heart foreboding terrors feel.

Enter COQUIN.

COQUIN.

Señora.

MENCIA.

Well, what message do you bear ?

COQUIN.

To tell its purport I can scarcely dare,—
 Don Enrique the Infante.....

MENCIA.

Coquin, cease—

No more that name shall scare my bosom's peace,
 No more shall waken my scarce slumbering woe,
 So much I fear it and abhor it so.

COQUIN.

The message that I bear thee do not fear,
 'Tis not of love.

MENCIA.

In that case I shall hear ;

Say on.

COQUIN.

Señora, the Infante—who
 Was so bootlessly in love with you,

Had to-day a serious altercation
 With the king, his brother; the narration
 Should you perchance demand it
 I cannot tell, as I don't understand it,—
 And if I did, among forbidden things
 With jesters, is the sacred talk of kings,—
 This by the way :—Enrique summoned me,
 And thus addressed me with great secrecy :—
 To Doña Mencía speedily depart,
 And bear this message to her on my part,—
 Tell her that her tyrannous disdain
 From me the favour of the king hath ta'en,
 And drives me from my native land,
 A mourning exile, to a foreign strand—
 Where every hope of life shall fly,
 Since there, by Mencía hated, I shall die.

MENCIA.

What! must the prince, the favour of the king,
 And even his country, lose through me?—a thing
 To strike the proudest reputation down!—
 Oh! I shall be the babble of the town!—
 What shall I do? O Heavens!—

JACINTA.

Be sure,
 My lady, it is better to prevent than cure
 This evil.

COQUIN.

Yes, how can she? pray explain

JACINTA.

By asking the Infante to remain :—
 For if on thy account he leaves this place,
 As now is whispered, thy unjust disgrace
 Will be made public—since whate'er compels
 A prince's absence, rumour ever tells

With added circumstance and sateless zest
The why and wherefore.

COQUIN.

How shall this request
Come to his ears, if off in thought he flies
Booted and spurred, and bearing countless sighs ?

JACINTA.

By my lady writing to him now
A letter which will simply tell him how
Her reputation doth require that he
Go not away : and if brought back by thee
Will reach him in full time.

MENCIA.

Alas ! although
To palter with one's honour is, I know,
A dangerous experiment—to me
The writing of this letter seems to be
The only hopeful thing that I can do ;—
And if an ill, the lesser ill of two,—
If any ill of mine can be called light :—
Both here remain, while I go in and write.

*[She draws a curtain aside, and enters an
adjoining apartment. The curtain closes
behind her.]*

JACINTA.

Coquin, how comes it that from day to day
You grow more sad—you once so light and gay ?
Say, what can be the sudden cause of it ?

COQUIN.

Why, I attempted to become a wit,
For my misfortune, and have got all over
A hypochondria I'll ne'er recover.

JACINTA.

A hypochondria? and what is that?

COQUIN.

'Tis an infirmity the sick world gat
 A year or two ago, unknown before—
 'Tis one of fashion's fevers and no more ;—
 From which, fair friend, no lady can excuse her,
 Or should she catch it not, to him who wooes her,
 She mourning comes, and says to him some day,
 Bestow a little hypochondria :—
 But my master enters now the room.

JACINTA.

My God!—I fly to tell her he has come.

Enter DON GUTIERRE.

GUTIERRE.

Hold! hold, Jacinta, stay!
 Why do you fly my presence in this way?

JACINTA.

I meant but quickly to proclaim
 Unto my lady, that your lordship came
 Into the house.

GUTIERRE, *aside*.

O race of servants! ye
 The fostered foes of every family!—
 They seem perplexed by my abrupt intrusion :—
 Come, tell me what's the cause of this confusion?
 Why would you so have fled? [*To Jacinta.*]

JACINTA.

My lord, I meant to announce, as I have said,
 Your coming to my mistress.

GUTIERRE, *aside*.

She doth seal
Her lips—perchance this other may reveal
The truth :—You Coquin, as you are aware,
Have been my trusted servant firm and fast—
Be now obedient to my earnest prayer—
Tell me, good God ! quick, tell me what has pass'd ?

COQUIN.

My lord, I'd grieve if I but knew a tittle
That I had learned and could reveal so little—
Please God ! my master.....

GUTIERRE.

Do not speak so high :—
Why were you so disturbed, when I came nigh ?

COQUIN.

We're easily frightened—both our nerves are weak.

GUTIERRE, *aside*.

With signs, I see them to each other speak ;
No feeble cowardice must now be shown :—
Both of you leave me.

[*Exeunt Coquin and Jacinta.*

Now we are alone,
My honour, you and I, we now must go
At once to end my rapture or my woe :—
Who ever saw a grief like this arise
That hands must kill while tears bedew the eyes !

[*He draws the curtain, and Mencia is seen
writing at a table—her back is towards
him.*]

Mencia is writing ; I am driven to see
To whom she writes, and what the theme may be ;
[*He advances cautiously and seizes the letter ;
Mencia starts up and with a sudden ex-
clamation faints away.*]

MENCIA.

O God! O Heaven! assist me in my woe!

GUTIERRE.

She lies a living statue of cold snow!— [Reads.
 “I pray your highness”——Ah! since he is high,
 Low on the ground, my honour thou must lie!—
 “Do not depart”.....No more my voice impart
 This hated prayer that he should not depart:—
 So freely now I yield me to my fate,
 I almost thank my woes they are so great!—
 But shall I now her senseless body slay?—
 No, I must act in a more cautious way—
 First all my servants I must send elsewhere,
 That then companioned only by my care
 Alone I stay: And she, my hapless wife,
 Whom more than all in my unhappy life
 I truly loved—I now desire in this
 Final farewell—this trembling o’er the abyss
 Of death and judgment—she should feel once more
 My care, my pity ere her life be o’er—
 That latest care affection’s zeal supplies,—
 That the soul die not when the body dies.

[*He writes some lines upon the letter, which
 he places upon the table, and then leaves
 the apartment.*]

MENCIA, *recovering*.

Oh! avert! avert! thy vengeful sword!—
 Think me not guilty, my beloved lord,—
 For Heaven doth know that I die innocent!
 What furious hand! what bloody steel is bent
 To pierce my heart! Oh! hold!—thy wrath assuage,
 Nor slay an innocent woman in thy rage;—
 But how is this? Ah! me, I am alone,
 And is he gone? hath Gutierre flown?—
 Methought—and who would not have thought with
 me?

Dying I sank amid a ruby sea :—

O God ! this fainting, when I gasped for breath,

Was the foreshadow of impending death !—

The illusive truth I doubt and yet believe !—

This letter I shall tear. [*She takes up the letter.*

But what do I perceive ?

Some writing of my husband placed beneath,—

I feel it is the sentence of my death ! [*Reads.*

“ Love adores thee, but honour abhors thee ; and thus while one condemns thee to death, the other gives thee this admonition : thou hast but two hours to live—thou art a Christian,—save thy soul, for as to thy life it is impossible.”

O God, defend me ! ho ! Jacinta, here !

No one replies, another fatal fear !—

Is there no servant waiting ? I shall know.—

Ah ! me, the door is locked, I cannot go :

No one in all the house appears to hear me—

Terror and horror shuddering come more near me !

These windows too are barred with iron railings,

In vain to vacant space I utter my bewailings—

Since underneath an outstretch'd garden lies,

Where there is none to heed my frantic cries—

Where shall I go ? O whither shall I fly,

Girt by those shades of death that darken heart
and eye !

[*Scene closes.*

SCENE III.—A STREET IN SEVILLE.—NIGHT.

Enter the KING and DON DIEGO.

KING.

Has Enrique then departed ?

DIEGO.

Yes, my lord, he went this morning
Forth from Seville.

KING.

I believe, that
With an arrogant presumption,
He imagined that he only
Could of all the world, defy me :—
And he went..... ?

DIEGO.

To Consuegra,
I presume.

KING.

What ! to the Infante
The Grand-Master there ? their union
Will result in plotting vengeance
Against me.

DIEGO.

They are your brothers :
As their brother they must love thee,
As their king they must respect—
Bound by double bonds of nature
To obey thee.

KING.

And Enrique
Bringeth whom as his companion ?

DIEGO.

Don Arias.

KING.

His old friend.

DIEGO.

Down the street there's music sounding.

KING.

Let us then approach it nearer;
What is sung, perchance may gently
Calm my mind.

DIEGO.

Sweet music ever
Is an antidote to ills.

MUSICIANS *sing within.*

The Infante Don Enrique
Took his leave of the king to-day :
May God bring to a happy issue
Both his grief and his going away.

KING.

What a mournful voice ! Diego,
At the street-end intercept them :—
He must not escape inquiry
Who such dark forebodings sings.

[*Exeunt at opposite sides.*]

SCENE IV.—A CHAMBER IN DON GUTIERRE'S HOUSE. AT THE BACK SCENE IS AN ANTE-CHAMBER, THE ENTRANCE TO WHICH IS COVERED BY A CURTAIN.

Enter DON GUTIERRE, conducting LUDOVICO, a Surgeon, whose eyes are bound.

GUTIERRE.

Enter without any fear ;
Now 'tis time that I unfasten
From your face this needful bandage,
And that I conceal mine own.
[*He loosens the bandage and conceals his own face in his cloak.*]

LUDOVICO.

God preserve me !

GUTIERRE.

Be not frightened,
Whatsoe'er you see.

LUDOVICO.

My lord,
From my house this night you drew me
Forth, but scarcely had we entered
On the street, when with a dagger
Pointed at my breast, you forced me
Tremblingly to do thy bidding,
Which was to conceal and cover
Up my eyes, and then to yield me
To thy guidance, and you led me
Onward by a thousand windings,

Telling me my life depended
On my loosening not the bandage ;—
Thus an hour I have gone with you
Without knowing where I wandered—
Lost in speechless admiration
At so serious an adventure ;—
But now more disturbed and wondering
Do I feel, to find me standing
In a house so richly furnished—
Where there seems no living inmate
But yourself, and you, too, hiding
Close your face within your mantle :—
What's your wish ?

GUTIERRE.

That you await me
Here alone for one brief moment.
[*Goes into the ante-chamber.*

LUDOVICO.

What mysterious termination
Can conclude so many wonders ?
God protect me !—
[*Don Gutierre comes forth from the chamber,
and draws the curtain aside.*]

GUTIERRE.

It is time
That you enter here ; but listen
Ere you do so : this bright dagger
Will be instantly enamelled
With the best blood of your bosom,
If you disobey my orders ;
Come, and look within this chamber :
What do you see in it ?

LUDOVICO.

An image
Of pale death—an outstretch'd body,

Which upon a bed is lying :—
At each side a lighted candle
And a crucifix before it,—
Who it is I cannot say,
As the face is covered over
With a veil of tafeta.

GUTIERRE.

To this living corse—this body
Which you see, you must give death.

LUDOVICO.

What are your orders ?

GUTIERRE.

That you bleed her—
Freely let the blood flow forth,
Drop by drop the life-stream watching—
Standing by her purple bed-side
Firmly through the horrid scene,
Till from out the little puncture
She doth sink and bleed to death.
Answer not, 'tis vain and useless
To attempt to move my pity—
If you wish to live, obey me.

LUDOVICO.

Oh ! my lord, such terror thrills me,
Though I hear you, I have not
Any strength to do thy bidding.

GUTIERRE.

He who, forced by sternest fate,
Dares discharge so dread a duty,
Will know how to kill thee too.

LUDOVICO.

'Tis life's instinct that compels me.

GUTIERRE.

You do well to yield to it,
Since the world holds many persons
Who but only live to kill :—
From this spot I can behold you—
Ludovico, enter in.

[*Ludovico enters the ante-chamber.*

This was the most subtle method
To dissemble my affront—
If 'twere poison, it were easy
To investigate the cause—
If 'twere by a wound—the death-mark
Never wholly could be hid :—
Now, her natural death relating,
I can say, a sudden cause
Made the bleeding necessary :
No one can deny that statement,
If it is quite possible
For a band itself to loosen :—
And to have observed the caution
With this man that I have used,
Was required : for if uncovered
Here he came, and saw a woman
Whom he was compelled to bleed—
Then how strong were the presumption :—
Now he cannot even say,
If he speaks of this adventure,
Who the woman was he bled :—
And moreover when I bring him
Forth some distance from my house,
I feel strongly moved to kill him.
I, Physician of my Honour,
Mean to give it health and life
By a bleeding—since now all things
At the cost of blood are cured.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—THE STREET.

Enter the KING and DON DIEGO at opposite sides.

The song is continued by the same voices.

MUSICIANS, *within*.

To Consuegra hath departed
The Infante of Castile—
Who knows what scenes may yet be acted
Among the mountains of Montiel?*

KING.

Don Diego!

DIEGO.

Sire!

KING.

'Tis certain
They are singing in the street;
Shall we not their names discover?—
Can it be the wind that speaks?

DIEGO.

Do not deign, my lord, to notice
Idle songs like those we hear—
Since to anger you, no better
Can be heard through Seville's streets.

KING.

Two men are advancing hither.

* It was near the Castle of Montiel, in the year 1300, that the tragedy referred to in the preceding note took place.

DIEGO.

True, we now can have an answer ;
It to-day may be important
To find out who these may be.

*Enter DON GUTIERRE, conducting LUDOVICO blind-
folded as before.*

GUTIERRE, *aside*.

Ah ! that Heaven should interfere,
To prevent the sure concealment
Of my secret's second key
By this wretch's death !—'Tis needful
I withdraw me from these two—
Nothing could be more disastrous
Than that they should know me now,—
Here I leave him for the present. [*Erit.*

DIEGO.

Of the two, my lord, advancing
Hither, one has gone, and one
Here remains.

KING.

For my confusion :—
Since if I can trust the glimmer
Which the pale moon dimly sheds,
Shapeless seem its form and features—
Rudely sculptured, like a bust
Roughly cut from snow-white jasper.

DIEGO.

Stay, I pray your majesty,
I will go to him.

KING.

Permit me,
Don Diego :—Man, thy name ?

LUDOVICO.

Two confusions are the reason
Why, my lord, I cannot answer :
First, the humbleness of one
In my lowly station feebleth
At conversing with his king.

[Takes off the bandage.]

By your voice, my lord, I knew you—
It is a light that makes you known
Unto every one who hears it :—
And the second,—the most novel,
The most wonderful adventure
That the archives of the people
Chronicle in all their annals.

KING.

What has happened ?

LUDOVICO.

To you only
Will I tell it—come apart.

KING.

Yonder wait me, Don Diego.

[Ludovico appears to address the king.]

DIEGO, *aside*.

What surprising circumstances
Have I seen this night ! May God
Draw me from its further dangers !

LUDOVICO, *in continuation to the king.*

I saw not the face, but only
Heard her mid repeated sobbings
Say, "I die in innocence—
May Heaven ask my life not of you ;"
This she said and then expired :—

DIEGO.

You seem dejected.

KING.

I must needs indeed be so.

DIEGO.

Then retire to rest : for morning
Now begins to shine amid
The golden clouds.

KING.

I have no power
To take rest, until I learn
Something that I must discover.

DIEGO.

Do you not perceive the sun
Rises brightly now ? your person
Will be known.

Enter COQUIN.

COQUIN.

Although you kill me
For my having recognised you,
O my lord ! I must speak with you,
Hear me !

KING.

'Tis no time for mirth :
Why this daring ? this distraction ?

COQUIN.

'Tis an honourable action,
Worthy one of nobler birth :—
For though classed among the mimes,
Jesters, jokers, daft, delirious,
Still, my lord, when things grow serious,

I am serious, too, at times :—
 Hear me, 'tis no idle chaff,
 But the gravest, the most deep,
 For I wish to make thee weep,
 Since I failed to make thee laugh :—
 Gutierre, misinformed
 By appearances, became
 So unjust to his good fame
 As to doubt his wife, and warmed
 By suspicion, yesterday
 Found her writing (sad mistake)
 A request, for honour's sake,
 To the Infante, that he'd stay
 Some days longer here, and so
 Save the breath of scandal blasting
 Her good name, by falsely casting
 Blame on her, that he should go :—
 Guilelessly, without deceit
 Asked she, as is known to me :—
 Where she wrote it, noiselessly
 Gliding in with coward feet,
 He, the letter seized, and mocked
 By the words whose sense he missed,
 Jealously went mad, dismissed
~~All his servants,~~ and then locked
 Up himself with only her :—
 I then pitying ('tis but human)
 To behold a hapless woman
 Persecuted by her star,
 Hither come, my lord, to pray thee
 That your strong and mighty arm
 Save her from some fatal harm.

KING.

Tell me how can I repay thee
 For this pity ?

COQUIN.

Never after

This then, claim by act or word
The payment of my teeth, my lord.

KING.

This is not the time for laughter.

COQUIN.

When then is it ?

KING.

Since the day
Now grows bright, and well 'tis so—
Let us, Don Diego, go :—
Since I thus the better may
Try a plan that I devise :
'Tis this moment to repair
To his house, and say that there
I would change this night disguise :
Being there, whate'er doth seem
Then indeed to be the fact,
I shall be prepared to act
As a king and judge supreme.

DIEGO.

Better plan was ne'er contrived.

COQUIN.

While you both have thus been speaking,
Here's the house that you are seeking :
At the door we have arrived.

KING.

Don Diego !

DIEGO.

What do you see ?

KING.

See you not the bloody stain
Of a hand on the door?

DIEGO.

'Tis plain.

KING, *aside*.

Gutierre evidently
Is the man to whom belongs
This night's unequalled tragedy;
How shall I act? Deliberately
Hath he satisfied his wrongs.

Enter DOÑA LEONORE and INES, veiled.

LEONORE.

I go to Mass, before the day,
In order to avoid the gaze
Of people in the public ways
Of Seville: that my sorrows may
Be quite forgot. But Ines, why
Stands that group yonder? 'Tis the King!
What to this house his grace can bring?

INES.

Draw close your veil till we pass by.

KING.

That precaution is unavailing,
Since you are known, fair Leonore.

LEONORE.

My lord, I drew my thick veil o'er
My face, that I might not be failing
In my respect: to be unknown,
Methought was your desire;—if not,
I would, my lord, upon the spot
My life before your feet have thrown.

KING.

Concealment is a thing, by Heaven !
Which would have rather suited better
Me than you : I am thy debtor
For injured honour, having given
Thee my word, without evasion
Or postponement to renew it ;
Once again, I say I'll do it
On the very first occasion :——

DON GUTIERRE, *within*.

Why, oh ! why, unpitying Heaven,
Do you leave me thus despairing,
When one flash of thy red lightning
Could reduce me into dust ?

[*He rushes from the house.*]

KING.

What is this ?

DIEGO.

Don Gutierre
Rushes frantic from his house !

KING.

Whither goest thou, Gutierre ?

GUTIERRE.

To embrace thy feet, my lord :—
Hear the most extreme misfortune,
Of all tragedies the rarest
That man's wondering admiration
Ever blended with his fear.
My beloved wife, my Mencia,
She as chaste as she was beauteous,
She as fair as she was pure—
She whose praises time re-echoed—
She my Mencia, whom I worshipped

With my life, my very soul—
Saw herself this night prostrated
By a sharp and sudden illness,
Which, to prove that she was human
And not all divine, attacked her :
A physician who can boast him
Of the highest name and fame,
And who in the world doth merit
Never-ending deathless praises,
Quick prescribed for her a bleeding,
As he hoped to re-establish
By this means, the healthy action
Of the part thus sorely threatened
By an illness so important :—
So 'twas done ; for I in person
Being the only one remaining
In the house, called in a surgeon,
All my servants being absent :—
When, my lord, I went to see her,
Hastening to her room this morning—
(Here my tongue grows mute with sorrow !
Here my trembling breath doth fail me !)
I beheld the bed empurpled
With her blood so sadly fatal,
And her white robe crimsoned over,—
And in it, O God ! was lying
Cold and dead, my darling Mencia,
Having bled to death at night ;
Which doth prove how very easy
Can itself a bandage open.
But ah ! me, why thus presuming
Strive I to reduce to language
Such a sorrowful misfortune ?
Turn your pitying gaze then yonder—
There you see the sun looks bloody,
There you see the pale moon darkened—
Robbed of light the starry legions,
Dark with clouds the azure skies—

There you see the peerless beauty
 Born for sorrow and misfortune,
 Who that I might die while living,
 Takes my soul with her to Heaven!

[*The door of the house is thrown open, and
 Doña Mencía is seen lying dead upon a
 couch.*

KING, *aside*.

Wonderful occurrence! Now
 Prudence is of utmost moment,
 Greatly will forbearance cost me;—
 What a strange revenge is his!—
 Hide this horror so appalling—
 Prodigy so sadly fearful—
 Piteous spectacle of wonder—
 Hapless symbol of misfortune!

[*Aloud.*

[*The door is closed.*

Gutierre, consolation
 You require, that your bereavement,
 Which is great, may be atoned for
 By a gain of equal value—
 Give your hand to Leonore:—
 For 'tis time you satisfy the
 Debt you owe to her so long,
 And that I fulfil my promise
 When a fit occasion offered,
 To restore her fame and honour.

GUTIERRE.

Ah! my lord, while yet the ashes
 Of so great a fire are glowing
 With the scarce fled vital heat,
 Let me weep my loss a little;
 Have I not a fatal warning?

KING.

It must be; it is enough.

GUTIERRE.

Would you wish, my lord, that scarcely
Safe from the howling storm, again
I the angry sea should trust to ?
What shall excuse so wild an act ?

KING.

Obedience to your King's commands.

GUTIERRE.

Deign, then, to hear, my lord, in private
Still stronger reasons :—

KING.

These excuses
What may they be ?

GUTIERRE.

Must I re-enter
Upon a state so full of peril ?
What, if I find your royal brother
Disguised at night within my house ?

KING.

Do not give faith to mere suspicion.

GUTIERRE.

And if behind the very arras
Of my bed, I find the dagger
Of the Infante Don Enrique ?

KING.

Remember there are thousand servants
In the world by gold corrupted,
And thy better sense invoke.

GUTIERRE.

How many times then must I do so,
If night and day I see him haunting
The very precincts of my house ?

KING.

Complain to me :

GUTIERRE.

And if complaining
A greater grief, by listening, hear ?

KING.

What matter if it proves unreal,
And that her beauty stands a fortress,
Ever girt round by walls of virtue,
'Gainst which the winds may blow in vain ?

GUTIERRE.

And if, unto my home returning,
I find a certain letter, asking
The Infante not to go ?

KING.

There is a remedy for all things.

GUTIERRE.

What ! is it possible ? for this one ?

KING.

Yes, Gutierre.

GUTIERRE.

What, my lord ?

KING.

It is your own.

GUTIERRE.

What is it ?

KING.

Bleeding !

GUTIERRE.

What do you say ?

KING.

That you had better
Make clean the portals of your dwelling—
A bloody hand is on your doors.

GUTIERRE.

Those who exercise a calling,
Place a scutcheon o'er their doors,
On whose shield their arms are blazoned.
Honour is my calling, so
I my hand in red blood bathed
Placed upon my door, to show
That the secret stains of honour
Can be only washed in blood.

KING.

Give your hand to Leonore,
Since I know her many virtues
Merit it.

GUTIERRE.

I give it, then ;
But remember it is bathed
Still with blood, fair Leonore.

LEONORE.

'Tis no matter ; that doth neither
Wake my wonder nor my fear.

•

GUTIERRE.

Remember, too, I am Physician
Of my own Honour, and my skill
Is not forgotten.

LEONORE.

Cure with it
My life, when deadly danger threatens.

GUTIERRE.

Then, on that express condition
I present it unto you.

ALL THE CHARACTERS.

Thus is ended the Physician
Of his own Honour ; pray forgive
All its many imperfections.

END OF THE PHYSICIAN OF HIS OWN HONOUR.

1
2
3
4
5

6

7
8
9

10
11

NOTES.

THE CONSTANT PRINCE.

THE exact year in which this fine tragedy was written has not been ascertained. The date of its composition, however, must be fixed earlier than the 23rd of November, 1635, on which day the approbation for the publication of the first volume of Calderon's "*Comedias*" was signed by El Maestro José de Valdivielso,* the official licenser. This volume contains six full-length dramas, of which *El Principe Constante* is the last. Calderon was at this period in his 36th year, having been born at Madrid, on the 17th of January, 1600. Five years however before this time (1635), that is in 1630, he figures in Lope de Vega's "*Laurel of Apollo*," among the crowd of poets born in Madrid; and in 1632, "Montalvan tells us that Calderon was already the author of many dramas which had been acted with applause; that he had gained many public prizes; that he had written a great deal of lyrical verse; and that he had begun a poem on the General Deluge. His reputation as a poet, therefore, at the age of thirty-two was an enviable one, and was fast rising."†

This general information of Montalvan, as given to us by the able historian of Spanish literature, has been rendered more exact by the valuable Chronological Catalogue (the only one, I believe, ever attempted), which has been compiled by Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch, and published by him in the fourth and last volume of his edition of Calderon.—Madrid, 1850.‡ From this catalogue, it appears, that up to the year 1632, about fourteen dramas had been

* An ecclesiastic of high rank, who, along with numerous religious works, has left two religious dramas, and twelve *autos*, which were published in one volume, in 1622.

† Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature, vol. ii. p. 312. London, 1849.

‡ This the most complete edition of Calderon's "*Comedias*" which has ever been published, only reached me while this translation was going through the press. It forms a portion of the "*Biblioteca de Autores Espanoles*" now publishing, by Senor Rivadeneyra of Madrid. About twenty volumes have already appeared, and they are most creditable in every way to the Spanish press.

written by Calderon, including one or two in which he had been assisted by other writers. The first of those (*El Mejor Amigo el Muerto*), to which he contributed the third act, was written so early as 1610. Calderon's portion was finished on the 25th of December in that year, when he wanted twenty-three days of completing his *eleventh* year! This singular specimen of precocious dramatical genius is given in the edition before me. Three years afterwards, when he had reached the (to him) mature age of *thirteen*, he found himself sufficiently strong as to be able to dispense with any extraneous assistance, and produced alone his *El Carro del Cielo, o San Elias*. This drama, it is to be feared, is now lost, although promised by Vera Taasis to be included in a *tenth* volume of his edition of Calderon's "Comedias"—(Madrid, 1632-91, tom. ix.), which never appeared. Of the twelve remaining dramas, written during or before the thirty-second year of his age, two are still unknown except by name; but among the others are to be found three or four of the most popular and most celebrated in his entire collection, of which may be mentioned, *La Dama Duende* (1629), *El Astrologo Fingido* (1632), and *La Banda y la Flor* (1632). This last drama, "The Scarf and the Flower," so popular throughout Germany, in the admirable version of Augustus William Schlegel, I have also selected for translation in the present work. Between the commencement of 1633, and the 23rd of November, 1635, about eighteen dramas appear to have been written, in only two or three of which Calderon received assistance from other writers; of those "The Physician of his own Honour" (*El Medico de su Honra*), 1633, "The Purgatory of Saint Patrick" (*El Purgatorio de San Patricio*), 1635, and "The Constant Prince" (*El Principe Constante*), 1635, are included in this translation. Of this last drama, the following opinions have been expressed by the ablest writers on Spanish literature:—

"The tragedy of Don Fernando, entitled "*El Principe Constante*," displays all the lustre of Calderon's genius. The unities of time and place are lost sight of in the unity of the heroic action into which Calderon has infused the purest spirit of pathos, without departing from the Spanish national style of heroic comedy. This tragedy might not improperly be named the Portuguese Regulus."—BOUTERWEEK'S *History of Spanish Literature*.

"*The Constant Prince*, or rather *The Inflexible Prince*, the Regulus of Spain, is one of the most moving plays of Calderon. The Portuguese, after having driven the Moors from the whole western coast of the Peninsula, passed over into

Africa to pursue still further the enemies of their faith. They undertook the conquest of Fez and Morocco. The same ardour led them to seek a new passage to the Indies, and to plant the standard of Portugal on the coast of Guinea, in the kingdom of Congo, at Mozambique, at Diu, at Goa, and Macao. John I. had conquered Ceuta. At his death he left several sons, all of whom wished to distinguish themselves against the infidels. Edward, who succeeded him, sent his two brothers, in the year 1483, with a fleet, to attempt the conquest of Tangiers. One of these was Ferdinand, the hero of Calderon, the most valiant of princes; the other was Henry, who was afterwards celebrated for his assiduous efforts in exploring the sea of Guinea, in order to discover the passage to the Indies. Their expedition is the subject of this tragedy."—SISMONDI'S *Literature of the South of Europe*.

"Other dramas of Calderon rely for their success on a high sense of loyalty, with little or no admixture of love or jealousy. The most prominent of these is 'The Firm-hearted Prince.' Its plot is founded on the expedition against the Moors in Africa, by the Portuguese Infante Don Ferdinand, in 1438, which ended with the total defeat of the invaders, before Tangier, and the captivity of the prince himself, who died in a miserable bondage in 1443;—his very bones resting for thirty years among the misbelievers, till they were at last brought home to Lisbon and buried with reverence, as those of a saint and martyr. This story, Calderon found in the old and beautiful Portuguese chronicles of Joam Alvares and Ruy de Pina; but he makes the sufferings of the prince voluntary, thus adding to Ferdinand's character the self-devotion of Regulus, and so fitting it to be the subject of a deep tragedy, founded on the honour of a Christian patriot."* —TICKNOR'S *History of Spanish Literature*, vol. ii. p. 349. London, 1849.

* The story of Don Ferdinand is also told in Mariana (*Historia*, tom. ii. p. 345.). But the principal resource of Calderon was, no doubt, a life of the Infante, by his faithful friend and follower, Joam Alvares, first printed in 1527, of which an abstract, with long passages from the original, may be found in the "*Leben des Standhaften Prinzen*," Berlin, 1827, 8vo. To these may be added, for the illustration of the "*Principe Constante*," a tract by J. Schulze, entitled "*Ueber den Standhaften Prinzen*," printed at Weimar, 1811, 12mo., at a time when Schlegel's translation of that drama, brought out under the auspices of Goethe, was in the midst of its success on the Weimar stage; the part of Don Ferdinand being acted with great power by Wolf. Schulze is quite extravagant in his estimate of the poetical worth of the "*Principe Constante*," placing it by the side of the "*Divina Comedia*;" but he discusses skilfully its merits as an acting drama, and explains in part its historical elements.—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 349, note.

The lyrical beauty of this drama has been very much admired. In addition to the opinion of Bouterwek, as to the poetic merit of the opening scene of the first act (already quoted as a foot-note to the text), it may be mentioned, that a living Spanish writer, who has made the lyrical character of Calderon's poetry his peculiar study, has pronounced the sonnet spoken by Fernando towards the end of the second act, as one of the most beautiful in the language. This sonnet, as well as the corresponding one spoken by the Princess Phenix in reply, are given by Bouterwek among his most favourable specimens, being, as he says, "so beautiful and so perfectly in Calderon's style." I give them both here, as well as the remark of the Spanish writer, to whom I have alluded, as to the first.

"Entre las comparaciones numerosas que se encuentran en Calderon, nos parece preferible la del siguiente soneto, uno de los mas hermosas de nuestra lengua, y acaso el mejor acabado, por la valentia del pensamiento final.

"Estas, que fueron pompa y alegria,
Despertando al abor de la mañana,
A la tarde serán lastima vana,
Durmiendo en brazos de la noche fria.

"Este matiz que al cielo desafia,
Iris listado de oro, nieve y grana,
Será escarmiento de la vida humana :
Tanto se emprende en termino de un dia !

"A florecer las rosas madrugaron,
Y para envejecerse florecieron :
Cuna y sepulcro en un boton hallaron.

"Tales los hombres sus fortunas vieron :
En un dia nacieron y espiraron ;
Que pasados los siglos, horas fueron."

DON ALBERTO LISTA : *De Calderon, considerado como poeta lirico, Revista de Madrid. Tomo iii. Madrid, 1839.*

The corresponding sonnet spoken by Phenix is as follows :—

"Esos rasgos de luz, esas centellas
Que cobran con amagos superiores
Alimentos del sol en resplandores,
Aquello viven que se duelen dellas.

"Flores nocturnas son ; aunque tan bellas,
Efimeras padecen sus ardores ;
Pues si un dia es el siglo de las flores
Una noche es la edad de las estrellas.

"Da esa pues primavera fugitiva
 Ya nuestro mal, ya nuestro bien se infiere :
 Registro es nuestro, ó muera el sol ó viva.
 "Que duracion habrá, que el hombre espere !
 O qué mudanza habrá que no reciba
 De astro, que cada noche nace y muere ?"

In addition to the German version of Schlegel (*Spanisches Theater*, Leipsig, 1845, ii. Band, p. 123), it may be mentioned, that *El Principe Constante* has been translated into French, by M. Damas Hinard, in his "*Chef-d'Œuvres du Théâtre Espagnol.—Calderon, 3ème série.*"

THE SECRET IN WORDS.

THIS comedy (*El Secreto a Voces*), according to the *Catálogo Cronológico* of Don Juan Hartzenbusch, was written in 1662. In a cotemporary publication it is cited as having formed a portion of the festivals held in the Royal Convent of San Francisco, of Granada, on the day of the Conception of our Lady in that year.—Granada, 1662.

The plot is supposed to have been suggested to Calderon by the *Amar por Arte Mayor* of Tirso [de Molina, to which however his drama is very superior in execution as well as plan. It was imitated and adapted to the Italian stage, by the celebrated Venetian poet Carlo Gozzi, under the title of *Il Pubblico Secreto*, and has been introduced into modern French comedy, by the name of *Le Gant et l'Éventail*. An excellent translation into German has been given by J. D. Gries, in the second volume of his "*Schauspiele von Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca.*"—(Berlin, 1840, 8 tom.) A French version, in prose, is also given by M. Damas Hinard, in the third volume or series of his Calderon. The little story which, with the freedom of the *gracioso*, Fabio tells Florida in the second scene of the second act, will remind the reader of the song, sung by Mephistopheles, in Auerbach's cellar, in Leipsig, commencing "There was once upon a time a king who had a great flea," &c.—See Hayward's *Faust*, 4th ed. p. 64. The resemblance is too striking to be accidental, and Goethe was probably indebted to Fabio for the idea,

which it must be confessed he has not improved, as there is far more archness in the Spanish than in the German version.

Sismondi calls *The Secret in Words* "one of the most beautiful and engaging of Calderon's comedies of intrigue. The scene is laid in Parma, which is described in so particular a manner, that we cannot doubt, that the author resided in this city during his campaigns in Italy, and that he had the scenery fresh in his recollection."—*History of the Literature of the South of Europe*, translated by Roscoe. Bohn's ed. vol. ii. p. 380.

"In Calderon's *Comedias de Capa y Espada*," says Bouterwek, "the plots are usually of so complicated a nature, that no reader except a Spaniard habituated to this sort of mental exercise, can, on a first perusal, seize and follow the various threads of the intrigue. By an ingenious entanglement of incidents, the principal characters of the piece are repeatedly plunged from one unexpected embarrassment into another. Calderon particularly excelled in the accumulation of surprises, in connecting one difficult situation with another, and in maintaining undiminished the strongly excited interest to the close of the piece."—*History of Spanish Literature*, translated by THOMASINA ROSS. Bogue's ed. p. 360.

"Comedy is his forte: in it his true poetic genius displays all its vigour. And his comic view of life is in all essential respects the same as Shakespeare's. Here, as already remarked, this view of the vanity of earthly life holds in full validity. Just as in Shakespeare's, so in Calderon's comedies, the threads of the plot are woven together into what seems an indissoluble knot, by the caprice or weakness, perversity, and especially the passionate susceptibility, of the acting personages on the one hand; and on the other, by the singular but accidental shapes which relations and circumstances assume; while this tangle is by the same instrumentality unravelled against the expectation and will, and without the knowledge of the parties themselves; and in this manner the vanity of human life—vain, so far as it is governed by such influences—is made to produce a right, and good and happy result. I shall dispense with the trouble of illustrating by examples this definition of comedy: its justness is universally apparent, and I am content with calling attention to the above-named comedies. Of these, 'The Secret in Words' is one of the most amusing, polished, and ingenious comedies that I know of."—*Shakespeare's Dramatic Art, and his relation to Calderon and Goethe*, translated from the German of Dr. HERMANN ULRICI. London, 1846, p. 493.

THE PHYSICIAN OF HIS OWN HONOUR.

DON JUAN HARTZENBUSCH assigns this tragedy (*El Médico de su Honra*) to the year 1633 ; as, according to the *Index* of Don Juan Isidro Fajardo, it was first printed at Barcelona in that year, among a collection of pieces by Lope de Vega, to whom it was attributed.—*Comedias de Calderon*, tomo iv. p. 669.

The same erudite editor considers that the idea of the drama was suggested to Calderon by a casual reading of a *Comedia*, by Claramonte, called *De esta agua no beberé*. The personages, he says, are nearly alike, but the characters are differently conceived and sustained, or are totally opposite. M. Damas Hinard has also pointed out another drama to which Calderon was under some obligation in the composition of "The Physician of his own Honour." It is the *Zeloso Prudente* of Tirso de Molina, which, along with presenting some general analogy to Calderon's tragedy, has suggested a few of the minor details of the piece, and in particular, the fine monologue of Don Gutierre in the third scene of the second act. In availing himself occasionally of the labours of his predecessors, Calderon did no more (indeed, considering the quantity of his writings, he has done less) than either Shakspeare or Moliere did under similar circumstances : and his French translator in defending him from any charge of unjustifiably appropriating to himself the literary property of others, says with truth, that Calderon could have adopted the proud confession of Moliere, and could have said with him, "Je prends mon bien où je le trouve."—*Théâtre Espagnol*, CALDERON, 1re série, p. 74.

The same writer, in the *notice* prefixed to his translation of this drama (the poetical exuberance of which, according to a compatriot,* he has considerably diluted), alluding to the exaggerated sense of honour on which it is founded, says very truly,—"One would be tempted to believe that Schlegel had this particular drama in view, when, in his eloquent eulogium on Calderon, he wrote the following remarkable lines : 'I know no apter symbol of the tender sen-

* Monsieur Hippolito Lucas, the preface of whose imitation of *El Médico de su Honra* is quoted in the *Notas e Ilustraciones* to the edition of Calderon, by Hartzenbusch so frequently referred to.—Madrid, 1850, tom. iv. p. 716.

sibility with which Calderon represents the sentiment of honour, than the fable of the ermine, which is said to prize so highly the whiteness of its fur, that rather than stain it in flight, it at once yields itself up to the hunters and to death.—This comparison," continues M. Damas Hinard, "so ingenious and so exquisite, adapts itself with striking justice to the Physician of his own Honour, who avenges himself as it were by anticipation of the possibility of an outrage which he fears."

This view, however, does not satisfy the modern editor of Calderon, nor will it satisfy any of his modern readers. Even in Spain, the utter absurdity and falsity of the ancient codes of loyalty and of honour have become apparent, as in other parts of the world. "When the sentiment of honour," says Señor Hartzenbusch, "conducts to inhumanity and barbarousness; when the sentiment of loyalty leads to servility and baseness, these noble impulses lose their original character and degenerate into criminal abuses: it is barbarousness to kill an innocent wife—it is baseness to respect a guilty prince: Mencia should not have paid the penalty of Enrique's crime."—(*Notas e Ilustraciones*.) This sentence is the sentence of justice and of truth: but its weight presses more upon the character of the age than of the poet. That Calderon could occasionally rise above some of the strongest prejudices of his time, is apparent from the evident sympathy for the persecuted Moors, which he exhibits in *Amor despues de la Muerte*, and his sense of individual right in *El Alcalde de Zalamea*. I cannot better conclude the brief annotations which I have thought it my duty to make to the dramas contained in the present volume, than by quoting the admirable remarks of the historian of Spanish literature in reference to the class of tragedies, of which "The Physician of his own Honour" is a conspicuous example. Speaking of the dramatic interest which, though totally different from that which most readers of the British drama are familiar with, they unquestionably possess, he says, "No doubt, this is not the dramatic interest to which we are most accustomed, and which we most value. But still it is a dramatic interest, and dramatic effects are produced by it. We are not to judge Calderon by the example of Shakspeare, any more than we are to judge Shakspeare by the example of Sophocles. The 'Arabian Nights' are not the less brilliant because the admirable practical fictions of Miss Edgeworth are so different. The gallant audiences of Madrid still give the full measure of an intelligent admiration to the dramas of Calderon, as their fathers did: and even the poor Alguacil, who sat as a

grand of ceremony on the stage while the 'Nina de Gomez' Act was acting, was so deluded by the cunning of the scene, that, when a noble Spanish lady was dragged forward to be sold to the Moors, he sprang, sword in hand, among the performers to prevent it. It is in vain to say that dramas which produce such effects are not dramatic. The remembrance of two centuries, and of a whole nation, prove the contrary.

Admitting, then, that the plays of Calderon are really dramatic, and that their basis is to be sought in the structure of their plots, we can examine them in the spirit, at least, in which they were originally written. And if, while thus examining them as a character and merits, we fix attention on the different degrees in which love, jealousy, and a lofty sense of duty, honor, and loyalty enter into their composition, we shall be able and movement to their respective actions, we shall be enabled to form a right estimate of what Calderon has done for the Spanish secular theatre in its highest and noblest period.

of the most best known and most admired of these
 plays. Mr. Tuckwell, in continuation, has "The
 Duke of Guise," a play whose scene is laid
 in the reign of Philip the third, but one which seems to have
 been written on known facts, and in which the monarch
 is represented given to his character not warranted by
 history.

is due to the French version of *L'Amour en jeu* by M. de La Harpe as Harard, and the imitation of it by M. de La Harpe is not only mentioned, it has also been imitated by the author of *Le Tour du monde*, but as it would appear, not by the author of *Le Tour du monde*. It is said to have been translated into German by the author of *Le Tour du monde*, and is in his "Schauspiel von Cal

1. *Psychological* - Psychological

J. Polym. Sci. Part A: Polym. Chem. **38**, 1079-1086 (2000)

As the play progresses, says N. Chkheidze in a note, "there is a growing awareness of the overwhelming sensibility of the poet, the poet's sense of the crucial moment from the point of view of the Plotkin. As you can see in his chronicle, the poet's sense of the crucial moment is not other dramatists of the time."

A. De... a... the 'Nonna di Pinta' of...
... '...'

PRINTED BY
COX 'BROTHERS) AND WYMAN, GREAT QUEEN STREET
LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.



3 2044 011 674 603

A FINE IS INCURRED IF THIS BOOK IS
NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON
OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED
BELOW.

49 1968 OCT 4 1968 CANCELLED	WIDENER MAY 29 1997 BOOK DUE CANCELLED
BOOK DUE WID 8278519 DEC 27 1978 DEC 7 1978	
	CANCELLED WIDENER MAY 2 - 1991 MAY 8 1991 BOOK DUE

